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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

GENERAL

SIR CHARLES JAMES NAPIER,

G.C.B.

22148 a

BY LIEUT.-GEN. SIR W. NAPIER, K.C.B.

ETC. ETC.

XXA·5·4·

IN FOUR VOLUMES.—VOL. III.

WITH PORTRAITS.

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[*To the Binder:—To face page* 1 *of Vol. III.*]

ERRATA IN VOLS. I. AND II.

Vol. I.

Page 2, line 15, *for* 1746 *read* 1745, *and instead of* scarcely eighteen *read* not seventeen
104, line 12, *for* rend *read* rends
115, line 32, *for* Miss Napier *read* Miss Emily Napier
243, line 3, *for* 600 *read* 6000

Vol. II.

Page 5, line 10, *for* twenty-fours *read* twenty-four hours
95, line 16, *for* Thom *read* Thorn
105, last line, *for* Coutance *read* Custance
117, line 11, *for* gun troop *read* gun and troop

LIFE

OF

CHARLES JAMES NAPIER.

FOURTEENTH EPOCH.

SECOND PERIOD.

THE Governor of Scinde now hoped to push the country rapidly forward to prosperity, but a terrible enemy interposed: pestilence suddenly blighted the growth of civilization. It came with sweeping force, striking down the collectors and their subordinates and paralyzing the whole action of the executive. Revenue sunk, cultivation nearly ceased, the public works were arrested for want of hands, and the troops went down like corn before a driving blast: there was not a hundred men or officers able to stand in arms! The mortality was not indeed great, but lassitude, and despondency inexpressible, bowed mind and body, and suicides were frequent. In this helpless state dangers arose on every side. The mountain Belooch tribes, some of which had before commenced marauding, suddenly became menacing; the Punjaub troubles were augmenting on the frontier, and in India the powerful state of Gwalior was openly provoking war. The younger Talpoor princes, who had escaped captivity, were striving to excite the Beloochees of the plains once more to battle; Ali Moorad's fidelity became suspected;

and more positively than ever it was reported by spies that the Affghans of Candahar were ready to bring back the Lion and raise a religious war. Outram was busy, proclaiming that the Talpoor princes at large must succeed; and the Bombay Times earnestly exhorted the mountaineers not to miss the opportunity of attacking the troops while prostrated by sickness! The total loss of Scinde and the destruction of the army seemed at hand, was prognosticated at Bombay, and would have happened but for the master spirit at Kurrachee.

Although stricken himself by the strange disease when he had but just recovered from previous illness, Charles Napier acted with a power commensurate to the need. Displaying clear views, and an imperious authority against those who aimed at commotion whether internally or externally, he menaced vengeance like the leader of a mighty host when he had not a hundred men to sustain his lofty language! This made the mountain tribes pause, for they remembered how, with a handful of men and when sickness had also weakened his power he yet poured destruction down at Meeanee. Nor could the Talpoor princes stir the Sirdars of the plains; they reverenced their generous conqueror too much to be faithless, and the poorer Beloochees had already perceived that the steady advantages of just government were better than precarious government by the sword. Ali Moorad, if he had any sinister design, bowed in submission at once, and the younger Talpoor princes, baffled in their hopes, fled. Thus the new government of Scinde was with astonishing vigour borne in safety through the crisis, and its course to safety shall now be shewn, and by the man who steered.

"Sir George Arthur, Oct. 29th.—We are in a fearful way at Hydrabad, and worse at Sukkur. The sickness is, I hear, the same all over India. We do not lose many lives, which is fortunate, but neither of those garrisons can relieve their guards! A thousand men are sick in the entrenched camp

at Hydrabad, and there are only native doctors; I have sent them four, but cannot spare one more. The 28th Regiment here cannot parade more than 44 men, and half of those are convalescents! I trust a few weeks will improve us or the whole force in Scinde will be helpless. The country people are as ill as we are, no workman can be had. Can you send me medical men? our's are all ill; Shikarpoor has not one, and a hundred men are in hospital: sixteen hundred are ill at Sukkur with only two doctors! Two thousand eight hundred are sick at Hydrabad, and only two doctors able to work!

"November 2nd.—The sickness is confined to the banks of the river, say for ten miles on each side, and in all parts where the inundation extended; but I do not hear that it is in the hills. It is a heavy infliction upon us: the whole army of the Indus is fairly floored.

"8th.—I am impatient for the return of Dr. Fitzgerald from Sukkur, when we shall at last send the camel corps to range the right bank of the Indus, where the robbers will soon abound unless I prevent them; this should have been done long since but for our being all down with sickness. Doctor Wight writes, that in all his practice he never witnessed such sickness: the natives are all floored, and in the north of Scinde the collectors say the crops are abandoned: the whole population has fever and numbers are dying, which, thank God! our people are not doing. The robbers are getting pretty bold on the right bank, but my preparations are not yet developed, we are unable to move a man owing to this terrible sickness."

"12th.—The 28th are done up: getting better, but out of 430 rank and file not one hundred can stand on parade, and not 50 could march! I have thought it good to ask you to let the whole take a voyage as the 17th Regiment did with good effect: an idea has struck me that if you sent them to Karah, where the papers say a force is to go, it might make them useful and save them at the same time.

For I suppose as Karah is a small island it is healthy, and these invalids could fight though unable to march. Out of three cavalry regiments a hundred men only were able to march to Ahmed Khan, a place I went to try as a sanitary camp: it is nearly west of Hydrabad, and I have sent Simpson there with what force he can move. This will also shew the chaps in the hills that we are not all dead!"

In the midst of this distress the public works constantly occupied his mind, for he foresaw and foretold the immense importance of Scinde and Kurrachee for the advantage of Bombay; and he laboured in that view while the faction there was striving by all means to thwart him.

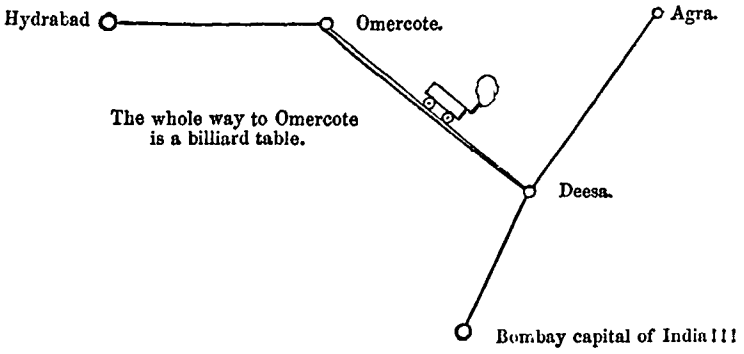
"The same, 16th.—You know Kurrachee was my hobby long before I came to Scinde, and now that I know the place I am more sanguine than ever. I am going to put in force the Bombay custom-house regulations, for our intercourse will be so intimate that the same rules should prevail at both to facilitate mercantile affairs. The mole which I have not only proposed but begun, confident that Lord Ellenborough will sanction it, will enable troops stores and merchandise to land with perfect ease, independent of tides: and my hopes are that we shall be able to communicate with Bombay all the year round. This is too nautical a question for me to speak of, but I shall examine the bar well and find out if we cannot cut it away: such things have been done I suppose, and if not it is a reason the more for trying now.

"I think we shall easily cut a canal from this to Tattah by the Gara Creek, and it is yet to be proved that we cannot turn the course of the Indus into that creek and fix it there. I have already, on a small scale, proved that we can control this river and direct its course; and a branch thrown off to the neighbourhood of this town would be of much importance. Suez, Bombay, and Kurrachee, will hit Calcutta hard before twenty years pass; but Bombay will beat Kurrachee, and be the Liverpool if not the London of India. Meantime I confine my ambition to the mole, and

hope, if not to finish it, to leave it so that no man can strangle my child: it is all I can do for Scinde I fear ere my time closes. I have begun a stone bridge over the Fullaillee near Hydrabad, which will bring the great eastern road to Omercote, where India must take it up and carry it on through the desert. I have directed Captain Baker to go on with the canals between the Indus and the Narra; and where the Narra breaks away from the Indus down through Scinde even to Cutch, passing by Omercote. If we can turn the water down to Omercote, we can probably, turn it into the desert towards the east and so lighten the difficulties of the road.

"There are fine hills which I crossed on my march to Emaum Ghur, they stretch along the Narra far south; no map shews these hills, and all that great tract of country is now desert; but no desert by nature, for it is full of vegetation too luxuriant to be so destitute of water as is imagined. I long to have Captain Baker's report on it; the job on my hands was too dangerous for exploring when there, or I would have halted a week on those hills and sent officers in all directions: I am sure much of that country will be found fertile, and not unhealthy for a hot climate. This grand scheme of irrigation will I hope be well executed by Baker, who was chosen by Lord Ellenborough especially, and appears to me to enter well into the spirit of his work. He is now making a road from Shikarpoor to Sukkur, which I am anxious about in order to make that track an asylum for those who are fugitives from the hill robber-tribes. When a good road connects Shikarpoor with *Victoria on the Indus* agriculture and commerce will increase. The giving up Shikarpoor was the only part of Lord Ellenborough's policy towards Scinde that I wished otherwise, and now my schemes will go on there, and he seems eager about them: but I am checked at every point by the want of engineers, and by sickness; neither science nor labour can be had, both being rather essential for public works!

"Colonel Jervis, Engineer.—I expect to be a beggar for your plan of a prison ere long. Can't you persecute the directors to execute your railway? *Rail-away* till they do! Scinde is their own, and will in a few years give them a million sterling.



"Gen. Simpson, November 18th.—Nothing has been done, or can be done at Sukkur for want of people. Engineer and all the workmen sick: the land in its length and breadth is an hospital!

"Nusseer Khan.—Highness, I have received your letter"—an insolent reproach concocted for him at Bombay. "You say truly, I did return to you your sword on the field of battle, not because you had displayed any courage but that I pitied your misfortune. I also promised to treat you with the respect due to a conquered prince. You were so treated, and in return have sent written statements to my government filled with falsehoods against the army under my command. Your highness well knows how you would have been treated by an Asiatic conqueror, and how you were treated by a British soldier. But your highness knows more than this! You know that you and your family had, in open durbar, expressed your intention to massacre my army and to torture me had victory been on your side! This causes no anger in my breast; it is your mode of war-

fare though it is not ours. But your false complaints against myself and my comrades is a very different and far worse matter. The first would have been a harsh use of victory, the last is a disgraceful return for more humane conduct: it causes me to request I may have no further correspondence with one for whose character I do not feel any respect.

"Bombay governor in council, November 22nd.—Honourable Sir. In forwarding the enclosed memorials from the widows of Majors Teesdale and Jackson, for the Honourable Court of Directors, few words are required from me. The conduct of Major Teesdale ere he fell was glorious beyond that of any man I ever saw die; for an instant I forgot the battle and looked at him with admiration. I can say no more. Major Jackson also fell nobly. I did not witness his death, but those who did speak of his unflinching courage as heroic. His regiment was forced back, but with three brave havildars of the 12th, he stood, and they were surrounded: the regiment quickly rallied to their rescue, but those four bold soldiers were slain! Seven Beloochees died under the blows dealt by these courageous men ere they fell; of the seven, five were said to have been killed by the hand of the powerful Major Jackson. No man's sword did more towards victory on that day.

"General Simpson, November.—If you get hold of any chap plundering your camels try what a flogging will do; but hang the next and keep his body guarded a sufficient time to hinder his people touching it: that will make the execution more effective. I am however inclined to think flogging will have more effect than capital punishment: they screw up courage to meet death; but when *Nusseeb-fate,* takes a fancy to a *cat-o'-nine-tails* it becomes disagreeable. From all I hear, a dozen lashes at most makes the doctrine of the Prophet very little heeded, and fate is not much trusted ever after. Now, if you give the first thief eight, or even four dozen, I doubt whether Mahomet

himself could bring him within five miles of your camp afterwards.

"Sir H. Gough.—I can tell you as much about the sickness as the doctors! Malaria has long been watched by me in various countries, and I published, in 1825, a book called 'Memoir on the Roads of Cephalonia' in which I devoted a chapter to the subject. The cause of malaria is known to be decayed vegetable matter. In a hot climate, whenever ground is watered vegetation increases prodigiously; if the water is cut off the sun kills the plants, and a mass of putrid vegetable matter sends forth its vapour and produces malaria. The quantity of bad air thus generated is in proportion to the surface covered by the water, and the number of people made ill is in the same proportion. The river this year rose above its ordinary level. The result was a vast surface of land covered by luxuriant vegetation—then the waters receded, but before vegetation was affected again rose, rendered it more luxuriant, and again receded. A hot sun soon destroyed the plants and the land was covered with sickly exhalations: that this should be most pestilential nearest the river is a natural result, because the vegetation there being longer supplied with water was thickest. This is a result in every part of the world where water and a hot sun are at work; and whenever the Indus rises unusually the autumn will be sickly in proportion. I think it would be good to erect barracks at Omercote for the troops to retire to for two months every year, as malaria is not likely to enter the desert.

"General Lumley's letter asks, what measures the medical men recommend to prevent a recurrence! Nothing in the power of government can prevent it; while the Indus overflows its banks and rain falls malaria will prevail in Scinde. But it may be diminished. By cultivation which will substitute crops for decayed vegetable matter. By filling up all hollows containing stagnant water. Where that cannot be done without inconvenience to the inhabi-

tants, by turning the ponds into tanks with sides of masonry. By building good barracks, especially for the Europeans. The stench of a low bad barrack is in the morning horrible. No European barracks should be less than thirty feet high; the number of men should be painted on the doors, and officers in command held responsible for this being observed. The heat of this country is tremendous, and if men have not thick walls and lofty rooms sickness is inevitable. Such barracks are expensive no doubt: so are sick soldiers; so are dead soldiers. But the difference of these expences is, that the first is once and done with; the second goes on increasing like compound interest, and quickly outstrips the capital.

"Sir Robert Sale.—On arriving at Sukkur you are to take command of the troops there; and my plan is to have as few detachments as possible, and those to be directly reported to me if unforeseen circumstances demand that a detachment should be sent out without waiting for orders. The collectors are constantly wanting the assistance of troops, which I never give them: they must apply to the police for help, and if the police get thrashed I am sorry for it. This of course applies only to the collection of revenue: if an enemy comes upon us from without I have no instructions to give, well aware that none are necessary where you hold the command.

"Sir G. Arthur, December.—Much obliged for the 'blue book,' but have not had time to read a word. Lord Ellenborough tells me that Outram has '*obviously had great influence.*' Now about the Sikhs. There are but two states in which men can be honorably left alone, viz. a perfectly savage, or rather wild state, where good sense directs them in a great measure, like the North American Indians. Secondly where much honesty and great happiness dwell. But the half-and-half barbaric state, where splendour and riches and extreme power are concentrated for the enjoyment of one, or a few men; and where, occasionally when he or they fall, a wild

army bursts upon the country like a horrid pestilence. Such a state is a public nuisance against which no frontier state can provide securely otherwise than by seizing the misgoverned land. Where might is right the most mighty has the most right! I am therefore of opinion that the Punjaub must soon be taken by us. At the same time I do not see the same necessity there was in Scinde, because we have a distinct frontier in the Sutlege; and as Lord E. has been so atrociously attacked for his policy towards Scinde, I think he will leave the Sikhs alone, if they will let him alone.

"As to Outram, the next subject in your letter, I am in no controversy with him: it was to avoid that I cut short our acquaintance. I assure you I bear Outram no ill will. I am altogether disappointed in the judgment I formed of his high feelings, and regret his going wrong, not even now thinking he does it intentionally but misled by his extreme vanity.

"This country is perfectly quiet and perfectly sick. I sent some horse and foot under Simpson into the hills to check the robbers, who were shewing their teeth; I also wanted to try a high place, clear of the river miasma, and having as I heard good air and good water. The robbers have ever since been quiet; the water on the hills at Ahmed Khan is excellent and plentiful, the air pure and cool. I expected improvement of health despite of a somewhat fatiguing march, but hear that Simpson is himself ill. Medical men tell me the Sepoys will recover from sickness, the Europeans not. I am myself, I believe, amongst the few instances of recovery, yet I feel the effect on the *springs*. If the Sepoys do not recover the army is disabled; for every man nearly has been in hospital! My belief is that not a single man or officer has escaped in any regiment at Sukkur and Hydrabad! Above seven thousand are now actually in hospital. The poor inhabitants are much worse, and die like rotten sheep: the very animals suffer; eight hundred camels

died in six weeks at Sukkur without apparent cause. I will do all that is possible to diminish the force in Scinde when the Punjaub is quiet; till then we must be prepared for an outbreak.

"My camel corps will soon be *camelized,* and I expect much from it in keeping the mountain tribes in order; and from the Scinde horse also—especially if Lord E. will let me form a second regiment,—indeed such service as will enable me to give you many regiments. This epidemic has baffled me in everything, but I shall now get on. I never lose patience in such matters, though I do when things fail from people not bestirring themselves; and I see no reason why we should be patient with those who from mere laziness won't work. Twenty of my police lately met sixty plunderers under a celebrated chief; they fought and the mountaineers were beaten. The police had two men wounded and three or four horses killed, and say they killed ten enemies, which is undoubtedly a lie; but I am quite satisfied that they really fought and beat an enemy. Poor Simpson is ill and has come back from Ahmed Khan. I regret his having been obliged to do this as his march had stopped the marauding; if he could have staid a fortnight longer the camel corps would have been out: now it is to be feared that the hill chaps will gather pluck for awhile.

"*Have you no conscience?* What a question to ask a governor! No, to be sure I have not. Did you ever know of a governor who had? He would, if discovered, be stuffed and sent to the Museum! However so far as I am personally concerned drying would be unnecessary, Scinde has done that; I feel like a *mummy vivant,* travelling to see the difference between posterity and the times of Sesostris! However, whatever I am, 'no conscience about engineers troubles me.' I send you my rough draft of a letter to Lord Ellenborough; it will shew you what I propose in the way of works, civil and military: it is an answer to a letter of his, asking what has been done? The only

thing done, or doing, for the last five months, has been drinking quinine. Not a man, engineer, cooly, or Biggaree has been able to do more than walk to hospital. We want a good lighthouse much. My nephews say, their father got one for the Cape—I think from Marseilles, and upon a new French principle. Waddington, my chief engineer, seems to approve of it, and there is one invented at Madras which he likes: that is—to one he has only ten thousand objections, to the other ten thousand and a-half! I am going to give him the report for comments that I may secure having every possible objection.

December 13th.—Ali Moorad is growing saucy, and there are sundry rumours which make me keep a sharp look-out. I send you copy of my letter to Ali, and if he does anything insulting, which is not unlikely, I shall attack him at once. I send the sick Europeans by the 'Queen' to save time, which to them, poor fellows, is important. Dr. Wight says about seven thousand Sepoys must go to Bombay. This is a serious affair, because my rupture with Ali Moorad would require all the men I could collect; and from Candahar comes information that all the great jaghidars of Scinde have written to Shere Mohamed, saying, if the Affghans will come down they will rise to a man and make a religious war in Scinde. It is also said Ali Moorad wrote that he would join them, and that we were so sick that two thousand men would finish us! This boast he will not find so easy to fulfil. While these reports are so rife and the Punjaub unsettled I cannot spare a man able to use a musquet: so much for *suggestions*, which have occurred to me in thinking over my strength, if such a term can be applied to the fearful state we are in.

"Ali Moorad, December 13th.—Highness. I have received a communication from you which I cannot designate other than disrespectful, if not insolent, to the British government. To your letter this is the answer. Listen to it and be wise for I am your friend.

"The governor-general has upheld you because you have hitherto been faithful to your treaties. Officers have been sent to mark, in union with your highness's vakeels, the limits of that territory which belongs to the British government by right of conquest; and the limits of that which belongs to your highness. I have sent a brave and honourable officer to reside at your highness's court. This was done at the especial request of your highness. You have by the power of the British troops been made great, beyond the greatness of your forefathers; beyond what your most sanguine expectations could have imagined! The victory of Meeanee removed your rivals!

"I hope you have not forgotten these things, but your letter makes me think your highness has been ill advised. Recollect, that under the grasp of the governor-general you are like a sparrow in the talons of an eagle. As your friend I give you this caution, lest the fate of your brother should be that of your highness. The governor-general has set two examples before you. The Nawab, Bhawal Khan of Bhawalpoor, has received Subzulcote and Bhoongbarra as a reward for his faithful adherence to treaties. Roostum Khan of Kyrpoor has been deposed because he broke faith with the British government. But there is a third example, better known to your highness. The Ameer Ali Moorad, Khan, Talpoor, was one of many chiefs that ruled the Kyrpoor territory; he was faithful to his treaties and his enemies were overthrown by Englishmen. He rules now the Kyrpoor alone and uncontrolled!

"Ameer! I believe you to be a wise prince. For this reason I have, so far, addressed you as a friend: I must now speak to you as the British general! Remember Meeanee and Hydrabad! I have now, not two but twenty thousand soldiers under my orders. If your highness offers the slightest insult to the British government I will consider you as an enemy and your destruction will be inevitable.

"Captain Malet, December 13th.—I press you into the

service, for the time is ticklish. There is some queer work going on secretly in Scinde. My mind never takes long to make up in such cases, and I see pretty clearly what these gentlemen are about. Ali Moorad has written a saucy letter, which I send you a copy of, and my answer, which I beg of you to deliver into his own hands and make him read it. I am sure he has no desire to quarrel with us; but he drinks and hunts, and is incapable of business, consequently he falls into the hands of the chaps about him. Now the way to deal with him is this. Having made him read my letter to sober him, endeavour with all the tact you are master of to press upon him the necessity of his taking back Sheik Ali Hussein, his old vakeel. He may give the sheik any fixed salary and take any precaution to hinder his robbing him, as Ali says he did before: I dare say truly. But Sheik Ali will keep him straight, and prevent my bombarding Dejee, which would be a sore affair for him. If you can reconcile these two gentlemen the rest of your work will be easy; for Sheik Ali will serve his master well in the way he ought to be served, viz. keeping him true to his treaty: he will then be safe. His territory will be very convenient for us to have, but it is necessary to be fair with every man and I have given him clear warning and good advice which you must impress upon him. If he refuses to take it, he must try his prowess with us, for insult to the British flag must not be submitted to.

"His letter is a false composition, and he seems as if trying to pick a quarrel with us, in which case the sooner we come to blows the better, because delay would give his allies time to help him and would not strengthen us in any material degree. However, you must do your best to prevent a quarrel; men's lives must not be lost without every exertion being made to prevent it. I hope you will also be able to get on with the work in hand, viz. the limits of territory. The bringing this to a conclusion will bring on a decided state; Ali will then either be satisfied or quarrel.

It will, I think, put his highness in a better humour, and until Scinde is quite settled he is a very useful ally: still, if he will not be quiet and resolves on war it would be no harm to the Company to have his territory."—At the time this letter was written Outram and his faction were representing Sir C. Napier as the hoodwinked dupe and favourer of Ali Moorad!

"General Simpson, December 15th.—I have much to do. Ali Moorad has written me a saucy letter; at the same time a raid has been made on our territory N.W. of Shikarpoor, and reports are rife of a rising amongst the Beloochees. Putting these things together there may be some work on our hands yet, but I think, sick as we are, we can pay our debts, with interest to boot. I suspect, if Ali Moorad defies me, both you and Douglas will be set upon by the whole country. You will be strong in your fortress of Hydrabad, Douglas at Kurrachee in his powerful brigade; but both will have to fight for it: this makes me eager to get you well. Sale is at Sukkur with the 13th Regiment, at least he ought to have arrived the 12th. Let these beggars come on! it will make you a K.C.B. if they do! I shall go to Sukkur, and leave you to keep the south—but they won't try a fair fight!

"The Khan of Khelat.—Highness. I have received your letter and think that if Newaz made war on you, you were right to take him and his lands! As to Futteh Khan, I shall cause all proper inquiry to be made and deal with him accordingly, and shall let you hear all that I do. As to Rojan, you say it is yours; then keep it, the English do not want to take what is yours. All we want is to prevent plunderers finding harbour there, and you will, I hope, send a trustworthy officer to keep that district free from robberies: this is what I want, and this must be done either by your highness or by me.

"R. Napier.—I am at my ease about newspaper abuse, having grown as callous as a buffalo's horn. I did much for

Outram, and bore all the odium cast upon me by the papers about him. The Bombay Times is under Outram's command, and from expressions peculiar to him I believe he wrote the part about himself in Buist's book. I had the means of ruining him as a soldier and a diplomatist, yet kept them from Lord Ellenborough and the public rather than injure him. I saved the army from a Cabool massacre: had I made one error we were gone. I should probably have been killed; but if not, could hardly have managed a retreat of so desperate a nature. We should I think have fallen to a man, for as to surrender it never entered my head: the utmost I expected was to get our back to the Indus and abide fate!

"Now you shall know what no man has been told before. My adjutant-general was badly wounded, we were all crushed with the fight, with heat, and difficulties of all kinds, and all around was danger; hence it was only a week ago that a correct return of men engaged was obtained. We had only *seventeen hundred in action!* not 2800 as I said when I took the last return in possession before the battle as a guide. Including officers our force could not have reached two thousand, and I have Belooch returns of close upon twenty-six thousand warriors, signed by the chiefs; each stating his force, and they all try to reduce their numbers to reduce the disgrace. But evidence, received from the family of the Ameers, says there were *thirty-five thousand* fighting men, which is what the best of my spies reported at the time: this was a disparity of force rarely surpassed. There were two chiefs not in the Belooch returns, who had large tribes, numbers unknown, so that we must have engaged the higher numbers mentioned.

"I did think highly of Outram's honour till I read his letter to William; then I saw all the cunning of which his friends in India accuse him, and I now join them: yet he certainly has the character also of honesty and openness,

and I thought so of him, but will hold that opinion of no man who says what Outram said to me, and yet lets me be run down. I risked a great deal with Lord Ellenborough to serve him who was a stranger to me, because he convinced me he was ill used; but I have since found out that he said things not strictly true. His *conversations with the Ameers* were in no hands but his and mine; yet they come out to Lord E., *printed by the Secret Committee!* and my letter, explaining Roostum's misconduct and falsehood was *burked*, it has never appeared with the conversations! Outram's vanity made him mad when I rejected all his advice, after I had read him rightly, and this vanity was increased by his friends' praise, and their and his own puffs. In this madness he tried to make out, and possibly, believed that my advancing caused the war; and that, but for my blundering and being a cat's-paw for Lord Ellenborough, he, Outram, would with transcendent talent have arranged all and convinced the world what a fool Lord E. was and how ignorant I was.

"This he thought due to his character as the '*ablest man in India;*' but that he had the dishonourable intention of deliberately injuring me I cannot yet believe. However there is but one feeling amongst his comrades here, and at Poonah, viz. 'That it was lucky for me he was not in the battle, or I should never have been allowed by him and the Bombay Times to have had a share: Outram would have done it all!' However one thing is to me plain. I suspected it at the time, but having then a different opinion of the man I cast it from me as ungenerous to condemn him, even to myself. He asked me for a fourth part of the European troops and two hundred Sepoys, to go and attack a wood on the morning of the 17th February, and begged of me to halt till the 18th. He believed they were not good fighters, and that he should defeat them and shew the world, that having tried for peace, when Napier's blundering failed he had taken the lead in war and at once did the work! I am now convinced of this. He would have had

a precious thrashing, which I saved him by refusing a single European, and also refusing to halt.

"From the 25th December to 24th March 1842-3, Lord Ellenborough is not responsible for anything; the military movements after taking possession of Roree were exclusively mine; and as Outram has asserted, and thus obviously influenced people at home to believe, that my refusal to halt caused two bloody battles, all between that and the 17th February is of the highest importance to my honour. For if from a desire to fight, or from want of brains, I caused a battle it is evident that I am not fit for any command. This desire to fight also is not allowed to be a piece of simple villainy, or stupid courage, but is attributed to a desire for prize-money! One would imagine, that fools as men are, the fighting thirty-six thousand men with less than two thousand might lead to the thought that against such odds, not to be beaten was all the most sanguine could hope! Because I saved the country from another Cabool slaughter I am accused of acting from the vilest motives, one of which every man who reflects must know never could have entered my head. By accident I have the means of proving this, if I could descend to give proof of the falsehood of such a contemptible accusation; and as to the '*headlong valour of the ardent soldier*,' I should like to see the man who would attack ten for pleasure! ten who gave no quarter! Richard, it is hard not to laugh at mankind when we see and hear such nonsense. I must stop, being pressed for time and much pressed by business; in eight days after last mail I answered one hundred and thirty letters! many requiring two and even three letters, to reply to questions asked: and besides this I answer by head and mouth as many more.

"Gen. W. Napier.—You ought to have a letter by every mail.' I hope no tricks are played at Bombay, but my confidence is small in those chaps, and one is said to write Outram's puffs for him; so I shall send my letters to you under cover to my clothier."—His letters were opened.

"One of Lord Ellenborough's sins is the having made

Scinde a separate government. The Bombay people intended to have all the patronage while they abused the conquest. He gave the loaves and fishes to me, and I gave them to the best men of the army, without paying attention to a single recommendation from England or Bombay. Stop! There is a Captain Townsend who was recommended to me, and I forgot it, or by whom, till he wrote to thank me! I had only got a high character of him, and he, to his surprize, found himself a deputy collector. Another, Mr. McGregor, nephew of Sir James was recommended, but I told Sir James that it was the young man's own conduct, not his recommendation that got him the post of Fort Major. All the others won their places at Meeanee and Hydrabad: it was only fair that those who won the land should have its fatness. But having served all who had claims and were fit, I did in two instances serve my friends: —Charles Curling had lived in Egypt three years, speaks Arabic, and is a hard-working clever fellow: him I put in the lowest class of inspectors, first telling Lord Ellenborough who he was, and asking leave. Young Byng, my extra aide-de-camp, a Company's officer, was strongly recommended to Lord Ellenborough. These only have been appointed from friendship, and Curling's knowledge of Egypt is very useful: he is already attempting to get sugar-canes and other things that thrive in Egypt, where he has many friends, the Pasha's botanist amongst them.

"Ten men have been hanged for murder. It is a proper point to fix on, to shew the people and the chiefs that my kindness and conciliation spring from no fear; it would not do to let their barbaric vanity gradually wipe away the terror of the battles. All men have first a regular trial by the magistrates; it then comes to me, I read it over with the judge-advocate for civil affairs, an officer established for the purpose by me. If we concur with the magistrates, the sentence is confirmed and sentence executed, whether death

or imprisonment. We have thus quieted the left bank of the Indus and are beginning with the right, but as yet nothing done, because out of fifteen thousand men twelve thousand are sick: the gates of Hydrabad are fastened because the guard cannot be relieved! the prostration of strength is fearful. If I can weather this season and keep Scinde quiet; and if Lord Ellenborough does not require me, I think to ask Lord Fitzroy about going back to Poonah. The loss of income would be great, but a third season here will be hard to stand. It would be different had I not suffered, but the doctors find that change of climate only will perfectly recover even young men. However, live or die I will not flinch if really wanted here. What you tell me of the officers who go home from this is my real reward. The Company's officers are a very fine set of fellows. However, I expect to go down hill in their opinion now that the excitement of war has passed and that a rigid discipline only remains; for I pay no court to them on this point and must take my chance: but they all know how interested I am in the public welfare.

"R. Napier, December 21st.—I am strong again, which is fortunate, as war is going on all around and rumours of it here. I never look at a paper unless it concerns Scinde, and only then to trace the colour of public feeling: my whole thought and labour must be concentrated on my work. The threat of a general rising demands serious attention, for the Indian newspapers are calling on the mountaineers to come down on me, and those of the plains to rise while I have 10,000 *sick unable to stir!* The natives have all the papers translated, but, thank the stars, the Beloochees of the plains being as sick as ourselves cannot rise if they would. One is equally obliged to the editors; it will not be their fault if our throats are not cut. The Bombay Times is also trying to make my men mutiny: but all these kind designs fail.

"Gen. W. Napier.—I have sent you a sword, given to me

by an artilleryman on the field of Meeanee just as the fight was over; it was then covered with blood, but whether of the owner or our people is not known. *The sword of Meer Ghoolam Shah Talpoor*, is written on it, and he and his son are said to have fallen in the battle. There is also some poetry, which my moonshee, Ali Acbar, thus translates. *O deposer of enemies and grand prophet! O, exhibitor of miracles Moortez a Allee.* Moortez was Mahomed's son-in-law. This is one of the finest blades taken. No golden-hilted sword is worn except by the great chiefs. I have another sword, bought at auction for we gave everything to the prize-agents: it has a finer hilt than yours, but the blades are equally fine. I was going to send it to you, but it is likely to be more curious as mine than any one's else, as it belonged to Moorad Ali Talpoor one of the Char Yar or four brothers who conquered Scinde. He was the father of Nusseer Khan, to whom the sword belonged, and he, as you know, commanded at Meeanee above the other Ameers! I gave him back his sword, but that was another weapon; so in truth I have his sword after all: I suppose he did not like to take his father's sword into danger. I took my father's sword into battle.

"Your sword had no scabbard, the one with it I bought; the real scabbard was all covered with pure gold, and plundered of course. The hilts are iron, washed or rather plated with gold, but the mountings of the scabbards are pure gold, and the camp followers pinned them while the fight was going on. Ali Acbar has Nadir Scha's sword, the hilt of iron. The Ameers offered him five thousand rupees for it but he refused. All these fine swords have a history, and I will endeavour to find out that of yours. I am glad to have got it, as my having it adds to its history. McPherson got one which belonged to the Persian kings, with double waving edges. But the sword of all was the sword of the Kalloras, a short straight sword, which we can nowhere find: the Ameers probably hid it. All this country

and the neighbouring countries firmly believe, that if drawn in the presence of a camel the sight of it cuts him in two! It is the sharpest and most highly charmed sword ever wielded by man. Woe to him it strikes! Yet the Talpoor took it from the Kallora and slew him with it!

"With a well-greased conscience some pretty pickings of rupees could be made here. Lord Ellenborough has allowed me to settle all questions with the Nawab of Bhawalpoor, the Khan of Khelat, and Meer Ali Moorad. From each of these princes Clive would have extracted a lac of rupees, perhaps two lacs, for I have to give land and help to all three. How long my conscience will stand I do not know, but as yet I have only taken a cock. Ali Moorad gave it to me in the desert at Emaum Ghur, when we were all very hungry, and with it four dozen of addled eggs, to McPherson's great indignation, as caterer. Apropos to Ali Moorad. Mischief is brewing here. Ali has written impertinently, and a foray has been made from the hills. Agha Khan, the Persian prince, the veritable old assassin of the mountains, lives with me and has a letter from Kandahar saying, all the Scindian Belooch chiefs have assured the Lion they are ready to rise in a religious war; that Ali Moorad has written the same, adding that our army is down with fever and two thousand Affghans sent down would do the job! Nevertheless I think to stop an outbreak.

"This is my plan. 1°. Put all my posts on their guard. 2°. Ali Moorad has a place of great height and strength, called Dejee, and he will, I think, so fear me as to go into this fort, which is devilish high. If he quarrels I shall attack it at once, because, if he resists there is a conspiracy and to crush him in his celebrated fortress will strike terror, and the rest will either break out prematurely or melt away. 3°. To insure success I have sent to Bombay for mortars, and shall be able to rig out 16 eight-inch howitzers besides. These shall be collected at Sukkur, three days' march from Dejee, and before his preparations can be made Dejee will

get such a hammering as will astonish both the walls and the folks inside!

"'When bickerings hot to high words got break out in gamiorum.' I like to cool the flame by going at some point these barbarians confide in and cannot escape from, and Dejeo is considered quite impregnable. However my hope is to avoid war by decided language and ostentatious preparation: wherefore the mortars shall go up the river publicly, and I have set my spies to work. I do not feel nervous but see all the danger. The Punjaub is up in a row; the Gwalior territory also; and my friend the Lion is at work in the hills. Ali Acbar, my Arabian moonshee, who is as faithful as steel, tells me they are all in correspondence he is sure, but are afraid of the *Bahadoor Jung* as they call me, and will not venture a turn-out. If I catch some chief who has given his adhesion, in correspondence with the enemy he shall hang from the highest tower of Hydrabad. This would crush the whole thing, and be just, because all the adhesions have been voluntary and rewarded by the restoration of lands and dignities. I am thought here to be too easy with them, but I am right, certain that conciliation is better policy than violence; and the first chief who abuses my confidence shall find the 'differ:' it will have ten times the effect. The strong can afford to be conciliating, and these people have had bloody lessons as to our strength. However I have cause enough for deep reflection on this and other matters. For my Emmy lately run her horse at a leap, was thrown and laid open her forehead. I was in the stable and saw her horse come galloping in with an empty saddle! I jumped on and soon found her safe, though hurt. I never had such a ride! Had she been killed what would Scinde have been to me? How futile are all things of life, how little we lose by death! I sometimes think it desirable, that I may see nothing I love die."

At this time John Kennedy adjured him to quit Scinde

and save his life, the medical men being unanimous for the necessity: this was the generous answer. "I am well and strong again, and I must go through one more hot season, live or die. It would not do to desert the coach at this moment. These chaps are shewing signs of mischief, and I must remain on the box till all is quiet, and then give the reins to a successor. It would be hard for Lord Ellenborough to find a man able to take them now; they are indeed gathered well up in my hand, but my means are so feeble that a new man could hardly turn them to account before he would find all in a mess. There are eight thousand men sick in bed, unable to move; and the other eight thousand have been sick and could not march ten miles. The Beloochees, it is generally supposed, have a peculiar dread of the *Bahadoor Jung*. This is a result of victory, and a great moral power which another though a better man could not have. I think I shall keep them straight; but I will never leave Lord Ellenborough in the lurch as to Scinde. He is a noble fellow: had he thwarted me the army in Scinde was gone; he was too far off to have commanded it, and the whole affair was too complicated to have been carried through as I carried it through by any man tramelled with orders. Lord Auckland and Outram would have made another Affghan affair, do what I would, and then half India would have risen.

"My position is even ticklish now. An army floored by an unheard-of sickness, Gwalior in the east, the Punjaub on the north, in arms; and my own chaps between a growl and a bite; the mountaineers on the west, not the far west but the near west, like a band of robbers in ambush listening for the wheels of an approaching carriage! It is not a bed of roses. I would go to Sukkur now but am afraid of another attack of fever which would play the devil with me: and with public affairs also, or my own old carcass should not stop me. You see how impossible it is for me to quit Scinde with honour till next year, even if I pass the hot

season, which I admit is doubtful. As to money, I do not stay for that, I would give more than I shall ever make to be out of it; but thousands of persons here are in more danger than I am and I will sink or swim with them, poor fellows!"

The cry raised by Outram about the patriarchal princes was at this time made to resound in London, and Charles Napier's brother, having written on the subject, received the subjoined retrospect of his proceedings towards Roostum Khan—that being the chief point of Outram's attacks.

"Richard Napier.—You will see by my official letters that will appear, how Outram told me what a fine fellow Ali Moorad was, how frank and open, and what a thorough friend of ours, adhering to his treaty honestly, as indeed he has done up to this time. I was then quite new to them all, and one night, December 18th, a secret message came to me from old Roostum, saying he was a prisoner with his family which had forced him to act against the British, and he begged of me to receive him into my camp as he was helpless. I advised him to go to his brother Ali Moorad and remain with him, but offered him an escort and refuge in my camp if he persisted in wishing to come. He did go to his brother, and then would not even see me when I desired it. I really know not what I am found fault with for; he did not take my advice, he took only part of it. Now if I advise a man to take Seidlitz powders and he drinks only the acid part, he has no right to say that I gave him a pain in the stomach. This is what Roostum did. He went to Ali as advised, but neither remained with him as advised, nor came to me as advised, but made over everything to his brother and then fled from Dejee, pretending he had been forced to the cession.

"Now, why did not Roostum, if he was forced, meet me and tell me? Oh! said Outram, he was afraid. Ali Moorad made him think you were going to put him in prison. My answer was. Why should he think so? there was no

motive: but if he did fear it at Dejee he could not fear it when I overtook him in the desert on my march to Emaum Ghur, for I had force to seize him and his followers, and instead of doing so sent you, his friend of four years, to invite him to my tent. You, Outram, returned with his son, and a message that he was so tired he could not come himself! He could have no fear then, yet fled in the night. To this poser Outram answered. Oh! Ali has bribed all about him: this was nonsense, he had duped Outram.

"After the fall of Emaum Ghur, Outram again found him on the road to Kyrpoor, and he agreed to meet Outram at Kyrpoor and there discuss the treaty, which would have saved his possessions, but was again *so tired* that he advised Outram to ride on and he would follow next day. Off went the dupe, and Roostum marched another way with seven thousand men and two guns, which he had kept out of sight. He went to a fort of his, 60 miles from Hydrabad, and held it until Meeanee was fought. My conduct was all clear. My object was to have one chief instead of a dozen to deal with; and that dozen in the hands of an old fox, one Futteh Mohamed Ghoree, a sworn enemy of the English and working hard at the time to form a coalition of Beloochees, Affghans and Sikhs, to fall on us with two hundred thousand men; I having then but seven thousand in all Scinde, and those at Kurrachee five hundred miles from those at Sukkur.

"I wished the younger brother, Ali, to be minister to the elder; to be a mayor of the palace, the king being an old imbecile, full of useless cunning and in the hands of a knave and his own violent sons and nephews. When I first heard Roostum had resigned the turban it disturbed me, thinking it would produce war, and my advice to Ali Moorad was not to accept it: he however said it had been ceded in such a formal manner that he neither could nor would give it back. Meanwhile reflection had convinced me that it was best so, as a decided policy; for the old idiot was

so cunning he would be constantly hampering Ali with us. Nevertheless, thinking force might have been employed I sought an interview with Roostum to ascertain the truth, but he fled. Had he done so without resigning the turban he could have used his power as Rais embarrassingly; for the Mahometans think much of whoever holds the title. Now, the more this question is discussed the better. I advised Roostum to be guided by Ali, but never forced him to do anything. I was very much afraid the old man might be killed in the attack of Kyrpoor if his people defended that place; and I knew that would give a handle for abuse from the infamous Indian press, than which the whole world cannot produce a more rascally. Besides this I pitied the old man, thinking him then a victim to his son, who wanted to get the turban and for aught I knew might kill him on purpose in the row! They are all capable of such actions.

"You will be glad to hear that Ali Moorad has been bullied by me. Sir Jasper Nichols was here when my letter to Ali went, and he and the Bombay folks all thought Ali would be furious and not bear it; even Sir G. Arthur thought so. I knew my man. Ali says, I am his '*fountain of joy:*' that '*his back was bent with the weight of my displeasure: now his heart dances like sunbeams on the waters of delight.*' My displeasure would have taken the shape of twelve bomb shells tumbling every five minutes on his bent back, and perhaps have prevented it ever becoming straight again! He is a wild, drinking, hunting, zenana-going youngster, 28 years old: but I have him in manacles, and Scinde is, as Lieutenant —— writes me every week, perfectly '*quite.*' I am ill, and it is strange but true as gospel, that at the changes of the moon down we all go in fever here! The wise men in England may laugh, but no doctor here laughs: they pitch in quinine at full and new moon."

His journal was now resumed.

"December 26th.—This day year I marched from Roree: how many events have since taken place! And now the state of affairs is not pleasant. Strong rumours of insurrection are rife, but they cannot get me out of Scinde if my posts are well provisioned and the sea open. As to Ali Moorad it is said he is playing tricks, very probable: a barbarian never takes a sound view. Ali is a *bon vivant* by nature, handsome and jovial: sensuality is in every line of his face, and he will be led away by every clever or cunning fellow about him. He thinks perhaps that he can get Scinde for himself, because of the Gwalior and Punjaub troubles and the Affghan menaces: he shall if he turns restive have six feet by three of it. As for his fort, get the women out and I would have no pity on the men but pitch shells in till they cried enough! How easily, were I absolute, I could conquer all these countries and make Kurrachee the capital. With the Bombay soldiers of Meeanee and Hydrabad, I could walk through all the lands. I would raise Belooch regiments, pass the Bolan in a turban and spread rumours of a dream and the Prophet: pleasant would be the banks of the Helmond to the Bombay troops, and to a host of Mahometans, who will follow any conqueror. I have them now as enemies, and so must deal with them, but the Affghans cannot, I am sure, come through the Bolan."

So ended the year of conquest. It was one of great events, and the general's simple notices of them, and the facility with which he seemed by his own narrations to overcome difficulties, might lead to an undervaluing judgment, if the following summary of his labours did not stand out in such bold relief.

He marched at the head of troops about a thousand miles, more than two hundred being in the desart.

He won two great battles against sixty thousand enemies, and by his skilful combinations dispersed twelve thousand

more. In these actions he killed some ten thousand men in fight, and made nine sovereign princes captives, driving another into hopeless exile.

He took four great fortresses, repaired three and constructed one, and a large entrenched camp.

He received the submission of, and conciliated four hundred chiefs, some of whom could bring twenty thousand men into the field.

He arranged the military occupation of the country: no slight matter in a country where there were few buildings, and where a most pestiferous climate had to be encountered, joined to the difficulty of ruling a conquered race and keeping in awe innumerable hostile neighbouring tribes.

He established a civil government in all its branches, social financial and judicial, and organized a powerful effective police, horse and foot, for the public security.

He examined in person the principal mouths of the Indus with a view to commerce, commenced several important public works, and planned others. And during the execution of these things, though twice struck down by most formidable diseases and reduced to the point of death, he conscientiously read and reflected on every court-martial of his military, and every serious criminal trial of his civil government: and with a very extensive private correspondence, conducted a public one which presents a mass of eight hundred and fifty documents, many being long and profoundly-reasoned memoirs upon war policy and government, all of them original, pointed and serious, displaying a mind that never sunk under labour. Truly this was not a year of idleness.

FOURTEENTH EPOCH.

THIRD PERIOD.

THE story of Scinde for 1844 commences thus.

"Journal, January 1st.—Another year! The last has been a glorious one for me so far as mundane glory is concerned; and yet, strange as it may appear, I daily forget all about the battles unless brought to my mind by conversation, or reading some mention of them: then indeed there is a gratification at having succeeded, but it is like the faint smile which comes at times in the midst of sorrow. I try to analyze my feelings and cannot, except an eagerness about my battles like that excited by reading of others' battles. When I do think of them it appears to me that more credit is given to me than has been deserved, so many things spring from luck and so many faults in detail were committed. Most of the last resulted from want of bodily strength however; for I was weak and ill all the latter part of the campaign, and the great pain from my hurt hand, for a fortnight before and in the battle, had greatly worn me down. The pain was terrible, almost past bearing.

"When in the fight I held my life as gone; for as to escaping, all idea of that vanished when I saw the 22nd giving way and was obliged to ride between the fires of two lines not twenty yards apart. I expected death as much from our men as from the enemy, and I was much singed by our fire; my whiskers twice or thrice so, and my face peppered by fellows who, in their fear, fired high over all heads but mine and nearly scattered my brains. In agony I rode, holding my reins with a broken hand and quite unequal to

a single combat had a Beloochee picked me out, as one was about to do when Marston slew him. Well, enough of all this, my thoughts are on another world; this one is to me one of pain and regrets, and suffering.

"January 12th.—My position becomes more critical daily, but gives me no apprehension: I am moving troops in all lines, my columns thread the land in every direction and bother the enemy; he cannot make it out, but I am gradually reinforcing Sukkur and Shikarpoor. These movements will suffice for next three weeks, when Sukkur will be strong: but if the Sikhs cross the Hyphasis I shall go to Sukkur with more troops, ready to make, if necessary, a diversion for the army on the Sutlege. If I have any moveable force to spare I think myself able to keep Mooltan in check, and Master Sewan Mull shall find me very troublesome. The game is however very critical and dangerous, but I think I can play it. Yet God knows! for of what are we certain in war?

"There are strange stories of great battles having been fought and won at Gwalior. Four days have past, the air is filled with rumours and the royal salute fired for victory! Yet no one knows why. If we have done our work well in the north all will be quiet; if it is only a boggle we shall have the devil to pay. Well! I am '*ready aye ready!*'

"January 15th.—A great battle, but no official intelligence: there seems to be some mystery, or they may have continued fighting after the first battle. The loss seems to be out of all proportion if our vague accounts are true. I trust young Somerset is not killed.

"16th.—Thirty-five years gone since my first general action and here I am still in the field. How the wheels whirl round!

"17th.—A letter from the governor-general 4th January six days after the battle, yet he does not allude to it: I cannot understand this. Nor have we any public notification. This is strange. Have he and Gough quarrelled?

We shall hear in time, but I hope the Sikhs have not passed the Hyphasis in the meantime. The army may be victorious yet crippled by the fight, which would be awkward, as it would have far to march to meet the Sikhs, and they would ravage the country unless there is force enough there to meet them. The mountain hordes are, as I expected, coming down to plunder, and I have sent the camel corps, 400 men, now formed, along the right bank; they will put these roving lads to rout. There are now three columns moving in various directions through Scinde; the Beloochees cannot tell what it means, but I am gradually accumulating a force at Sukkur, and if things turn out hot my design is to attack Mooltan eventually. News of the battle come, and a very sanguinary one; but judging from the private accounts something was wrong; for there was plenty of cavalry and artillery, both being wanted, yet neither engaged: however private accounts are of no value.

"21st.—Strange that Lord Ellenborough writes to me, yet scarcely refers to any battle. In one letter he says, 'We have lost 900 killed and wounded, the latter are doing well,' and this is all! I am very anxious to learn the effect of the battle on the Sikhs. Will it hasten their passage of the Hyphasis or retard it? If the first I shall go to Sukkur; if the second remain here or at Hydrabad. I shall be strong at Sukkur; my police are becoming everywhere effective troops, owing to Brown Phayre and Baynes, and my camel corps will be roving on the right bank of the Indus. If Scinde should rise what am I to do? Hold the river and the stations and hunt the enemy with small detachments: I see nothing else. It will be murderous work I fear; and just when my hopes were so strong to make this the most contented and happy part of India! Oh! how bitter will be my disappointment if we have insurrection and bloodshed. I have asked Lord E. to let me raise a Belooch corps; it will absorb most of the unquiet spirits and make them good subjects. Well, I must rest on my arms and bide events.

Meanwhile I am carrying on my mole, roads and canals, at great risk to myself, having received no authority as yet. W—— is a good fellow but one of your slow people with interminable objections. Well, patience! the commander of an army needs a great share.

"22nd.—This month seems favourable for my fortune. The Duke of Wellington has given me the 22nd Regiment, which gratifies me more than all the grand crosses in the world. The thanks of Parliament! Who cares for them? Not I. To be thanked or reprimanded by Parliament is nothing to me. The thanks of Joe Hume par example, after his Greek loan. I want no thanks from the place-hunters who infest St. Stephens. I care indeed for Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, and Roebuck, and half-a-dozen fellows, having either ability or conscience, but not for the mass congregated there. How hard it is I cannot tell them so! and that I have the glorious 22nd Regiment and the good opinion of my soldiers.

"28th.—My spies say the Affghans are bent upon coming down on me: my belief is they will not, but I can meet fifty thousand and half that number will never appear. The Duke of Wellington has written me a note in his own hand, using this expression, *The two glorious battles of Meeanee and Hydrabad.* This is enough. He and my brother William think well of my work and I care for no other opinions. Sir Henry Bunbury, who is a right good military authority, holds the same opinion: in fine, soldiers do me justice and fools may rave. Sir Robert Peel approves of everything, so does Lord Ellenborough, and I will not sneak out of his service by quitting Scinde while he can be saved: no! not to save a dozen lives. Why should I more than other soldiers? Yes! some claim is mine. In three days my service will be of fifty years! No soldier in India has this service but myself, active service with many wounds; this does give me a claim to rest: but what want I with rest? Bah! talk of that when I am eighty. Yet the heat

may give it me in a few months, and will too I suspect. Well, rest! peace! heaven! What can we want more?

"Information just come from Nao Mull, that the Affghans are really coming down on Shikarpoor. Don't believe a word of it. They cannot cross the desert there. If they come in small bodies we gobble them up; if they keep in large bodies they will perish for want of water. They attack us! The Cabool affair must have made them more foolish than the politicals: no, they will never screw up courage. I wish they would, it would give peace to Scinde for a hundred years!

"30th.—Much criticism in the papers on Gough's battles: they would abuse the Almighty God if He came on earth. I have got a capital engineer, Captain Scott, nephew of Sir Walter: we shall get on now. The intelligence received satisfied me that the Lion cannot bring the Affghans down. He has been raising money on his jewels, pledging three lacs worth for one of specie: this is a proof of his lack of money, and the Affghans will have nothing more to say to him. Poor fellow! I wish I had a lac to give him.

"February 4th.—Two letters from Lord Ellenborough. One approves of my plans, if the Sikhs come down the river; the other gives power to go on with barracks. This man always hits the nail on the head.

"9th.—Sikhs quiet. Affghans offer the Lion for sale! Fitzgerald roves in the hills with the camel corps, and all my plans are working to their end. Scinde is quiet as any country in the world: the great receipt for quieting a country is a good thrashing first and great kindness afterwards: the wildest chaps are thus tamed. I have caught the man who murdered poor Mrs. Barnes. This puzzles me sadly. I do not like to let her blood flow unavenged, yet we must not punish except for effect. The brute ought to die without pity, but the question is, will his death be of use? It will be a prevention of murdering women in war. Aye! but we are at peace! Yet the whole country knows he murdered

an Englishwoman. Can he be allowed to escape, and the people to say that an Englishwoman may be slain with impunity? It would please me to blow the ruffian's brains out with my own hand, but in this case the principle must be considered.

"12th.—Having preserved peace in the recent critical conjuncture little do I care for the opinions of the directors; it grieves me to have served them in any way, but as the devil rules the rolster we must help him here. The Affghans having robbed the Lion, hold him prisoner, and I have had hints that £5000 will buy him! Lord Ellenborough shall be asked about this, for my belief is the rascals will assassinate him, and if Lord E. gives him to me he shall be sent safely to Mecca. The fellow that murdered Mrs. Barnes shall swing.

"15th.—This day year the Residency was attacked, and the war which was to end in the conquest of Scinde was thus begun; and this day reports have come in from the whole length of the right bank saying all is quiet! The thieves have all fled to the hills as I expected they would when the 9th cavalry reached Shikarpoor. The camel corps is at Sehwan, it has spread terror even up to Quettah, and through the valley of Shawl, and the wild tribes have sent to beg pardon and crave mercy. Shere Mohamed has fled to the Murrees in despair. Never was there a more complete conquest of a country. The secret is that I worked hard. 1°. To put down crime. 2°. Shewing the people and their chiefs, that having fought well against us was in my eyes a merit not a crime. 3°. That to every man who submitted all he lost was restored: in some cases more. 4°. That justice has been dealt to the poor. 5°. That all the people employed by the Ameers have been by me retained, and thus I enlisted an influential pack of scoundrels on our side: they are however scoundrels to whom the people are used, whereas had my own chosen rascals been put in they would have done more mischief and less

good than the old rogues, whom I closely watch and punish individually. 6°. That I have met hard blows in war, and though kind in peace have made ostentatious displays of power, and been always ready for war at an hour's notice. Such has been my plan, and the success is complete: when we conquered Affghanistan what person dared to go one hundred yards beyond the sentries? Whoever did so died. In Scinde English officers go out shooting, bag and baggage; travel anywhere and everywhere in safety, receiving civility and kindness from the poor people! I am more proud of this settling of Scinde than of all the victories that could be won in a hundred years!

"18th.—We had a magnificent dinner yesterday for Meance. I made a long speech, abused the Indian press, shall be torn to pieces, cannot help that, a little firmness will bear it. What is being firm? I do what is right and abide by it. But then comes the question, What is right? I have done what was not wise, viz. drawing the abuse of the press upon myself when unable to fight the press: for how can I print answers? I ought to have confined myself to one editor, Buist, and then all the others would have joined against him: this was bad generalship, but being heated by my subject truth would out.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, February.—The rabid abuse of the Bombay Times makes me laugh; yet it is injurious, because good and honourable people swallow it all, and if Shakespeare is right that does harm. I do not think he is, for men now get good or bad names so easily that no person of sense can care whether he has a bad or a good one! Much of what you ask about has passed from my mind, for immense details fill my head so entirely that it is easy to see why sovereigns can do more than other men. Responsibility runs in a thousand little channels, and a general is pinned down like Gulliver by pigmies: a general meeting a sovereign with equal military talent will be beaten round the wrekin. Lord Ellenborough backs me up against the small

rascals who are jealous of his favour; but there are good fellows, who are nevertheless little fellows, that really think I ought to be gibbeted; and who would gibbet me if they could. Your squib about the directors crying over the wrongs of the patriarchal Ameers while accepting their territory '*like crocodiles with their hands in their breeches' pockets,*' has diverted all people here.

"So old Lord Lynedoch is gone! Being at Malta about three years ago, when there was talk of a war with France he said, I can't go home by France. Why not my Lord? Oh! D—— them they might catch me, and I don't want to spend twenty or thirty years in a French prison! he being then past ninety! As to my refusal of a pension not doing any good to the poor you are right; but I well know what my feelings would be with a large pension, and people starving around me. My pension for wounds was my right from suffering and service; yet in the northern district several times I was on the point of giving up my pension. Were one to be conferred on me it should go to build an asylum for old soldiers. It would be different if it came from the pockets of the *crocodiles.* All the parliamentary work is ere this over, and I trust Lord Ellenborough has been well backed up by his friends, for he is the best working man for the people here that could be found, and most honorable: there is not a bit of dirt on him though he lives amidst filth!

"General Simpson.—I shall be on the look-out for General Mouton—a French officer in the Sikh service. These French adventurers are the cleverest and most entertaining chaps in the world. I expect General Court as well as Mouton. I hope he will come. I like these Frenchmen, they are such thorough soldiers.

"Ali Moorad.—Highness. I have received a letter from Captain Malet, who is to be Resident at your highness's court. This letter has given me great comfort, because I feared many things, unheard of among loyal princes, but

they have now passed by like sounds floating in the air and I heed them not; Captain Malet gives me assurance of their falsehood, and that they are inventions of bad men to involve your highness. I am old and greyheaded, I have been to your highness like a father to his son, and when told that your highness was misled I believed it not; for my belief is that your highness is a wise prince, a faithful ally, and one who would not ruin yourself as your enemies wish. All is now as I desire. Your highness will see by the instructions of Captain Malet, that your highness will gain much and become a powerful prince as a reward for your faithful adherence to treaties. May the present year consolidate and render eternal the friendship of your highness with the British government.

"Sir George Arthur.—Lord Ellenborough thinks the Sikhs mean to cross the Sutlege and he cannot therefore send reinforcements to Sukkur; he leaves me to act as suits me if they do—to stand firm or make a demonstration on Mooltan. Now, if the Sutlege be crossed and Scinde remains quiet my demonstration towards Mooltan may be made; but I will have hostages from the Khan of Bhawalpoor; for after crossing the Indus any accident changing his mind would put him in a position to hinder me getting back: all this is conjecture, but being naturally slow chewing the cud in anticipation is good for me."

The four following letters display his versatility of mind.

"The Khan of Khelat.—Your highness is very urgent for money and troops. I will for once send you ten thousand rupees; in twenty days from this date the money shall be at Rojan. But this is the last time, because you are a powerful prince and ought to do as all great men do. Collect your troops, attack your enemies, and give your soldiers the plunder. Be brave and generous. If you wait to be attacked you will be defeated. Be a warrior. Take money from your enemies, do not beg it from your friends: cowards only keep their swords in the scabbard and ask for money.

The Khan of Khelat should rule with iron, not with silver. I will give you no more money: I give you this only to shew the friendship of the English. You are of high lineage, be worthy of your ancestors. Fight with your enemies, let their spoils fill your coffers and they will learn to respect the Khan of Khelat. You are young, do not give yourself up to the women of your harem, be a warrior and lead your troops to battle: I am your friend.

"Ensign Campbell.—I have just received your well-written note of the 25th December. By well-written I mean both handwriting and style. I do not know your commanding officer; but there were some goings on between your regiment and another last year which I disapproved of. However, whether a regiment be in good order or bad order it ought not to affect a young man of sense, because by reading professional books you will discover what is faulty in your corps, if faults there are; you will then learn how things ought to be, and will by daily observation see how they are. Thus you can form comparisons which will in time teach you your profession. I hope your regiment is in good order, but if not take care that your own company or section is when you are entrusted with one. Keep up all knowledge that you have acquired, and gain as much more as you can. By reading you will be distinguished, without it abilities are of little use. A man may talk and write, but he cannot learn his profession without constant study to prepare; especially for the higher ranks, because he then wants the knowledge and experience of others improved by his own—but when in a post of responsibility he has no time to read, and if he comes to such post with an empty skull, it is then too late to fill it and he makes no figure. Thus many people fail to distinguish themselves and say they are unfortunate, which is untrue, their own previous idleness unfitted them to profit from fortune! The smith who has to look for his hammer when the iron is red strikes too late; the hammer should be uplifted to fall like a

thunderbolt while the white heat is in the metal. Thus will the forging prosper."

The next letter is addressed to Lord Ripon President of the Board of Control, and after touching upon the causes of malaria thus continues.—

"This my lord is the story of our sickness in part, not all, for in addition to malaria we had a sharp previous campaign, and I never saw one close without sickness prevailing more or less in an army. Then comes a third cause. The natives do not live in houses, or where houses exist, they generally live under mats. We had therefore bad cover. I did with great exertion get cover for all, no man was in a tent; but no man was lodged as in this climate he ought to be. The remedies are good barracks; controlling the river, a matter of no great difficulty; filling up ponds of stagnant water; and perhaps some other steps not occurring to me at this moment, except the preventing of drunkenness to which much of the fatal character of the disease amongst Europeans may be attributed. There is however another point on which a reform might be made, and which I mean to mention to Lord Ellenborough. When illness attacked the troops there was scarcely a surgeon in Scinde; if there were two or three it was the utmost. I had but two at Meeanee, all the rest of the medical men were assistant surgeons; young men of good abilities but small experience. They have been hard working to the greatest degree all through this trying epidemic; but, I believe, in India men of a certain standing contrive to get other appointments and the sick soldier is left to zeal and inexperience, while the more experienced, if not more able members of the profession, are otherwise employed at the Presidency in lucrative situations: surgeons of regiments should be with their regiments.

"There is indeed one rational cause for their absence, but it should be controlled. Surgeons have generally been long in India, and are, for the most part, men of a studious turn of mind; they acquire a knowledge of the languages

not possessed in an equal degree by other military men, and are therefore more fitted for and more at hand for vacant civil appointments. Thus regiments are left to assistant surgeons, men as before said of zeal and talent, but young and without experience: of course there are exceptions, but these cannot be taken into account. When illness attacks an army in a hot climate it falls heavily, and, as in the present case, the worst is over before officers of experience arrive. Both in northern and southern Scinde, at one period of the late epidemic there were full 2000 sick men that were not visited by any medical man for a long time during the worst paroxysms of their fevers! I know of one officer who died unseen by a medical man! Yet those gentlemen attended with zeal; every one of the doctors had fever on him, and one or two died from resisting too long: victims to their sense of duty! Having dwelt so much upon the sickness, I have to add that I am convinced more Europeans die from drink than from climate. The evil effects of the first give irresistible vigour to the last, and he who could have easily resisted the fever falls in consequence of the drink, or becomes a lost man to the service: and I have no hesitation in saying this applies to all ranks.

"With regard to the future, much expence must be incurred. A new country in a barbarous state, unfurnished with houses, cannot be taken possession of and governed without great expence. Roads, canals, prisons, barracks, must be erected and workmen collected at great cost, the population being so thin and so barbarous that artificers are not to be had. This is not all. The points of occupation are, and must continue to be, Sukkur, Hydrabad and Kurrachee. We must build barracks at Hydrabad and Kurrachee, and storehouses, or we shall lose more men and stores than would double the expence of the buildings. We must do this or abandon Scinde! And why not do this? The revenue of Scinde will in a few years cover, more than cover all the expence of its conquest. I send you a rough

estimate upon the best basis we have at present; it cannot be very erroneous, and your lordship will see that Scinde can repay all outlay in a short time. The collectors all think our revenue will double what I have assumed, and that in a few years. But take what are asserted as facts, viz. the revenue under the Ameers was 60 lacs; his highness Ali Moorad has about 15 lacs: there remains for us 45 lacs. Am I extravagant in assuming as a basis this revenue? I think not. The people exaggerate the treasures of their princes, because they cannot do more than guess and are prone to the wonderful: but they do not guess at the revenue, they pay the taxes and accurately calculate the amount.

"If this synopsis of the revenue be at all correct, there can be no doubt that the momentary advance of money will be repaid with interest, and ought to be made. Otherwise, you must abandon a magnificent province; for you must also protect your troops against a degree of heat, which without protection even the natives cannot bear: a little protection may do for them but not for the troops. Here observe, that though our Sepoys can bear heat far better than European soldiers, all our staff and regimental officers are European, and must have protection: officers do indeed build houses as fast as they can, but it is exceedingly difficult to get workmen, and the expence enormous for this country. Scinde is not more unhealthy than other parts of India; and that it is more healthy than many parts is asserted by medical men.

"My opinion is that Scinde should be kept; that it will amply repay all its expences; that the whole attention of its governor should be given to build barracks, make roads and keep the country quiet while war rages in the neighbourhood. These things will require an outlay of at least one hundred thousand pounds a year for two years. I do not say fifty thousand will not enable us to get done what is absolutely necessary, viz. barracks and some fortifications, but one

hundred thousand would be more useful, and it would quiet the minds of the people to see us go to work with a will. It would make money plentiful amongst them, would put them in good humour, and produce quicker results. There is another thing also which may be found proper in Scinde: relieving the troops every third year. The great heat is said to wear out the constitution, especially of Europeans, which with a relief every third year would not be the case. Whether this be true I cannot say, having only experienced one hot season; it nearly killed me, but was aided by circumstances of war not likely to occur again, and I am sixty-two! great fatigue and anxiety helped the climate, but I am well again and only absolutely gave up my work three or four days, though for a long time I did it very badly. I may have tired your lordship, but could not give my views as to Scinde, its health and wants, in a much shorter letter, they are so united. The haste with which I have scribbled and that it has been done late at night after a hard day's work must excuse want of arrangement.

"Private James N——y.—I have your letter. You tell me you give satisfaction to your officers, which is just what you ought to do; and I am very glad to hear it, because of my regard for every one reared at Castletown; for I was reared there myself. However, as I and all belonging to me have left that part of the country for more than twenty years, I neither know who *Mr. Tom Kelly* is, nor who your father is; but I would go far any day in the year to serve a Celbridge man; or any man from the Barony of Salt in which Celbridge stands: that is to say, if such a man behaves himself like a good soldier and not a drunken vagabond like James J——e, whom you knew very well if you are a Castletown man. Now Mr. James N——y, as I am sure you are and must be a remarkable sober man, as I am myself or I should not have got on so well in the world as I have done: I say, as you are a remarkably sober man, I desire you to take this letter to your captain and ask him to

shew it to your lieutenant-colonel, and ask the lieutenant-colonel, with my best compliments, to have you in his memory; and if you are a remarkably sober man, mind that James N——y, a remarkably sober man, like I am, and in all ways fit to be a lance corporal, I will be obliged to him for promoting you now and hereafter. But if you are like James J——e, then I sincerely hope he will give you a double allowance of punishment, as you will deserve for taking up my time, which I am always ready to spare for a good soldier but not for a bad one. Now, if you behave well this letter will give you a fair start in life; and if you do behave well I hope soon to hear of your being a corporal. Mind what you are about, and believe me your well-wisher. Charles Napier, major-general, and governor of Scinde because I have always been a remarkably sober man."

Such were his modes of addressing men singly according to their stations; and when he aimed at exciting masses, and raising exalted sentiments his allocution was of appropriate force.

"Lord Fitzroy Somerset.—One of the great evils in India, as far as I can perceive, is, that every head of an office fancies himself a gentleman who is to amuse himself and sign papers presented by his clerks; and they, gradually getting better coats on, vote themselves gentlemen too! Of course more clerks are required, and large establishments are formed without reason. When Pombal seized the government of Lisbon he found twenty-two thousand clerks: he cut the thousands down to 200! This has always appeared to me a lesson well suited to India, where young gentlemen of the civil service have a servant to wash every distinct toe!

"Sir Hugh Gough.—I congratulate you general most sincerely on your glorious victory. You seem to have met with resolute men; but nothing ever stood, or ever will stand our soldiers—British and Sepoys. I think between China and Gwalior you have made a good base for a

pyramid of glory. You have now only to clap the Punjaub on the top and your edifice of fame will be complete.

"General H. Smith.—I congratulate you on your feats of arms. You had a tough job of it: these Asiatics hit hard methinks. How came all the ladies to be in the fight? I suppose you all wanted to be gloriously rid of your wives! Well, there is something in that, but I wonder the women stand so atrocious an attempt. Poor things! I dare say they too had their hopes. They talk of our immoral conduct in Scinde: I am sure there never was any so bad as this. God forgive you all. Read your Bible and wear your laurels.

"Agha Khan, chief of the assassins.—Prince. I have your letter of the 26th instant and thank you for the information it contains. You say I never agree to what you suggest! How can you, who are so good and brave a soldier, be ignorant that I am not master but a servant. What you suggest I tell to my master, the governor-general. What he orders I tell to you. Why do you tell me I do not mind your suggestions? You are a wise Persian politician; I am a plain English soldier. I tell you truth like a simple man, and you, being a politician, will not believe me! This is very unwise in you, because you want to know the truth, and yet when you hear it will not believe, and tell me I never agree to what you suggest! Well. Have your own way, and I will have mine.

"Sir George Arthur.—You make me smile at your determination that I shall have a seat in the House of Lords! As far as agreeing with you that there are some there who ought not to be there the road is straight and plain; but that I ought is what I cannot agree with you, and other kind friends, while feeling and saying that I have been rewarded to the full extent of my merit. Well half a sheet of ego is enough. This day fifty years I got my ensigncy in the 33rd Regiment, the Duke of Wellington was our major.

"No one has more claim on the governor of Scinde than

the son of Major Teesdale. I shall not easily forget the brave conduct of his father. I forgot for an instant the battle while admiring the man as he rose in his stirrups with a lofter air of anger, calling on his men to follow and pressing his horse into that nullah from which few came back; he was not one, poor fellow! The deed and the death I saw, and there was but short time between them! His son shall have employment in Scinde, if I have power to give it to him.

"Proclamation, February 7th.—Lugarees and Loondees! I have heard you are about to go into the hills, fearing that I will put you in prison. Foolish men! Why are you afraid? Have I done evil in Scinde? Have I refused justice to the poor man? When the jaghirdar asked for his jaghire has he not received it? Have I made war upon any man after the battle? The Queen of England has conquered Scinde, but she has ordered it to be ruled with kindness, protecting the people: the plunderer alone shall feel her vengeance! Lugarees and Loondees remain where you are and cultivate your lands. I have sent a strong body of troops, mounted on camels, to protect the inhabitants of the right bank of the Indus from the robbers who descend from the mountains. Again I say, Lugarees and Loondees remain where you are! We worship one God, we are governed by one sovereign. Why should you fear?

"Khan of Khelat, February 12th.—I have your letter and congratulate you on your successes. Continually plunder the Affghans. I will keep Futteh Mohamed"—his enemy—"prisoner till all is quiet, because I hope you will continue to hold up your own dignity as becomes a prince. If you do not I shall be obliged to let him out. Reject all offers of the Affghans unless they deliver Shere Mohamed into your hands; in which case send him to me and I will reward you as you will deserve for such good service.

"The same, February 16th.—Highness. The robber chief Nowbut, one of the Jutwee tribe, plundered our

country. He is now gone to yours. I am your great friend. I have given you money, I have shut up your enemies, and therefore I expect you to send me this robber in chains. If you do not I will liberate Futteh Khan.

"Captain Young, judge advocate.—The Circular, No. 18, was your doing, not mine, and I agreed to it hastily. However I will endeavour to correct the evil: a very slight one. I will allow no magistrate to try cases which involve capital punishment. I will try them all by military commissions: they are those of murder, and robbery with violence on the highway. In such cases the magistrate's examination is merely preparatory to ulterior proceedings. With regard to ———'s letter, I know nothing about what 'Scinde is considered in law,' it being neither my business, nor as I imagine his. My rule has been that the shoemaker should stick to his last. Wherefore I have never considered what is legal, or not legal. Scinde is a conquered country ruled by martial law, which we soldiers all understand, and not one of us has the slightest knowledge of any other law. ——— talks of some plan which only exists, as far as I am aware, in his own imagination, and that this plan is to 'prevent enterprizing strangers from settling in Scinde;' that my not allowing three revenue collectors to assume the power of the twelve judges of England, nay! more than that power, for the judges act after the verdict of a jury—that my not suffering them to hang men at their discretion, is to prevent enterprizing strangers settling in Scinde is not very comprehensible! The power of life and death was in the hands of the Ameers, but by conquest has been transferred to the military commander and martial law obtains. This does not give the power of life and death to collectors of revenue, or magistrates: their duties consist in the trial of minor cases and collection of revenue, and beyond those limits they shall not pass. It is idle to say that because a magistrate is not allowed to sentence to death he is without power of giving a verdict; this power of life and death the

magistrates shall not have in Scinde: at least with my consent.

"General Simpson, February 18th.—I am inclined to think ——— is gone mad. He has written me a letter to tell me I am an idiot and will ruin the country unless I take his advice: he, Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, and some one else being the only men who understand government! This may be true, but it only rests on his opinion and seems to resolve itself into one point, namely, my not giving collectors power of life and death. I feel quite ready to give up the government when Lord Ellenborough thinks proper, but feel no disposition to be put to dry-nurse. These gentlemen want to re-establish the 'politicals' under the title of 'collectors.' However, they have not put salt on my tail yet, and I doubt much whether they ever will.

"Captain Young, February 21st.—You and I have one object. To do our duty to man and God. By an honourable expression of our thoughts the last is effected; but the first is, though less important, more difficult as it depends on opinion, over which no man has control. On this occasion both Captain Preedy and yourself have decided that there is not proof against this man—the murderer of Mrs. Barnes. I shall therefore, as you are so satisfied and so impressed, give him the benefit at your request. But by this weakness, for such it is, I am guilty of having murdered every man I have hanged in this and other countries; for so help me God! in the whole course of a long life, and the experience of some thousands of trials, I never saw proofs more perfect of guilt, except where the crime was avowed, than those against Buska Chandia. As to its afterwards appearing that he was innocent, I should not believe it if all Scinde swore to it. I am quite ready to take that chance; but as you seem to consider that Preedy tried him, and you are both I consider blind to facts, he shall escape. I will take good care that the collectors shall have no more cases of this kind in their hands; such cases shall go before commissions

formed of three officers, and be judged like military criminals. I venture to say, there is not in this whole camp an officer who would differ with me in the conviction of this ruffian for murdering Mrs. Barnes: the evidence would hang him if laid before any jury in England. Governor Johnstone was hanged twenty years after the fact on evidence infinitely less convincing. I have made one mistake but will take care not to make another.

"The safety of this country is in my charge, and it cannot be preserved but by repressing murder and robbery with a strong hand. If murderers of the grossest description, murderers without the slightest provocation are to escape punishment because a collector is openly deluded with a cock-and-bull story, got up by the men of a tribe to save a clansman, and in this instance got up by criminals—if this is to be we must not pretend to govern barbarians, who are much too acute not to see our weakness. They will laugh in their sleeves as this murderer goes free over the land, and boast that they can shed our blood against their own law, and ours also, with safety. You have done your duty in stating your opinion frankly, and I respect you for so doing; but I have duties also, and one is to preserve the peace of the country, as well as long study of the subject and long years of practice enable me to do. Whether my abilities are sufficient to turn reading and practice to proper account may be disputed, but that is a point on which Lord Ellenborough and the English cabinet are to decide.

"I am not placed here by family interest, nor political concord with either Whig or Tory. The fiat of Lord Ellenborough or the Duke, or Sir R. Peel, can put me out as easily as they can extinguish a candle! and what is more, no candle could be more willingly put out than I should be: but they who are the proper judges are pleased to think I can do my work. Now if I let such ruffians escape, or if I delegated my power to inexperienced collectors, I should ill

respond to the confidence reposed in me; and instead of a tranquil country as this is—unexampled in history I believe, or at least such complete conquests have not been frequent: we should now have held only the ground on which we stood, no more. Let this question drop. I will not try this man; or if I do, will not execute the sentence, for I must deeply consider the point before saying I will not try him: it is one thing to let the people fancy we are cajoled, another to do an act of mercy.

"As to the circular: I said it was your doing not mine, because I understood you to have proposed and executed it. However, as I am its father I am ready to acknowledge it; only now it must be rendered more stringent on collectors. I said it was yours, not as being an error but a fact: as I thought it. This last with the alterations at all events is mine. We must, as Hooker observed long ago—'*Avoid the measuring by one form of law all the actions of men, and confounding what God has made distinct.*' Now in a Court of Enquiry where Englishmen are examined by men of one degree of civilization, and one degree of society, and one religion, an oath is needless: even on trials many think it so. But very different is the case with English victors seeking to do justice amongst barbarians just conquered. Our object is to convict guilt and acquit innocence; not to support quibbles about what is law and what is no law in England. We know we cannot get truth from some of these people without their hand be on the Koran; and it is necessary for the magistrates to swear them, as in England is always done, when taking examinations. By the way: there is no legal authority against swearing on a Court of Enquiry in the army; it is only custom, arising from the very good reason that it is not a legal court and cannot enforce obedience. An evidence might refuse to take an oath, but any magistrate accidentally on a Court of Enquiry would be justified and correct in swearing a witness

if he pleased, because he has the right as a magistrate: witness and accused may laugh at a Court of Enquiry so far as law goes.

"I take out of the circular, '*on the highway*,' lest it should appear as if the highway had anything to do with the matter: all Scinde is a highway. Also on reconsideration I see no need of the words 'Court of Enquiry,' an inferior court and not recognized except by custom. There will be no court at all in the process, it will be merely that depositions are taken on oath before a magistrate previous to committal for trial: and the magistrates are to go on exactly as they have hitherto done, except in the cases named in the circular, viz. treason, murder, robbery with violence: these are to be referred to me. You say your opinion is, that whoever commences a trial should finish it! Thus you sweep away grand juries, examinations before magistrates; before secretaries of state, &c. You may be right, but the general opinion is on the other side. I have never given that question any consideration, indeed never heard it mooted; but I will not give that right to collectors, or any single man, in a country for whose tranquillity I and I alone am responsible. I will not, I say, give any one man the right to take life, or prevent my punishing crime by an acquittal against testimony, as in the present case. I will either hold the power in my own hands, or leave it with a military commission till the general government chooses to lay down better rules for my guidance."

Notwithstanding this letter, Captain Young, the judge advocate, a man of merit and respected by Sir C. Napier, indiscreetly maintains his own views, and his pertinacity drew forth the following severe rebuke, written at a later date.

"You are welcome to submit any proceeding of mine to the consideration of the governor-general. I only wish that his lordship's time was sufficiently unoccupied for him to be made acquainted with every detail of my government; and

that I had time to submit the whole to him. With regard to this case, you seem to have taken an inconsiderate view of the subject; because, if you read your own letter under my order, dated 24th February—the circular—you will perceive that magistrates are not to try causes involving capital punishment, but are to consider their examinations as merely preparatory to ulterior proceedings. And also, that in such cases they are to offer any remarks that may be called for on a separate paper. Now sir you will be pleased to observe, that a man accused of killing his mother is accused of murder, and therefore it is a case involving capital punishment, and therefore could not be tried by the magistrate. And moreover should not have been submitted by you to me as proceedings held upon the trial of Santoo Hindoo for manslaughter: no such word as manslaughter is mentioned or ought to be mentioned in the charge against him, as far as any charge can be discovered in proceedings so informally drawn up, if you considered them to be what you denominate them, proceedings held upon the trial of Santoo Hindoo: you have therefore been in error, both as regards the general view of the subject and its details. It is really very hard upon me that those under my command will not content themselves with executing their own duties, but insist upon advising me how to execute mine. With thirty letters now before me to answer I have been obliged to read over a second time the proceedings in this case; which I had already decided upon, but which I was obliged to go over again, because you say I have entirely set aside the verdict of a magistrate. Sir, the magistrate did not give a verdict: he, very properly, gave his opinion and recommendation. But even this opinion ought, following the circular of February 24th, to have been on a separate paper, and it was your duty to see that it was properly done instead of occupying yourself with my duties. So much for the case of Santoo Hindoo.

"Now to your question, viz.—Whether, as in the case of

Santoo Hindoo, if your excellency gives what I conceive to be an illegal order I am at once to pass that order to the magistrate without remark, or what course am I to pursue?

"*Answer.*—To obey your orders!

"So far I have answered your letter about cases which really exist. Now for those which only exist in your imagination. You are not only so obliging as to teach me my duty as to what I have done, but you would proceed to instruct me on matters which you hear from a third person I intend to do! It so happens that I do not intend to try Buksha Chandiya, except under circumstances of which you are ignorant; but which, before you undertook to give me advice, it was necessary you should know. However, as I do not require your advice I shall not state them to you, more especially, as while you talk of law you appear to me to have but slight acquaintance with it: Chandiya was not legally tried and acquitted. As to your third question I distinctly answer, that if you make any official application to the Sudder Court, the advocate general, or any other constituted authority, I shall consider it to be an act of military insubordination and act accordingly.

"Captain Young, you have totally mistaken your position. You fancy yourself acquainted with civil law because you are called the civil judge advocate general. You forget that Scinde is under a military government, and martial law alone is recognised. You fancy yourself sent here to form a criminal and civil code of laws. This is an error. Your duty is merely to regulate the proceedings of military courts; and when I am unfortunately obliged, by being in a recently-conquered country, to act in that arbitrary manner which is permitted to general officers commanding an army in presence of an enemy, your duty is, not to teach me how I should exercise the power entrusted to me by my superiors, but to assist me in the execution of such powers by attentively doing the duties confided to you. I shall forward a copy of this correspondence to Lord Ellenborough.

"Lord Ripon, February 22nd.—Thanks to Lord Ellenborough's vigour in governing this enormous empire, we are likely to have peace on a solid foundation. Had he lost time he might have had Gwalior the Punjaub and Scinde on his hands at once: but a prompt blow, struck with his usual vigour, has calmed down the whole country. I have little doubt that had he delayed there would have been ten times as much bloodshed as the battle of Maharajpoor has cost. I have seen quite enough of India to be persuaded that no temporizing policy will do. I suppose the Sikhs will force a war upon us in the Punjaub, when they have fermented a little longer. Really such an enormous band of armed robbers cannot long be endured on our frontier! Only imagine, Lord Ripon, what horrors would be the result if seventy or eighty thousand barbarians crossed the Hyphasis! All the vigour in the world could not collect a force quickly enough to save the country from being ravaged! I detest war as horrible, and contrary to Christianity: but a man cannot allow the throats of his whole family to be cut rather than knock the villain's brains out who is entering his house to perform that operation! The Almighty has given to man a spirit of self-defence, and I do not believe that our Saviour forbids its honest application.

"The original occupation of India may have been wrong, I think it was; but that is no reason why all our throats were to be cut by the Ameers! Yet this was very probable had Colonel Outram's ideas of diplomacy been adhered to. A small force in Scinde; the desert on the east; the sea, for six months unnavigable on the south; the mountains on the west; the Punjaub and Bhawalpoor on the north; an insupportable heat upon our heads! A confederacy was forming, and probably two hundred thousand men would have been upon us during all our past sickness, when not two thousand could have used their arms, and those divided four hundred miles apart! This seems at first sight an ex-

aggerated picture, but a little reflection will shew it to be both possible and probable. And all this Lieutenant-Colonel Outram and those who agree with him have risked, because he could not find people to take their oaths before a magistrate that they saw Meer Roostum and other Ameers write the letters we found! Yet we had as much proof of their being authentic as there has been for hanging many a man in England by a jury!

"The much-abused treaty offered by Lord Ellenborough to the Ameers, and his whole conduct in the transaction, saved us from a catastrophe worse than Cabool. It would have required every soldier in India to have rescued the army in Scinde, unable as we have been to march five miles from our hospitals. I am very confident in the power of discipline, and power of our soldiers; but I do not believe such a confederacy, and such a sickness, and in such a position, could have been overcome by the force in Scinde. I have no right to trespass on your lordship by such dissertations; but my admiration of Lord Ellenborough carries me away when I think what he has done for his country, and see how the infamous press abuses him."—This letter was in answer to some remarks of Lord Ripon, in the Outram tone, on matters of which he was profoundly ignorant, but calculated to please the directors, of which he was more desirous than to control them.

"Sir G. Arthur, February 23rd.—I am told that the question of Scinde is to be made a party question, and a '*cheval de bataille*' for the Whigs to charge the Tories on, but my correspondent laughs at this! Only think of old General Morrison living till now! I served under him when he commanded an Irish district in 1798, a major-general! I wonder if Lady Caroline is alive!"

Lady Caroline Morrison was remarkable for her beauty, sarcastic wit spirit and originality when Dublin society abounded in those qualities. She was a clever caricaturist, and one political specimen of her keen talent in that line

may be here noted. A Protestant divine, vehement in preaching against the Catholics, had been, or was said to have been, once a priest and to have apostatized. Lady Caroline depicted him in the pulpit with an eager gesture, holding forth, while the devil behind him was lifting with his fork the Protestant wig and pointing with a grin to the friar's tonsure underneath.

"It is curious that I have this moment received a letter from my old friend Lord Lynedoch, written not long before his death. My brother observes to me, He had, as Cæsar said of himself, lived long enough for nature and for glory.* It is true. Lord Lynedoch and my father were schoolboys together, under the same tutor, Hume the historian. My father was some years younger than Graham, and the handsomest man I ever laid eyes upon. He was 6 feet 3 inches, and I do not think there was a perceptible fault in his figure. Sir Joshua Reynolds said the only failing was that his neck was too short. I have known him take a pewter quart and squeeze it flat in his hand like a bit of paper. He told me he was, nevertheless, a child in the hands of Prince Alexis Orloff, Catherine's friend, who was a giant. My father once stood under Orloff's arm when extended straight from the shoulder, and his head scarcely touched the Prince's arm: he said no two men would have a chance in contending with Orloff. I know not why I have taken up your time with this twaddle! I expect Sale and Lady Sale here every day. I hear from a friend of Outram that his reception has been rather rough,"—from Lord Ellenborough, who he had waited on to ask for a place. "What could he expect? For my part, I would sooner do anything than ask favour of a man I had abused so grossly as he abused Lord Ellenborough, but *chacun à son goût.*

"The whole of the mountain chiefs have offered their salaams already, frightened by Fitzgerald's camel corps,

* He had just died.

and I have accepted all but one. He has been told I reject his submission: he is the greatest of the robbers, and will hardly escape me. His name is Nowbut. He defied me and already is a fugitive without one of his gang daring to accompany him; and I am trying whether the disciplined old soldier or the robber chief is the best hand at *la pétite guerre*. I have been well practised in this style of warfare both in Ireland and Greece, and see nothing different in India. Old Indians like to flatter themselves that human nature in India is different from human nature everywhere else, and being like turnspits in a wheel think themselves wonderful travellers: but they only turn a leg of mutton, while the rest of the world laughs at them.

"Captain Del Hoste.—I am here, as you know, 'Jack of all trades and master of none.' King, queen, chancellor, archbishop, priest and deacon; general, judge and jury; aye even sailor, for I am Oliver's vice-admiral of flotilla! I shall shortly begin a canal from the Garra mouth to Tattah, and endeavour to force the Indus to obey and keep always full, making Kurrachee really a port at the mouth of the Indus, and then all the other mouths may open and shut at their pleasure, like those of their own crocodiles.—Whenever we are sure of tranquillity in the Punjaub very few troops will be wanted for Scinde: much fewer I imagine than on the ancient frontier line of Deesa, Balmain, &c. The camel corps has done wonders. All the recusant mountain chiefs have come in, and I may say I have now quieted the right bank as well as the left, and my prophecy has come true—not another shot has been fired since the 24th of March last; meaning of course battles where men were slain on both sides. However I confess to thinking my prophecy in danger two months ago."—Captain Del Hoste had been employed surveying in Scinde.

"General Simpson.—You will see I have ordered a military commission to Wanga Bazaar in the Delta, and I want you to choose for president a man with a head upon his

shoulders. I have just heard Major Woodhouse is the man. Tell him I am always nervous about any work in that part of the country, as it is particularly calculated for a Vendean warfare if the people get sulky. There is but one mode of dealing with people in such cases:—be very rigid and very just. Woodhouse must be told however, that by justice I do not mean letting the guilty escape because they are able to screen their guilt with some nonsensical quibbles which to our English heads seem insurmountable. My object is to have sentence passed according to the real conscientious conviction of the judges, and not according to what is required in an English court of justice. If once the bad part of the population imagine they can cajole us by quibbles we shall have no power to protect the good. A deep consideration of evidence will bring conviction to the mind of the judge, and on that let him act. This is real justice. It is not the number but the weight of evidence that is essential. If we are guided by numbers, men in the state of barbarism that Scinde is in will bring whole villages to swear for the innocence of the greatest villain. Aye! and villages where every man, while swearing to save the culprit's life wishes him hanged over and over again!

"There are wheels rolling round of which we good folks have no knowledge; but we know what is essential, namely, that if a British officer weighs well all he hears from a number of people, and questions each separately, not so much on the general question of guilt as on minute details, he will pump out of them enough to convince him of what is fact. If he examines them upon the general question they will agree upon some preconcerted lie and overthrow all his ideas; but if questioned on colours, forms, places; on positions in which people stood; on hours and the state of the weather; the preconcerted story will soon be upset, being unprepared for such questions: thus the value of the testimony is shewn up, and conviction opens on the mind like day breaking.

"Shew this to Woodhouse, and tell him to elicit as far as he can the feelings of the people, the poorest people, towards those robbers. If that appears unfavourable and he is convinced of the men's guilt I will hit them hard. If, on the contrary, the poor are in their favour he must be very cautious, because, whenever a government makes martyrs it will find cause to repent sooner or later. There is always some strong thing in favour of men when a whole community takes their part, and rulers ought to give them credit for that general feeling: it is a proper compliment to the public, unless in cases where justice to individuals cannot be overlooked. If these twenty-five thieves ordered for trial are thorough rascals I will be as severe as the sentence of the court admits: if they have only done 'a little business,' after the usual style of the country where they dwelt, a small punishment, as a hint to guide their future conduct, may be enough.

"Colonel Douglas.—I am told that men in the Sudder Bazaar are punished if they refuse to take copper coin of the country! This ought to be stopped, because we do not want to force the country coin into circulation; or to act with force in any way relative to money: nor is there any propriety in people being punished for refusing copper coin which is not a legal tender. That is sufficient: but there is no necessity for any man having country coin unless he likes, as he may always exchange it for the government copper by applying to the bazaar master, who will give him its value in *pice*. Tell the bazaar master he must let the country coin alone.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Dickenson.—The inhabitants of Shikarpoor have made a complaint to me, which I send a copy of. You will send for Mr. Mackeson, lieutenant of police, and the complainants, and inquire into the matter. If these are as stated, give the merchants my letter and desire Mr. Mackeson to put an end to practices which ought not to have taken place, and which might injure us materially in the minds of the most respectable of the popula-

tion. Should the allegations of the merchants be unfounded, explain to them the impropriety of respectable men making unfounded complaints against an officer of police."

Letter to the merchants and Hindoos of Shikarpoor. "I am surprised that you should feel so much interest for criminals! But my desire is to govern the country according to the wishes of its respectable inhabitants, and it would be a bad omen for my rule were I to give displeasure to good men. Let your wishes touching the hair of criminals be complied with. I am sent here to govern not to tyrannize over the people. Therefore.

"1°. No Hindoo shall have the crown of his head shaved while I am governor.

"2°. With regard to debts: the day the balance is struck is the date of the account, however long before that account was opened. But no dispute settled by the Ameers can be interfered with by us.

"3°. As to the shutting of shops, it is forbid; it would be tyranny: it was a mistake.

"4°. Respecting your women my orders are this: no such insult as you complain of shall be offered to them—the being produced in open court. But in cases of murder they must be brought forward if necessary.

"5°. I am sorry any offence should be offered to the merchants of Shikarpoor, and have ordered the commanding officer to inquire into your complaints and give satisfaction."

Sir Charles Napier's general polity and policy in Scinde have been developed in the foregoing correspondence; but a few more letters are required to shew that civil government and external hostility did not comprise all the difficulties and vexations of his position.

"Sir G. Arthur, February 8th.—A letter from Madras says they have sent a regiment by long sea. I am sorry for this, because they give a detail of allowances beyond what our Bombay men have: that is enough to excite a mutiny in any army. I do hope it will be remedied, or some mis-

chief will take place I fear: and it would grieve me if my friends the 25th should either be set wrong by the Madras troops with high pay, or see these troops better paid than themselves who have conquered the country! I had some difficulty with the Shah's troops at Sukkur on this head and many deserted. Yet that was a less grievance than to see two regiments of the same army receive different allowances. I shall instantly separate them from the Bombay troops on their arrival. I had no idea of the difference of allowances, of which I send you a statement. This is a serious difficulty, and if a quarrel begins between the troops there will be no end of it. If the vessels bringing them will take them to Bombay I will send them there; if not I must send the men to Garra, where they will be separated from our people. I do not like to give such a just cause of discontent to our soldiers.

"The same, February 28th.—I have written officially to the adjutant-general, and privately to Sir Thos. McMahon about a very serious affair, which I have also reported to the governor-general. The soldiers' remittances from Scinde have been cut off from their families by some paying department. This has caused exceeding anger, and very justly so. The soldiers have made no complaints, but I am now afraid to inspect a regiment; for unquestionably the men would on being asked if they had any complaints come forward, and what could I say? Until I heard from the adjutant-general I had no idea that such a dangerous grievance existed, or you may be sure I would have cried out lustily. When I first heard of it my mind was made up, that if our people were in fault every officer concerned should be placed in close arrest: but I knew Woodburn and McLean so well as to be convinced neither was in fault—and so it appears. This affair is too serious for respect of persons. I conclude it will eventually be brought officially under your notice. I hope no grumbling will arise in the meantime. All the half-caste clerks in this camp are paid

reporters for the newspapers, and explain and exaggerate the lies inserted in the papers by themselves. I need not say that the soldiers believe what these *drab-coloured* gentlemen say. Thus the stories of the Madras troops getting increase of pay by mutiny, and the Bengal troops being let off coming to Scinde by the same process, is all taken for gospel by men who have been so injured.

"The officers here are very angry about Dr. Buist's new insult. I have not read it, but mean to do so, because they want me to apply officially to the governor-general and the commander in chief of the Bombay army for justice, as Dr. Buist has cast a slur on all; and added I hear to his former insults. I hear also he has brought Sir Henry Pottinger on the carpet and referred me to him.—Oh here comes the paper, for I do not longer take Bombay Times. Well, it is a nice production. I long to hear your opinion. You wanted to institute a prosecution at first, and I think it will come to that at last. Sir Henry Pottinger will of course contradict the language ascribed to him!

"The same, March 2nd.—Dr. Buist's article in the paper of the 17th ultimo I divide into three portions. 1°. The asserted language of Sir Henry Pottinger. 2°. The assertion that an officer of the Hydrabad force told him, Buist, the lying story of the zenana. 3°. The abuse which he bestowed on the *par nobile fratrum*."—Sir Charles and his brother William. "As to the first, Buist has placed Sir Henry between himself and responsibility: how the plenipotentiary will like this remains to be seen. I congratulate him on having such a discreet friend at Bombay! As to the second, our officers hope the government will find out who Buist's informant was; this does not appear difficult, as the commander in chief must know what officers were in Bombay belonging to the Hydrabad force at the time. If this officer be found out we have no doubt his conduct will meet with its just reward. With regard to the third, it is a private affair of mine and I feel doubtful

whether to prosecute the blackguard or not. It is with some difficulty I have prevented an officer from going to Bombay for the express purpose of thrashing Dr. Buist; and I should not be at all surprized if this little accident happens to him some fine morning.

"The agent for timber, Surat.—Sir. On the 30th of November you wrote to the acting engineer as follows. Early in March next I expect a large supply of rafters, and should they then be required I shall be able to forward them from Balsar. Now, on the 28th February you say the wood cannot be supplied *till after the rains!* In this case, probably a great number of soldiers will die, which will be laid to climate, though, as far as I am able to judge, it will be the result of your want of activity and zeal for the public service. However I have no wish to condemn you unheard. I shall therefore state to the governor-general of India, that though I have been unable to obtain rafters from you, a boat loaded with rafters has been obtained by private individuals from Damaum, which is only fifteen miles from Balsar, one of your timber depots! This fact, and the complaint I shall make against you for endangering the health of the troops you may explain as you please, and I will forward your explanation to the governor-general, along with the statement of facts which I have given you. It is not to be endured that my own exertions and those of everybody under my command in this cantonment should be paralyzed, and the lives of the soldiers endangered, because the government cannot get wood which is procured by every private that wants it. In the conviction that rafters can be immediately obtained I have ordered the executive engineer to Damaum in a steamer, to get the necessary wood, and I have to request that you will use your utmost exertions to assist him.

"Sir R. Oliver, Indian Navy.—I have given six regiments and received four and a half! Poor devils that we are, with Affghan eagles ready to souse from their mountain eyries

upon us, and Sikh crocodiles gaping from their Punjaub rivers to swallow us up! Yet I give you quiet fellows six for four and a half! Well I am very quiet here for all that. Oliver, I do not know who is right and who wrong about the Bengal and Madras troops. I know nothing about details, and wish to hear nothing of them; but I know that right or wrong it is a devilish serious affair for a government to quarrel with its troops, and will end in mischief: not now, but by establishing a raw where no skin should be ever broken.

"Sir G. Arthur.—I could not have mentioned the affair of the soldiers' starving families sooner, as I was not myself aware of it. I received a letter from the adjutant-general, begging that we would be more careful to send the remittances for these poor people! I was astonished and ordered an immediate enquiry as to where the fault lay, intending to punish the culprit to the full extent of my authority. This took up some time, as we had to write to Hydrabad. The blame was not in Scinde, and I immediately made my report to the governor-general, to you, and to the commander in chief at Bombay. Mutiny was then going on among the Madras troops in the south, and among the Bengal troops in the north, and I saw at once the dangerous position in which this neglect placed the troops here! So situated it was clearly my duty to let authority know it. Sir Thomas did know it, but was apparently not aware of the quarter in which the neglect lay, if neglect be a sufficiently expressive term? His excellency thought it was in Scinde, but as far as I can make out, after minute enquiry, this is not the case, and I have sent a certificate to that effect from Captain McLean the paymaster.

"I send you a copy of my letter to Lord Ellenborough: I did not want him to move in the business; all I wanted was, that if any spirit of mutiny appeared among the troops in Scinde it should also appear that I had given notice of the danger to the highest authority, as well as to every other.

I may be wrong, but think you will agree with me in considering that the most vigorous measures are necessary to punish the guilty and thereby secure the proper confidence which the Sepoy has in the government, but which I have seen twice assailed in two years. You will remember the affair of the 24th N. I. which took place at Poonah and made the regiment very sulky. You had just arrived, and I believe put it all right. Between ourselves Sir Thomas had acknowledged the justice of the complaint and promised redress two years before. They told me this on parade, and said, We have been promised by Sir John Fitzgerald and Sir Thomas MacMahon. What are we to believe? Yet till you arrived I could not get these men justice! Sir Thomas himself acknowledged to me that he had promised them, and was all astonishment that they had not received their money!

"My long experience of soldiers makes me fear these things. Men are dissatisfied, they ruminate upon them, and they will evince their displeasure in critical moments even though it brings danger upon themselves. The troops of two presidencies are in a state of mutiny and it will be very awkward if those of the third be so too! Having done everything in my power to put matters right I am at my ease, because confident as man can be of the good conduct of the Bombay troops: but I must also feel that my own conduct has been correct, to be able to act decisively and with a clear conscience if any misfortune should occur."

FOURTEENTH EPOCH.

FOURTH PERIOD.

HAVING passed the crisis of pestilence and conciliated or daunted all the bordering mountain chiefs and Affghans; having brought the civil government into working order and recovered his own personal strength, Charles Napier now resolved to make an exploring journey by the Hala Mountains through the Jokea tribe, the chief of which was judged to hide strong enmity under a feigned submission. Efforts were made by rumours of danger from violence and the ruggedness of the country to prevent this journey, but in vain, and his account of it will not be found without interest, the allusions being first cleared by an explanatory retrospect.

After the destruction of Aurengzebe's Bazaar at Caboul, a Vandalism and ignoble revenge, Generals Pollock and Nott had retired from Affghanistan, their safety in the Punjaub being insured only by the personal good faith of Shere Sing, in opposition to his sirdars, and by the assembling of Lord Ellenborough's army of reserve, which was ridiculed by all the Indian newspapers. The Court of Lahore then became a scene of treason and murder almost unexampled, and the Kalsa army not only domineered in its own state, but constantly menaced the British frontier. The Affghans of Candahar and the sirdars of Khelat, who forcibly ruled their young prince, hoped for a general confederacy against the British; and all the mountain Beloochees were ready to join in that or any war promising booty. The Mussulmans of India were also on the watch, and suddenly the state of Gwalior took the field. Then

India tottered, but Lord Ellenborough's timely blow at Maharajpoor steadied her again. Charles Napier meanwhile awed the Candarhees, the Khelatees, and the mountain tribes; but still the Kalsa army remained like a thunder-cloud, overhanging the Sutlege frontier, while Sawan Mull of Mooltan, governing Sikhs with a half independence, menaced the northern frontier of Scinde.

The Mooltan territory was bordered on the south, as Scinde was on the north, by a range of mountain rocks, trending from the Indus to the Soliman and Hala ranges; and again, between these rocks, called the Cutchee hills, and the Scindian frontier was a desart. In these rocks dwelt the Murrees, the Jackranees, the Keytrians, the Mazzarees, the Bhoogtees, the Doomkees, and other predatory tribes; some absolutely independent, some owning a nominal allegiance to the Mooltan man some to the Khan of Khelat. Robbers they were, and called themselves so, their sense of the word however being only wild, furious, devastating swordsmen. Of these the Doomkees under Beja Khan, a noted chief whose fortress was at Poolagee, westward on the edge of the desart, now made a foray upon Scinde, and with peculiar barbarity; being instigated to that and others which followed by the Lion, who flying from the Candaharees had recently taken refuge amongst the robbers. Secretly backed up by Sawan Mull of Mooltan, and being themselves formidable for mischief and still more for defence, these predatory tribes by their inroads, not only wasted the frontier of Scinde but tended to bring the Scindian government into contempt with the neighbouring races. The governor was therefore exceedingly sensitive to this danger, and the more so that the whole of the Hala range was filled with tribes of the same habits though not so notoriously men of the strong hand. It was indeed a great evil and at this time augmented by another mischief of portentous aspect, namely, the mutinous disposition of some Bengal regiments coming from Feroze-

poor to reinforce the garrisons of Shikarpoor and Sukkur, close to the robber tribes. This was an ill-judged reinforcement to send, and untowardly coincident with a great experiment now in progress under Lord Ellenborough's orders, namely, that Sir C. Napier was to assemble all the chiefs of Scinde at Hydrabad—there to receive their salaams in state as a manifesto to the world that Scinde was British. But with this notice the general's own story can now be better understood.

"Journal, March 2nd.—Sir Robert Sale is a real fine old soldier as ever stepped. Good head, sound sense, all one expects of the heroic defender of Jellalabad. He has told me some curious things about Generals * * * * and * * * * * * * and * * * *, confirming the public opinion of those recent heroes not being above par: however * * * * is so disliked that it is hard to believe what may be said: Lady Sale told me, he admitted to her that he never quitted his palanquin.

"March 14th.—Left Kurrachee for the Hub River, which is our frontier to the west, but if it be necessary the line of the *Pub* or *Hub* mountains beyond the river shall be taken. A curious proof of our tranquillity has occurred. Houssein Ali and Khan Mohamed, son and nephew of Roostum, the two princes who kindled the war, have sent me offers to surrender if I will maintain them from their former revenues. My answer is that I will send them to the other Ameers at Sapoor in India. This day, 1810, George and William were wounded at Condeixa in Portugal. Would to God I could see them once more! Ere we meet I may be in the Punjaub, once more engaged in that glorious but terrible game of war. If it must be, then Sawan Mull of Mooltan you and I must play a rude game together, so look out or you may get the worst of it; if not they must manage badly at Ferozepoor. I will answer for Gough's left if he secures his own front. He must however take the line of the Hyphasis, and hold it uncrossed by an enemy or I cannot

do much good at Mooltan: I cannot pass the Indus without being sure of Bhawul Khan. But am I to live and die in war! Am I to be drawn from my glorious projects of canals and roads, and moles and civilization, again to the damnable work of war! A bloody day is about to dawn on the Punjaub; great good will arise from that, but it will not be for me. I want peace and public works of utility, not slaughter: there is no happiness in victory!

"March 15th, Hub River.—I am at the pass most northward of two here; that nearest the sea must have been Alexander's, because he probably kept as near the shore as he could. The valley of this river Hub is wide, and on both sides are high ridges of hills, so the river is a good boundary. Very few people apparently. One chief came in. He was, as they all are, frightened at first, but finding I neither barked nor bit he grew more at his ease: he is, like all the rest, very handsome. I never see an ugly Belooch, or ugly Scindian man; their poor women are scarcely human. A poor little boy has just come to my tent with his arm all bloody, having been bitten off by a crocodile yesterday. The poor child bears it admirably. I have sent him to Kurrachee. Poor little fellow! He seems about ten years old and has no father or mother: the world has gone hard with him, but I hope it will go better now poor lad. He shall go to school, and if he learns English he can earn his bread well in a place where interpreters are so scarce. I have been reading Lady Sale's book. My God what guided these people? were they perfect idiots? To read of such folly is so disgusting that I think not to finish the book. Had she commanded all would have gone on better."

Returning now to Kurrachee, previous to his main journey, he heard that his name had been mentioned in the Queen's Speech.

"Lord Fitzroy, March.—I need not say what pleasure we have all experienced at being so highly honoured by Her

Majesty! I send your lordship the memorial of a very deserving man, Captain Mainwaring. He distinguished himself at Dubba. We had just got over those two infernal ditches when a lot of powder blew up and tumbled us all about; the moment was critical and Captain Mainwaring behaved with great coolness in re-forming his company, though he was a good deal singed. Being a witness of his behaviour I am naturally anxious that he should succeed."

This Mainwaring was a man of humour also. Being at a dinner in Bombay, Dr. Buist was placed beside him and very nervously spoke thus. Captain Mainwaring I suppose I have your dislike, I am Dr. Buist of the Bombay Times. Why should I dislike you my friend? I never read your paper.

"As to Scinde there is here no feeling of country, their attachment is to tribe: vanity and fear attach them to their chiefs. My way was therefore clear, viz. secure the good-will of the chief and the tribe are safe: this put the question in a nutshell. But how manage the chiefs? Through self-interest without letting them grow saucy, for they are apt to mistake civility and kindness for fear. I hanged one or two and gave all the others everything they had from the Ameers and more, and at the same time Lord Ellenborough reduced some taxes. This won them all over on the left bank among the plains, but I expected more trouble amongst the mountains on the right bank, where they are wild devils. Therefore I patiently bore with their plundering until my camel corps was formed at Kurrachee, where they knew but little what I was about. It was put under a *bon sabreur*—young Fitzgerald, who has killed a dozen in single combat, and has a head on his shoulders though he won't leave other men's there. The other day he seized a chief after making a pounce on him by a march of a hundred miles in forty-eight hours, and amongst mountains! This so frightened them that, three days ago, one

hundred and fifteen mountain chiefs came in and made salaam. I received them with kindness and had a review, which attained my object: my listeners tell me the greatest chief said, If twenty thousand of us went at them not two hundred would reach them with our swords, they are not human, they are dévils. How far this is true I cannot say, being a little king in Scinde and kings don't always hear truth! They were however in great astonishment and admiration; and the general opinion is that these wild fellows will hold to their allegiance, unless my folly gives them a convenient opportunity of safely cutting our throats.

"All plundering has ceased since I launched the camel corps, aided by irregular horse and a strong police; and by the previous delay a great number of villages have been gained to our side, for they suffered and got angry with the robbers. Lord Ellenborough is my great support; for right and wrong are not the rules in India, and but for him I should have been unable to get through my work. They who think he leaves everything here to me are wrong; he looks with indefatigable energy into everything and directs all the chief points: his mind is most searching; it gauges everything, and his plans are noble and generous to the people. I work *con amore*, for I have the same wishes, and the added one to gain his good opinion: he has saved India if ever a man saved a country.

"The duke will of course hear that there are discontents amongst the troops of the Bengal and Madras presidencies. I do not know the details of the question. The rice seere of two pounds is not dearer here than in the Bombay presidency; but the Bengal Sepoy only gets sixteen seeres of food for a rupee here, instead of the eighty seeres he gets in Bengal. At least in that proportion is the expence of his food here and there, as I am told by Bengal officers. The Bombay Sepoy is a quiet good soldier in any case, but coming to Scinde he gains and therefore is contented. The

great military evil of India which strikes me is this. All the old officers get snug places, and regiments are left to boys. The 8th N. I. were on parade for inspection last week eight hundred strong, and there were only three officers, of whom two had not been dismissed drill! This will not do: the men look to the native officer; and he, teaching the *saheb*, naturally looks upon him as his pupil not his master. Some day evil will arise from all this. If I had a voice I would insist upon field officers being with their regiments and not holding civil situations, at least not more than one field officer and one captain being away on civil employments. That officers do civil duties far better than civil servants I have not the slightest doubt, but then there ought to be more officers. Sir Thomas Munro, I hear, said he thought three officers were sufficient for regiments. This is high authority, yet I confess to thinking him wrong; or else, which is very possible, the state of the army and style of officer have changed: not altogether better nor altogether worse, but become different.

"Taking the Company's officers altogether they are very accomplished men, with great professional knowledge; especially of staff duties, in which I consider them, generally speaking, superior to ours: as regimental officers they are inferior, but the Sepoy is such a good man he requires no looking after. Lord W. Bentinck, by abolishing flogging has left no punishment when an army is before the enemy. I did, *entre nous*, make free with the law and the cat, breaking one and using the other. I shall be hanged one day! The rules here are strange. I am in the field and may at any moment be in the midst of enemies; yet I cannot inflict the slightest punishment by a general court-martial on either officer or private soldier! That is to say if he belongs to the Bengal side; if he belongs to the Bombay side I can, my two warrants being different. If these Sepoys were not the best men in the world they would give their commander much trouble. Every Sepoy, if

punished, is turned out of the service: thus if the finest soldier in the army commits a fault, requiring perhaps punishment by hard labour for a day, he is turned out and lost. But I have been in situations where I could not turn them out, for they would either starve or have their throats cut; so I did all my work by the provost marshal. At this the papers were wrath, and called upon the Sepoys to *resist the fiery old fool at their head.*"

He was now on his journey through the Jokea country.

"Sir G. Arthur, March 30th. Camp.—It is hard to write in a high wind, and it is killing to shut it out! I have been along the bank of the Pubb or Arabis River, and am now going to visit Hydrabad. I find, what I suspected, that the Jam of the Jokeas does not approve of my new line of road, projected to go through his little fastnesses, which I mean to pass to-morrow. Having but a slender escort, now is his time, he would have given his eyes for such an opportunity last year, but now he loves me as tenderly as if I was his dearest friend, thanks to the carabines of the Scinde horse! He is one, if not the only one left of the Scindian nobles. He was, he told me, the last of the Kallora men who yielded to the Belooch Talpoors, and that not till the Kallora king yielded.—'I am also the last that has yielded to you, and as I was faithful to the Talpoors so I will be to the British.' I told him he was quite right, as being hanged was very unpleasant. Since we put down Shere Mohamed he has behaved tolerably well, but having no faith whatever in this crafty old chief I am resolved to open out his country well. He is a fine-looking old man, but cunning about the eyes as nearly all these fellows are.

"I agree with you in thinking a government newspaper would be a useful thing. If Sir Charles Metcalfe flattered himself that he had established a free press here, poor man, he was woefully mistaken. I have not the slightest objection to a free press, or to any press where people are obliged to

sign their names to personal attacks; but if one has no paper to speak truth in, and no lawyer that dares to prosecute, the most infamous accusations can be put forth at pleasure, and the public has a right to believe what is not contradicted or prosecuted! A government paper would set the public right: neither Pitt nor Fox were above this. For my part I like to let truth come out, and not let falsehood fly her colours on the field without an opponent. I would punish the Bombay Times if I could, and as to its doing the paper good, I would not mind that; all I want is that the public should hear the truth. I am now accused of giving Graham the place of boat master. I did no such thing: so much the reverse is the truth, that Preedy gave it to him and I not only refused to sanction it but turned Graham out. It is thus those anonymous writers go on.

"The Murrees and Bhoogtees have a war, and the latter have slain a number of the former. The gathering of these tribes frightened my commandant at Sukkur, and he wrote to me thus. *We have nowhere to march upon! nowhere to retreat to! It might be another Cabool affair.* I told him he was unfit to command, and sent Gen. Simpson to Sukkur at once before such an alarmist could injure the spirit of the troops: these tribes and the bad spirit of the Bengal troops at this moment require firmer nerves than his. He has a strong garrison, a fortress and steamers, and the desert, and three of the best partizan officers of India in his suite, viz. Tait, Malet and Fitzgerald! God bless the man, I believe he is a good man, but the spirit of the troops must not be injured if he was the best in all India.

"M. Genl. Napier, March 23rd.—The papers will tell you the Bengal and Madras troops are not in a right state. My chaps are all sound. There is a manner in all the soldiers towards me that makes me feel I can do anything with them: they know my high opinion of them and that I take their part against wrong.

"All the mountain chiefs have made salaam. One hun-

dred and fifteen arrived here two days ago. A dozen miles off they halted with their armed followers and sent me word *They were come.* Very welcome! Make your salaam, but if you come with arms woe betide you. Down went the arms. I received them haughtily, asking why they had hung back so long? We were frightened and dared not appear in your presence. Of what were you afraid? We do not know. You are our king, we now lie at your feet and pray for pardon.

"Chiefs. Have I done evil to any man except in battle?

"No! you have been merciful to all, everybody says so.

"Why then were you afraid? We do not know. Pardon, and we will guard all our country from enemies.

"I do not want you to guard anything: you saw my camel corps. What I want is that you should be good servants to the Queen my mistress. We will. Salaam then to her picture, they did so, and then I said, There is peace between us. All Scinde belongs to my Queen: we are now fellow subjects and I am here only to do justice. But mark! If, after this, any chief plunders I will enter his country and destroy his tribe. You all know the battles were won with a few thousand men. Now we have here fifteen thousand, and a hundred thousand more will come at my call: hence my threat is not an idle one. I give now to each man his jaghire, and all he had under the Ameers. Then they cried out, You are our king. Let it be so, we are your slaves.

"Having thus assured them I said, My soldiers shall be shewn to you in order of battle to honour you. They did not seem to like this; few had ever seen Europeans before and seemingly they feared a massacre was designed: their terror was evident. Then I sought to reassure them by asking questions about the battles of some who had been there and knew me. Why did you run away at Dubba when the cavalry charged? One quickly answered, Because we were frightened; and that is the reason why I was unwilling to come before you now, for they say you like

those best who fought best, and don't like those who run away. The moonshee said to another chief, You were in our rear at Meeanee with ten thousand men? No, only eight thousand, he answered instantly. He is a shrewd old fellow and told me of all the tribes that were then bearing down on us: we should have had eighty thousand within a few days. His account tallies exactly with my knowledge, only he makes out that it would have taken six days; but the place he mentions as that where they heard of the battle proves that they were much closer. Thus I amused them for a good hour, laughing and joking about the battles; but there were three or four stern unbending savage-looking ruffians, evidently ripe for mischief and only yielding to circumstances, and I resolved they should see our troops.

"They obeyed my invitation, despite of their fears, and at four o'clock attended on horseback at my door. We rode to the field with my escort, under Ali Bey, who watches over me like a cat over a mouse. I took my guests to a hill in front and threw out skirmishers; that they seemed to hold cheap, but when the line advanced it was different. That's the way you came on at Dubba said a Lhugaree clansman, and the others called out, By Allah! it is a wall, a moving wall! Nothing can stand that! Oh Padishaw you are master of the world! Who can stand before you? Now look again I said, and, as previously ordered, a long sustained file fire went on until the air was well agitated and we could not hear each other speak, and then the line charged with shouts. These things surprized them most and drew forth exclamations of Oh Padishaw, &c. The guns kept a good fire also, and then we formed square, and darkness having fallen, the sheets of flame covering each square and the rapid march of the guns over some rocky heights delighted them. Seeing this I dismissed them saying—You have now had the same honour as we pay to kings. This was agreeable and I think we may count upon their fears for a long time. So much for the mountaineers.

"There can be no general conspiracy kept secret in Scinde. The Hindoos and Musselmans hate each other; and the former would give information of any Belooch mischief, because they know their own throats would first feel the knife and they live amongst each other; and as the Hindoos and Scindees preponderate in number I think we are safe. As for the exterior: when the Affghans got the last shilling from the Lion they made a man whisper to his servant, so near his tent that he could hear, that the servant had better escape for they had sold Mahomed to me for 2½ lacs of rupees. The poor Lion leaped upon his horse and fled to the Bhoogtees' hills, where he has friends; but the Bhoogtees have a quarrel with the Murrees, who lie between them and us, and the Lion is thus in '*a fix*.' The Sikhs are as yet at peace; but their army is master of all, and seventy thousand strong, with a mischievous disposition and a good artillery.

"I am going to raise two battalions of Scindees and Beloochees as an experiment, without much confidence in them at present, except against the Sikhs; but a failure will not hurt me, for if they joined an enemy with their arms two battalions more or less would not turn me out of Scinde. I mean also to construct Martello towers round each station, to enable a small force to maintain them while the mass moved to healthier spots at bad seasons: for though we must hold Hydrabad Sukkur and Kurrachee at all risks, the troops shall if possible be moved from the river influence in autumn. This is however difficult, for he runs after us in these vast plains; and there are no roads, no materials, and no food in the hills, all is barren! Then water: that is our difficulty. Yet perseverance and patience will do much, and œconomy in what will admit of it." I govern Scinde for less than £90,000 a year, including my police, and most anxious am I about this matter; but in lodging troops not only well but grandly there ought to be no parsimony. Lofty barracks are very expensive, yet ab-

solutely necessary to sustain the Scindian heat. Grand architecture is not my meaning, but high rooms, thick walls, and plenty of rooms.

"My camel corps made a march of a hundred miles in forty-eight hours to seize a chief; this was with common baggage animals: when we get riding camels Fitzgerald has no doubt of going two hundred miles in the same time! Each beast carries two men, one, the driver, armed with a short musquet and a sword; the other, a fighting Sepoy, armed with a musquet and bayonet. For action the Sepoys dismount, form and advance while the camels are placed in a circle with their heads inward and fastened together with bars, which hook on the halters from nose to nose, so that they cannot rise. The baggage is in the centre, and the drivers with their short fire-arms stand between the animals in defence of the living redoubt.

"You may well say some of the editors of newspapers are nice fellows. I am under ban here for not being afraid of them: I lashed out at a public dinner, and their fury makes me laugh. They say I am more obliged to the press of India than any man ever was before; that it abused the Duke of Wellington '*ten times as much after the battle of Assaye as it has done me!*' a nice character of themselves: but I never complained of their abuse. They have attacked George at the Cape, and his work is of a quieter nature than mine, the fighting part of which knocked them over. But the good he has been doing by preventing war and massacre there with steadiness and impartiality has of course attracted all their scurrility. He will look back with pleasure to his honorable and useful government; and the promptness with which he sent off reinforcements to Port Natal shews the energy with which he would have acted had a decided war broken out: I doubt a better governor being found for the Cape, and am sure it has never before had so good a one. He is however too frank and honorable for Cape colonists, Dutch Boers, and

Kaffir barbarians, the last in my belief the best of the three.

"You say rightly that 'the shout of the 22nd in the battle was worth a million! and the cheers after the battle worth a million more.' The same thing happened at Dubba. What are courtly honours after that? That miserable wretch Buist made a comparison between Moore's retreat and the Cabool massacre, before I left Poonah. I answered him. And I will assuredly take an opportunity of publicly expressing my admiration of, and my obligations to Moore: the more I see of war and of military life the greater is my admiration of his genius and character. When I think of him and our father, and that I am so inferior to both, the workings of fate do indeed seem dark and inscrutable.

"Journal, 30th, Chundrapura.—On the march to this place it struck me that the small river *Mulieree* or *Mulier*, which trickles along yet never fails to have some water, may be brought by an aqueduct to Kurrachee, and by making tanks there we should have a good supply of excellent water: this would be the making of Kurrachee.

"Malum-Warrie, March 31st.—Threaded this day two passes, having rocky ridges all round and of a strange appearance. I picked up curious specimens of stone, some light and apparently sand with sulphur; others as black as coal, for which we at first took it, but it was very heavy and not coal—black and red, iron-looking stone, generally split in pieces with sharp edges, each face of the solid being a well-defined polygon. I have traced my intended new road clearly, it is constantly E.N.E. and can easily be made. Schemes for improving Scinde rolled in my brains all the ride.

"Hydrabad, April 4th.—Once more in the conquered city! We have opened it much, but I have no time for reflection, except that some pride is fair at having added a kingdom and its capital to the possessions of our country.

Yet this is stupid nonsense! A few years, nay a few days, and I may be with poor Jackson and Teesdale! Be it so. I will die doing my duty, as they did!

"8th.—Just returned from Meeanee. I had not seen that field since the day of the battle. I was quite right in attacking their front. I could not have turned either flank without finding them on a more formidable front. Had I moved round their left we should have come upon the river where the banks are precipitous instead of sloping, and must have fought our way through a thick jungle or shikargah, which would have broken all formation, and the artillery could not have passed. Had the movement been by my left I should have been also foiled; the Scinde horse will get over anything that troops can get over, and they tried that side but were obliged to turn, finding a succession of nullahs scarped by the enemy. It is in vain to manœuvre amongst nullahs, they not only break your formation, and perhaps force you to operate in a way you do not wish, but they require so much time to pass artillery and cavalry that the enemy has leisure to make counter movements at his ease. Turning a flank is of no use, except to force an enemy to quit a strong position and occupy a weaker; but in this flat country you do not throw him into a weaker, at least it is so little probable that it will not often happen.

"Turning a flank has generally the advantage of enabling you to cut your enemy's communications, and perhaps intercept his convoys: but a Belooch army has no convoys, no communication, no front, no rear! It lies snug between four nullahs, which it scarps and then smoothes the centre space. You must get at it as best you can over all the nullahs, its multitudes rushing to the defence of each nullah menaced. Every man has a bag of grain, and thus, house, furniture, tents, clothes, provisions, arms, ammunition, are all on his back. If they fall short he decamps for a few days, to return with all replenished; and as his army is more nume-

rous than yours you cannot prevent that: a Beloôch army is therefore a wiry chap to deal with.

"The graves are thick, and shew where the mortal strife raged. They are putting a tomb, with a large enclosure, over the body of Jan Mohamed, slain by M'Murdo, who engaged and slew three that day, and three more at Dubba! Poor fellow, he was with me, and as we looked at the tomb of Jan Mohamed I could not help fearing that his own end is not far distant, unless he takes more care of himself than I can force him to do: his liver is greatly swelled, and there is fear of an abscess. If he lives to be forty and calms down his impetuosity, he will be an ornament to Scotland—he is so now. Well, there are plenty of graves! This blood is not, as that fellow Outram says, and as Sir Henry Pottinger says, my fault. As to Outram I excuse him, he has such a weak miserable head: Pottinger I do not know, but his abuse of the Scinde affair is no credit to him, for he advised Lord Auckland to do everything Lord Ellenborough has done!

"Looking coolly over Meeaneé, how my staff and myself escaped I know not: the lines of English and Beloochees were some fifteen feet asunder and I was for three hours between them, several times scorched by the fire and never touched: neither I, nor my horse, nor my clothes! Wiley the adjutant-general was hit, but neither M'Murdo nor M'Pherson, nor Thompson, nor Pelley, nor Brown, nor Waddington were touched. They went away from time to time with orders; but I never quitted the bank a moment, walking my horse back and forward, while fellows flashed off their matchlocks in my face at a distance of only 8 or 10 feet! Truly there is a fate which determines these things. I never expected to escape when I saw the line give back, and the shields clash over the bank; the men could not be got up to the edge or to form: yet no man turned, it was a sort of scare, they staggered back, but with bayonets protruded. But had the Beloochees in a mass run upon us,

broken as we were, heaven knows what the result would have been. Shoulder to shoulder we could have withstood their charge, but broken as we were my belief is we could not. However, I always felt confident of victory somehow, even when on the edge of the bank I first saw the multitudes below me, and the mass of shields! Jupiter Ammon! what a weight of flesh and bones to have pressed boldly upon us! I trusted to our fire, we could not miss; yet some nervous fellows fired in the air and burnt my face, though on horseback. I saw numbers do this, it enraged me. To fire low is essential.

"Well, such is Meeanee, and with it my name must go down to posterity in Indian military history.

"The ground is so covered with bushes I did not know it again. Our slain are buried in a spot bearing S.S.W of a large tree on the right bank of the Fullaillee, and at a hundred of my horse's paces from that tree. At that tree also our artillery halted after we had forced the passage of the river; if it falls we shall not easily find the graves, they are even now much effaced, but I will at once secure them.

"April 12th, Tattah.—On my return we were delayed on the banks of the Indus. Three of my servants got drunk and were not to be found. By some error of arrangement there was no steamer for the women and children of the soldiers, who would have been exposed to the sun in tents all yesterday. To prevent this I set off from Hydrabad sooner than originally intended to help them; and here, after all my hurry and giving up even serious business I have been detained by the drunken rascals. When they came on board I made the boatswain give twelve strokes to the Christians, and six to the others, with a ratan over their clothes. We ran aground just as day closed and the horse-boat in tow came bump against us and sunk. I was in a great fright for my dear horse, Red Rover; however three blacks jumped overboard with knives, and boarding the sinking vessel cut the collars and head ropes; when the beasts

were thus loosed seven of them begun a devil of a row, fighting like mad with each other! The boat sunk quickly and Father Indus soon quenched their fire, and they found themselves swimming! Red Rover took the farthest bank, about a mile distant, where he and two companions arrived and instantly renewed their fight like good soldiers: the other four got on a shoal on the side near which the boat sunk and were quickly caught.

"The Rover is bitten and kicked all over, and so is John's horse; but the doctor's little grey pony bit and kicked all the while they fought, and run when they attacked him: he has thus escaped, the cunning little devil! I have lost a good military bridle, but luckily all my saddles were on board the steamer. My young powerful horse-keeper, who swims like a fish, leaped overboard, abandoning the horses without cutting the ropes: he was on the steamer's deck in a minute, and in the same time I knocked him overboard again and he swum to the shore about 100 yards. Only two horse-keepers staid by their charge: they and the three sailors saved the horses. Had Red Rover, Fliberty Gibbet, and Pelley's horse been drowned, our loss would have been three chargers which had carried us through the campaign, and Fliberty had a large sabre wound too!

"I must again take this infernal hot journey to Hydrabad and back in May, as I find that the great assembly of the Beloochee Chiefs, which I have called by Lord Ellenborough's orders, will amount to thirty thousand men! I have not above four thousand, so they will be rather more than is pleasant: all good fellows and well disposed no doubt, but if a *row in the tap* gets up there will be the devil to pay. They will be well thrashed, but I don't want to thrash them. I had no idea of their number till after the proclamation was out. Well, caution coolness and pluck will put all right. The first I abound in; the second it is hard to be in the month of May with the mercury at 105 deg.; the last my soldiers have plenty of.

This great and dangerous meeting will be treated of in its proper place: the proclamation was as follows:—

"Hydrabad, April 5th.—By order of the governor-general of India, the governor of Scinde proclaims to all jaghirdars, that he will meet them at Hydrabad on the 24th of May, which is the anniversary of Her Majesty's birth. The governor thus calls the chiefs together from all parts of Scinde to make their salaam to their Queen in one vast assembly, and thus to cause a great rejoicing and peace throughout the land for ever. Let every chief wear his sword and shield as a mark of his readiness to serve the Queen. No jaghirdar is to be absent from this great meeting or he will lose his jaghire. The governor will there arrange any matters that may be in doubt, and he hopes that all men will afterwards return to their homes contented and happy under the British rule.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, April 13th.—I was compelled to go to Hydrabad. We heard of strange things to terrify us. Horses could not go here, camels could not go there, goats only could pass at a third place, and hardly could a man pass at a fourth. I suspected the secret to be that my dear friend the Jam did not like my spying into his holdfasts; which it was my precise resolution to do, because he is just between me and Hydrabad and is an impudent fellow as well as a powerful one. However, taking sixty Scinde horsemen I traversed the Jam's land and found it current Jam, for we passed generally through a fine flat country. In the hills are defiles of no height or difficulty: but the stone was of a strange appearance and weight, and a Belooch chief told told me there is iron and the people pick it up.

"If you speak of the improvements I am trying to make, do so as a joint affair with Lord Ellenborough: much originates with him. He wrote to me about turning the Indus into the desert, but at the same time the thought had struck me. We hit on it simultaneously, but I would rather he had the credit. I do not know him, but do not believe him

capable of mean jealousy, and therefore wish him to have more rather than less share of joint credit, if any attends the improvements going on. He has himself somewhere well expressed the facts, 'that some originated with him, in others I forestalled him.' There has not been the slightest symptom of any such mean passion as jealousy in him yet: he appears to me all nobleness! so give him what he well merits in your *History of the Conquest.* McMurdo and I stood at Meeanee where Jehan Mohamed's tomb is being raised sixty yards within our line of battle, whereas McMurdo slew him in the bed of the river! The man who singled me out and was slain by Marston also lies there, but his grave is where he fell on the edge of the bank.

"I passed the ground where Stack's affair took place. That officer had placed his baggage in rear instead of the reverse flank of his column, though he knew the enemy would be on his pivot flank after passing Meeanee. McMurdo suddenly saw a Belooch detachment, which opened a matchlock fire, and he with six dragoons who were accidentally at hand charged and drove back the skirmishers, but they were reinforced immediately. He sent to Stack for a troop, yet remained three quarters of an hour under fire before it came, and then drove back the enemy. Stack instead of flying to the spot never went near this firing on his flank, but kept pushing on for Hydrabad, then in sight, and in doing so left his baggage far behind. McMurdo seeing this, told his horsemen to make the best fight they could and galloped to Stack, whose guns had already passed a nullah in front. Mac asked for two pieces to save the baggage, obtained them with some difficulty and by their fire drove back the enemy."

It was not this fire but the Lion's chivalry, as before said, that stopped the action.

"Three errors were committed by Stack. 1°. His baggage ought to have been on the reverse flank, and somewhat in advance of the column. 2°. He should have been with

McMurdo and not at the head of the column. 3°. He ought to have offered battle to cover his baggage while filing towards my camp; for he knew I was close at hand under arms, and that Jacob's horsemen were between us and close to him. In fact I was in person with him immediately after the firing ceased and I knew that I could check the enemy easily with his force only, for he had eight hundred infantry, a troop of horse artillery, and nearly a thousand horsemen, all old soldiers. I did not know all these facts at the time, for McMurdo is so modest he never told me he saved the baggage, and I gave Stack too much credit.

"On looking over Lord Ellenborough's letter I find, that he proposed letting the Indus in upon Cutch, from which the Ameers cut it off some years ago at a place called *Shah Bunder*, in the Delta. My proposal was to fill the Narra bed, from forty miles above Sukkur, so as to water the whole eastern side of Scinde. From the best levels taken by the engineers we find the Indus has elevated its own bed above the surrounding country. I shall make a ride of forty-two miles to-night after sundown, which will finish off fifty-five miles for my day, so you see I am in condition again.

"When Lord E. ordered me to hold this great meeting of chiefs, neither he nor I had an idea of their being above a couple of thousand. I do not believe any danger will arise, but would rather not have tried the experiment, and feel sure Lord E. when he hears of the numbers will be uneasy. I have ordered them to meet in two places to divide them; and I have excused all of north Scinde under pretext of the distance, desiring them to salaam before Simpson at Shikarpoor, as a kindness to them. All the western chiefs are to encamp at Kotree, opposite my entrenched camp near Hydrabad, which will put the Indus and steamer between us, and I shall call them over by tribes. The eastern chiefs are to assemble on the left bank of the Fullaillee, which will

then be full of water. All are forbidden to have armed followers, and thus my hope is to go peaceably through the job; if so, who will venture to say the Beloochees are our enemies? I shall however be guided by circumstances in receiving them, whether cautiously in the fortress, a few at a time, or in the open field under the guns of the entrenched camp; or on horseback at the head of a regiment of cavalry. The decision is not easy, for they may fear some massacre in their own style; or they may take fright and fly in all directions: on the other hand I cannot trust them an inch; but my objection to the fortress is the length of time, not fear of them. If this meeting goes off well it will be satisfactory: if not it is fate!

"As to the debates on the vote of thanks, to say I am not flattered would be a lie; the duke's speech alone puts me on the top of the ladder. I have just hurried through Roebuck's, Peel's, Charles Napier's, Hardinge's, and Ripon's speeches, for I have not time to read them quietly. Lord Ripon writes to tell me how bad his was:—I found that out without his aid. He tells me also how the duke's made up for it. He says I am sure it will be gratifying to you to know that what he, the duke, said about you in public are his genuine sentiments and not merely official compliments. Strange comment! Lord Ripon has behaved well to me here, but he is not wise, and that is his excuse about Adam. What think you of Outram asking him, Lord Ripon, for a letter to Lord Ellenborough, recommending his being employed militarily? Lord R. said he never interfered in military affairs and advised his asking the duke. Outram did so, and says he got a letter"—not true. "He arrived at Bombay and instantly started for Lord Ellenborough's quarters, giving out that he was charged with important dispatches from the duke! so said all the papers. Lord Ellenborough however refused to see him, reprimanded him for having addressed the secretary otherwise than through the Bombay government, and finally offered him employment as assistant political agent at a

place where, twenty years before, he had been chief political agent! And he took it! So much for his high feelings. '*Sans peur de reproche*,' as you said of him. He formerly wrote to me, and said to many, John Napier amongst others, that nothing should ever make him accept even the highest political appointment under Lord Ellenborough!

"The vote of the Commons with its debates, and that of the Lords, I thought I should not care for; but the attacks on me by Lord Howick and others, and all the praise, which I never expected, render the thanks of Parliament of high value; and I must ever feel grateful to those who have defended me; especially the duke, Peel, Roebuck, Hardinge and black Charles Napier."

Those thanks, so long delayed by intrigues, had at last passed the House of Commons under an opposition from nine persons, designated at the time as the "muses without a grace." Lord Howick led the choir, opposing the vote on the ground that the general had forced on the war for the sake of prize money! He had doubtless been studying his own family records, and finding his patrimony had been largely increased by the notoriously disgraceful rapacity of his grandfather at the siege of the Havanna, thought such conduct a natural concomitant of command: his error was in thinking Charles Napier's blood base as his own.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—Your prophecy about the hill Beloochees may yet be fulfilled. The Doomkees have made a plundering expedition at the instigation of the Lion, murdering, I hear, forty people, and cutting off children's hands to get their bangles. I instantly sent Simpson up with orders to make inroads in return; and if these fellows go on I will burn their towns and devastate their country for a hundred miles. I can save their women and children easily, but villains who cut off children's hands cannot expect mercy, and shall not have it. You will see also what work there has been with the Bengal regiments refusing to come to Scinde without higher pay. They have carried their

point and it is to be hoped will stop there: but when masses of men force a right they soon turn their hands to forcing a wrong and getting money; that is the rule. I know not who is in fault, but the denial of a right, if such is the case, was a great mistake. These chaps are sent to me and my hope is will not go wrong; for as concession, when they demanded their rights was the least of two evils, so will severe repression become the least of two evils if they mutiny. I send your son the Lion's bow, I captured it in his palace at Meerpoor; there were three, but whether he bore them in the battle or not is unknown to me: they are of painted horn. Two thousand bowmen were in march to join him at Dubba but got frightened and turned back. A Belooch bowman, named *Budroodeen*, attended me in the battle completely armed: he is now adjutant in the police.

"I am glad you agree with me about conciliating the people, to do otherwise would in my opinion be as wicked as it would be silly: these things generally go together. There is however a wholesome severity, which, though so painful to exercise that one cannot find the heart to push it far, I nevertheless want Lord Ellenborough to let me inflict on the hill tribes. Coming down without provocation on our unhappy villagers, killing every man and woman, and cutting off little children's hands is horrible! These men must be tamed, and our people protected from such horrors: this is too urgent to be postponed, and I want to destroy the habitations of these mountaineers and force them to settle further back. Their plundering has left but few villages and little cultivation round Shikarpoor towards Poolagee; and since this inroad many labourers have fled: all will if it happens again. I am very angry at its having happened at all. One of my best men commanded there with cavalry enough to have prevented it. These hill villains must be terrified; but I think we may also find gentle means to civilize them in time.

"My present notion is to send them word that if they will

promise to behave like good neighbours they shall be forgiven past sins, but if they do not their country shall be destroyed the moment cold weather admits of operations: meanwhile my cavalry have orders if they catch any band within our territory to cut them to pieces:—that is if able to do so, for they are numerous and strong fighters: the band that has wasted *Mean-ka-Gote* consisted of a thousand men. How curious it is, that so soon after I had sent an order to strike at a mountain chief if possible, your letter should come advising exactly what I had done: but this regularly happens!"

He was now to endure his first reverse in war, not personally however, for he never failed.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, April 23rd.—I have just heard that the inroad I ordered has failed; no details, but enough to shew that my orders were neglected. Those were to keep all quite secret, make a long dash of sixty miles at Poolagee with the camel corps, follow up with cavalry supports, and again with infantry, the object being to seize Beja Khan in his bed. But first they let the whole country know it: Basta! Details will come to-morrow. It is of no use being in a rage with people for being foolish, they must go on blundering, their folly has put present remedy out of the question. Were I to go up now myself I should lose caste by being in bad company, but when the cool weather comes I will pay off old scores, and gain character besides, a great point with these people. Meanwhile my chain of posts ought to hold them in check, and I have turned out two powerful Scindian tribes, *Mugsees* and *Chandikas*, against the ravagers, with whom those tribes have a blood feud; my police are to go with them to protect women and children and aid to secure victory. These Scindian tribes will destroy houses and plunder cattle, but to ill-treat women is unusual in these countries, and the cutting off the children's hands has excited great indignation. Thus playing off tribes against tribes I shall put down these Jackranees

and Doomkees: observe that these two are not our subjects.

" —— I was interrupted by further accounts of those foolish men in the north. They made a regular attack on Poolagee with an inefficient force, and were beaten with a loss of eleven killed and twenty wounded! Colonel Mosely commands at Shikarpoor, he is a Bengal officer just arrived and gives no particulars; says not a word as to who was engaged or why they attacked. He merely sends a private note from Tait, saying he was defeated and is in the fort of *Chuttar Bazaar*, a mud fort in the desert, where, if the enemy be worth his salt, he will be shut up without provisions. My orders were to have support upon support, and lo! they write from Shikarpoor that a support was to leave that place next morning, the 19th, the attack having been made on the 16th or 17th! I have before me Fitzgerald's letter urging the enterprize to surprize Bejà Khan personally; and Tait's saying it would succeed, but not without more camel men and awaiting further orders. My answer approved of Tait's caution, forbad running any risk, and desired them to await Simpson's arrival, he having my full instructions. They appeared to have kept no secrecy, did not wait for Simpson, and dashed at the fort of Poolagee: they had no reserves, and the day after the defeat the infantry and guns moved out of Shikarpoor, sixty miles from Poolagee—in support! How is it possible to trust anything after this? I shall be abused though nothing I ordered or advised was followed: but I hold to my resolution not to go up before the cool weather enables me to act. I must be always a *Bahadoor Jung*.

" 25th.—Not a word yet from the north, but having no news I conclude Tait and Fitzgerald have effected their retreat within our frontier. The Jackranees and Doomkees have now the whip hand of me till cool weather comes. Men must not be risked to put down a robber tribe beyond our frontier. Our Scindian tribes of Mugsees and Chandikas,

which can bring ten thousand fighting men into the field shall worry the enemy during the heat, and they are not likely to give him much rest. I am vexed beyond measure at the death of these men: eleven killed! the attack must however have been very gallant, and Tait says the fellows in the fort defended themselves right well.

"General Simpson.—I am writing to Wullee Chandia and the Mugsee chief to thank them, and am sending presents. There is no great danger of their hurting women or children, it is not the custom with these tribes. With regard to fining the Banians of Shikarpoor for not giving notice of the foray, I will do it sharply. Wells does not know them. I do. They know everything that goes on and shall pay if they do not tell, and as to their going away, let them go as soon as they please. Tell Tait he must get some of the chief men and tell them positively that I am very angry at their not giving notice; that they must get secret information for you, and no one shall know who gets it. They must not be visited openly by Tait, if he goes on in that way of course he will get no information: he must never see the person at all, one cannot buy spies in open market. Tell him and Tait they ought to get plenty: I had fellows, up to the very day of the battle, who went into the Belooch camp on the 16th of February. Depend upon it Wullee Chandia and Ahmed Khan Mugsee will get you plenty of intelligence if Tait and Wells and Fitzgerald know their work. I will pay any spy well who gives me an opportunity of cutting these plunderers up. But unless these officers know how to go about it, or if they settle it to be a certain thing that no intelligence is to be had, we shall get none. I warrant it Alyff Khan will gain some; or the Kaheree men."

This Ayliff Khan was a Patan, a noted swordsman, distinguished on all occasions, and a very clever and true man also. The Kaherees were an oppressed tribe driven from their lands by the Doomkees.

"Richard Napier.—The failure of our attack on Poolagee happened thus: Beja Khan had made an inroad on us, though he is a subject of the Khelat Khan, who is not only in strict alliance but has been assisted by me: however he can't control these devils and I am taking them in hand. Fitzgerald and Tait wrote, that they could catch Beja in his bed at Poolagee, as Fitz had lived a year there and knew the place. With a bushel of cautions and orders about supports to protect the retreat after the capture, I consented. They then discovered that Poolagee was defended by a fort with five hundred matchlock men, and that there must be a regular attack, the place being fortified: which Fitzgerald never told me. Tait wrote to me for further orders, and they were—*not to stir a foot:* but the boiling courage of Fitzgerald overpowered the more sober Tait with taunts, and off they went with five hundred horse and two hundred foot camel men to attack Poolagee. They lost their way, arrived at Poolagee about eight o'clock instead of night, man and beast knocked up—grilled with the sun and no water. Fitzgerald led his men slap at the gate, with a sack of powder carried by the same sergeant who carried the bag of powder at Ghusnee: a terrible fire opened, ten were killed, the poor sergeant one, and twenty were wounded. How Fitz escaped no one knows: differently dressed from the men, and striding at their head, lots of men on the walls knowing him well, distinguished also by his giant size and daring courage!

"Unable to make any impression they all retired, and with great difficulty reached *Chuttar Bazaar*, a fort in the desert where they got water, the enemy having luckily forgotten to fill up the well. They afterwards got back to Khangur, nearly dead, having marched seventy-seven miles without a stop except to drink at Chuttar! And in this sun!! The courage of the Sepoys was conspicuous. Fitzgerald and Tait have been in bed ever since from fatigue, chagrin and fear of my reproaching them, which I ought

to do; but the will and the courage were so good I cannot bring myself to be very angry: yet the death of the ten gallant men grieves me deeply. We have thus first suffered an inroad, and going to avenge it have been defeated; but two of our own tribes, Mugsees and Chandikas, instantly offered to assist us! The chief of the last tribe, Wullee Chandia, was made friendly in this manner. Ali Moorad appointed a conference with twenty-nine hostile chiefs last May at Sehwan; they came with only 150 followers and he opened a fire upon them, killing all but fifteen, whom he captured. He was very proud of this feat and brought his prisoners to me, and they expected to be shot, as they would shoot in like cases. I was very angry with Ali, sent for them, and told them they were for me good soldiers: then I made Ali give them each a present and let them all go. Amongst them was old Wullee.

"He is exactly like an owl, with white hair, long hooked nose, great beard, and two enormous black eyes which were fixed on me without a move or wink till I had done speaking: then he said to the interpreter, Is it true? May I go? Yes! Up he jumped, flew out of the room like a bird, and never stopped till he got to his hills. I said, There he goes to make war on us. Not a bit. All along the western bank of the Indus he praised me to the skies, and swore neither he nor any of his tribe should lift sword or shield against the Bahadoor Jung again: and he has kept his word. His offer to help now I accepted, and launched him against his old masters, Shere Mohamed and Beja Khan Doomkee. Already he has sent in five hundred head of cattle, and killed forty of the Jackranees who attacked us. With them he has what my moonshee calls a *bladd fuel*, for blood feud. Thus I pay off Beja, and when cold weather comes mean to sweep their whole frontier or these ruffians will destroy all our villages. One of Fitzgerald's men lay down exhausted on the road; up came a Jackranee and coolly cut the poor Sepoy's throat.

This man tried to spy in a village afterwards and was taken by the villagers; he is a noted villain and I ordered Simpson to hang him instantly: it was good this catching of him just after the murder.

"We want no guards in Scinde now, it is quieter and more safe a great deal than Bombay or Poonah. There is only one crime I cannot put down here—wife-killing! They think that to kill a cat or a dog is wrong, but I have hanged at least six for killing women: on the slightest quarrel she is chopped to pieces. One was hanged this morning. Having had some words he drew his sword, the poor girl's father prayed in vain for her, and seeing it was of no use turned his back while the fellow cut her to pieces, and then sending for a spade buried her. A chief here came yesterday to beg off another, a follower of his. I'll hang him said I. What! hang him! He only killed his wife! utter astonishment painted in his face. Well, she did no wrong. Wrong! He was angry, why should he not kill her? Why then should I not kill him? I never saw anything like it. When there is jealousy or momentary erroneous suspicion there may be some excuse, but nothing more is required than anger at any trifle to bring out the sword. These two cases make eight, and I will hang 200 unless they stop. However I find the gallows begins to *pose* Mahomet and predestination wonderfully, and I wager that wives will be safer in Scinde in a twelvemonth.

"You see that even the foray made by the mountain Beloochees, stimulated and paid for by the Lion, has not raised one Scindian chief in his favour. This is satisfactory. But I fear the Punjaub: I am decidedly of opinion we should be better without it; the Sutlege is our best boundary, more compact and round; but then the Punjaubees must not have seventy thousand armed ruffians on the right bank. We must either have a good government there or conquer them. We cannot let our finest provinces be exposed to ravages at any moment by a wild enemy.

They are now beginning with me. The Scinde frontier and that of Mooltan touch, and I won't bear the kick of a fly from Sawán Mull, and he will find me a troublesome customer if we begin: my prayer is that we may not, or that I may be moved away ere war breaks out. It is fearful work in its best shape and most revolting to me, though it is true that humanity would gain by a Punjaub conquest, as it has by that of Scinde. In this view it is gratifying to see the zeal with which our officers work in defiance of sun and fever to do good and to be just towards the people, and my belief is that the people are very sensible of this.

"I tried to thank Wellington, Hardinge, Peel, &c., but thirty letters to be written in twenty-four hours, with the excitement of all your letters and all the speeches and my fury, last not least, at Lord Howick's saying I made war to get prize money, was too much for me. I am unable to get through all the work. Tell William I have sent in a short memoir on the defence of Scinde, which he shall have a copy of. The drift of it is to shew that the conquest of Scinde has given us a strong instead of a weak frontier; and that when Scinde was hostile, our frontier on the left bank of the Sutlege was always liable to be taken in reverse. I am also projecting as many improvements as possible for Scinde, and have already originated a good deal. A general survey, with various levels of ground and of the Indus have been taken, and the latitude and longitude of many places laid down with accuracy. This survey is nearly completed, and minor surveys in detail of many parts will soon be made and worked into the general plan. We shall now be able to manage the waters scientifically. To give an impetus to science in the right direction is all I could do, and it is done within a year after conquest, and while still, it may be said, standing under arms: it is a good deal, especially after the terrible sickness which fell upon us and for four months put a stop even to agriculture!"

The climate of Kurrachee, from its violent and sudden

alternations designated by his daughter as a "*passionate climate*," was typical of Charles Napier's disturbed state of feeling after reading the debate on the vote of thanks. Exultant at the Duke of Wellington's eulogium, grateful for the defence of his conduct by friends, and indignant at the foul aspersion of Lord Howick and his coadjutors, his journal and letters are the exponents of these various emotions.

"The Duke of Wellington, April 21st.—As your grace never had a master in war how can I convey to your mind the feelings of a disciple? It requires much firmness to bear commendation so high and from such a quarter. I pray earnestly that the fear of losing this, the highest of all honours, may not make me over-cautious should passing events again place me in front of an enemy. That I may continue to merit the high encomiums which your grace has bestowed upon my conduct is among the first wishes of my heart, as it must ever be my greatest glory.

"Lord Ripon.—With regard to his grace the Duke of Wellington, I know my great master too well not to be aware he only says what he thinks, and therein lies wherewith to turn my head. I can honestly assure your lordship that if all his grace's well-earned honours were placed within my reach, and his words on the other hand, I would reject the honours for what he has said of me: every other honour seems vapid. Were Lord Howick to read my private journal, which probably no one will ever do, he would see how unjust his speech was in accusing me of making war for military glory. His lordship has full right to think and to say what he likes upon any man's actions, but he has no right to attribute motives to me in the way he has done. However my conscience makes me smile at his lordship's accusations, and as your lordship tells me that his conduct was very distasteful to the House of Commons, this renders the high honour done to the army and myself more flattering! Lord Howick's opinion is however not very important

to me. To use the words of my brother William, 'With the duke's speech in your hand you may defy the world and time!'

"Sir G. Arthur.—The result of the proceedings in parliament is indeed most gratifying to the troops and myself. I cannot feel that I deserve all this praise; but it is very flattering, and the duke has put me on the top of the ladder! I earnestly pray it may not make me over-cautious if again placed in front of an enemy, for at sixty-two this is a failing to be guarded against. Among the great difficulties of an officer in war, one is to discriminate between rashness and over-caution: the first is the most dangerous, both are very bad.

"Sir H. Hardinge.—It is impossible that you can doubt the feelings with which I read your speech on the vote of thanks. If I pitched Scinde to the devil and spent a year in trying to express my feelings I could not do it! The honour the duke has done me is like a dream! His praise is, after all, the highest honour a soldier can receive. The hundred-gun ship has taken the little cock-boat in tow, and it will follow for ever over the ocean of time! Hardinge, it was an ungenerous action and an unjust one in Lord Howick to make opposition to the thanks of the house to the troops, whatever he might think of my conduct. As to the last he had no right to attribute base motives: how dare he say I forced a war to gain glory! I deny the infamous motive he charges me with. Does he believe that I have no fear of God? Does he imagine that I was preparing myself by wholesale murder to meet the Almighty! I can assure my Lord Howick that the Napiers have a conscience and feelings of religion and honour: I hope the Greys have too! Once more accept the thanks of your old comrade. For your good opinion I care more than for that of all the Greys, from that old marauder in the West Indies, Lord Howick's grandfather, down to the unco good and rigidly righteous Lord Howick!

"Miss Napier.—I rode over the field of battle and the sensations it gave me were anything but agreeable, for in that battle I well knew how tremendous the results of a defeat would be. Whatever Lord Howick may choose to invent from base and malignant feelings, I had no thought of prize money or glory, or of any personal advantage. Lord Ellenborough had ordered me to undertake an operation of very great difficulty, and so far from thinking of prize money the first idea of it arose from being told, after the victory, that a quantity of treasure had been found in the enemy's camp. We concluded that the Ameers would defend their fortress and capitulate under a treaty, when there would have been no prize money: indeed I do not know that we are to have any prize money now! When McPherson told me there would be some and asked me to appoint him my agent I laughed at him, and told him he was welcome but that I did not think there was money enough to pay an agent for the trouble of collecting it: his answer was he thought there would be enough to give him a few rupees. Another circumstance also shews how little we thought of prize money in the camp. Outram wanted one of the swords taken in the battle, but the prize agents would not let him have it as everything was to be sold by auction. For this Major Outram could not wait, and offered his share of prize money for the sword! You may conceive he did not expect much, for the sword was purchased for him at £15—which was more than he expected to pay for it!

"Journal.—Found the debates on my return. I ought now to die and have the duke's speech engraved on my tomb! But the conquest of Scinde was the will of God and all went right! I wish to be at home to see my brothers and sisters, and thank them for all their love of me—I am not worth it!"

FOURTEENTH EPOCH.

FIFTH PERIOD.

ARRANGEMENTS for the great assembling of chiefs now occupied the governor of Scinde; his design being to make it not only an irrefragable argument as to the conquest being complete, but an assurance that his object was the prosperity of all, chiefs and followers.

"Henry Napier.—I am assembling all the chiefs to make a final settlement of the country by hearing complaints and settling disputes: and you will be glad to hear that villages, on the frontier which separates Ali Moorad's territories from ours, play all manner of tricks to make out that they belong to us instead of to Ali. This is very satisfactory, as shewing that whatever injustice we may from ignorance commit in administering the government the general result is agreeable to the people. What you say about William's history" —the Conquest of Scinde—"being likely to be tinged by his 'excessive excitement' about me, I hope will not be the case. It will be corrected, first by his taste, secondly by his regard for his reputation as a writer, which to me is more dear than all the praise in the world; and he will know, that the bitterest sarcasm is undue commendation. Affection and anger are like a storm at sea, and a writer, like a pilot, should steer through them calmly and steadily a just course. That such men as Buist, Fonblanque, Howick, Eastwick, and Sullivan will abuse his history of the campaign is as certain as that night follows day, but the duke's praise will bear out his commendations. Meanwhile much praise has been heaped upon me, though certainly not in Lord Ripon's

speech, which has no tone at all except that of folly. He has honourable feelings but perfectly divested of knowledge and discrimination; exactly one of those men who would leave no street in hell unpaved, and who would never know whether he was using paving-stones or loaves of bread: but he is apparently good-hearted, and I must feel good-will after his kind letter to me.

"We are busy with the levels of the Indus, which has raised its own bed much above the surrounding country, and the causeway it has made for itself is from twenty to thirty miles broad, so far as present information enables us to judge. Dr. Buist carries on his scurrilous abuse of William and me in every possible form. He might be prosecuted over and over again, but most of the leading lawyers at Bombay are said to be proprietors of his paper, which would make it dangerous. Other papers take our part. I consulted Sir G. Arthur about prosecuting, and his answer was, 'I prosecuted a rascally editor in Van Diemen's Land, he was imprisoned, his wife and children were starving and I had to keep them out of charity. The prosecution did the paper much good, set it on its legs; and while I was feeding his family the editor became more abusive than ever.' This decided me, and Buist's last number shews that he is writhing under my silence and the abuse of the other papers. I am pretty sure Outram writes in the Bombay Times, and the Calcutta Star.

"Journal. Hydrabad, May 22nd.—Reached this place in 48 hours from Kurrachee. I believe it has only once before been done so quick. The chiefs begin to collect.

"May 24th.—Received the salaams of above fifteen hundred chiefs this morning. Their eagerness was such that four whacking Irish sentries and several officers could hardly keep the crowd back, yet all were quiet and orderly. There are more than twenty thousand men assembled here and I confess to being nervous: it would be terrible to have more bloodshed.

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"May 25th.—The assembly is nearly over. The chiefs alone came armed, having my permission. Every great chief made salaams; in all about three thousand, each having a lot of followers! This perfectly quiet meeting is a complete triumph for me over that ass Outram and his Bombay clique. Chiefs and jaghirdars shewed the greatest good-humour and content, and express the latter openly: their conduct indeed bespeaks their satisfaction, for everywhere we are quiet. This time last year I had conquered but had not quieted Scinde, the country was in arms against me, and I was personally very ill: now all is peace and I am well. This is not an ordinary conquest: wonderful are the ways of God, for it is all his doing.

"May 26th.—This day nine European soldiers died of coup de soleil: they were dead in two hours after being attacked. I am sure this is not from sun alone. That is, no doubt, the direct cause, but it finds either a weak habit of body naturally inflammable, or a natural tendency of blood to the head; or, what is most common, a heated inflamed system from liquor. All these unite perhaps, but any one is enough to give full vigour to the blow from the sun.

"27th.—Two more men down by coup de soleil! The meeting is nearly over. One proof among many that the Beloochee came with good-humour is, that Lieutenant Pelley, the interpreter, saw a man working hard to push through the crowd, and calling out, I will see him! I will see him! I have come all the way from Roree to see him, and I will see him and make salaam.

"28th.—The whole meeting is broken up and dispersed, so all is safe, and not a riot, or a quarrel.

"29th.—I have given away sixteen hundred jaghires to as many chiefs, who had hung back until this moment: but there are still two thousand jaghirdars who have not made salaam, and I have gone on for a whole year indulging them as to time: now, when the whole land is at peace, if they

still hold back I will take their jaghires from them for ever: they must learn how strongly I can strike in peace as well as war.

"Lord Fitzroy Somerset, May 26th. — Lord Ellenborough last year desired me to hold a grand durbar for all the chiefs to make their salaams. This had been delayed necessarily by the sickness and other matters, but I took advantage of the spring harvest having been gathered, and of the wildest mountain chiefs having come to Kurrachee to do homage for their lands, to summon the general assembly. Above a thousand jaghirdars, holding land on military tenure, had hung back; but all came in there and received pardon and renewal of tenure. To the sons of those who fell in battle against us I gave their father's lands, on condition of paying rent instead of military service. Thus, while conferring an unexpected boon, I have broken the ice for getting rid of the feudal tenure, and begun a system which I want to introduce, namely, substituting landed proprietors in place of military chiefs—in plain English robbers. If a jaghirdar says he has not money to pay his rent I mean to offer him his jaghire, if he chooses to buy it for his life—he is by the existing system only a tenant at will—by cutting off from his land a piece, which government can sell for a sum that will yield an interest equal to the rent charged on him.

"Now please to observe that this rent is not to be fixed according to the value of the produce of his jaghire; if I attempted to levy rent in that way they would quickly be in arms: it is estimated thus. The jaghirdar is bound to bring, say ten soldiers into the field, which would cost him eighty rupees a month. Aye, says he, but you are not going to war every month. No, nor every year, so the government will only ask from you forty rupees every year instead of eighty every month, which it can claim. He consents and returns to the government a portion of his jaghire which will yield a rent of forty rupees yearly. It

will I know take years to complete this plan, but meanwhile the government loses nothing but what it will never ask for, viz. military service: and the jaghirdar, no longer a tenant at will, cultivates what he thus acquires a life interest in, or what is better, a long lease. I think this will so consolidate the conquest of Scinde, and so change the idle character of the Belooch, that in fifty years this may be the richest province and most industrious people in India: but, until men have a property in what they hold they will be idle and unsteady. Having established a rent I am indifferent to its being paid for some years; the tenant will feel that he cannot be turned out, while the neighbouring jaghirdar can, and this feeling will do its work in time. But if the old system be continued we shall, like the Ameers, have great feudal chiefs who will pay nothing to the estate, and will require a larger force to keep them in order than need be quartered in Scinde under better management.

"The mutinous Bengal troops at Sukkur are growing into a better temper, and I am going to raise two battalions of Beloochees, Scindians and Hindoos, so we shall be strong. Our revenue goes on well, that is to say, in the circumstances which exist; for we are liable to much cheating: however our officers in civil appointments work like horses, and daily acquire more knowledge of the people and of the revenue. Had I had civil servants of the Company I think Scinde would by this time have been in complete confusion; and the expence of throwing it into that confusion would have been immense: our revenue could not have supported it. I have just found four silver sticks, costing 600 or 800 rupees, which were carried in state before Outram when political agent! I find four soldiers and their bayonets have just as imposing an effect, so the silver sticks are sold. The Scindians are shrewd and understand force better than show: this makes them so quiet. We are not rich enough for civil servants. Your lordship tells me I give Lord Ellenborough satisfaction. This is very gratifying for I labour

hard, and the great heat and great distance from Calcutta often oblige me to act on my own responsibility in a way that, under other aspects, would be unjustifiable: yet I always receive his approbation, as he knows my objects are honest.

"I am getting barracks forward as fast as possible, for the sun cannot be encountered in tents. The expence is great, yet it is but for once, and there is a province to pay for it, and it will do that right well in a few years. A man cannot occupy a common farm without a capital for meeting previous outlay; and yet the Indian press expects Scinde at once to yield an overplus of income, and to pay all the troops! There has not been a man raised for Scinde yet, except the police, and that we pay: a very fine corps it is, doing its duty well, though too much inclined to be rough. I keep this down, but in truth the new men have a hard game and a very dangerous one to play: if they did not carry their heads high they would soon be run down by the Beloochees, and finally coalesce with them. This I was at first a good deal afraid of; but they have now had some sharp fights, in which three or four have been killed on each side, and there is no longer danger of any coalition: so I am gradually introducing more severe discipline, and really think I could hold Scinde with this police corps alone.

"The Belooch chiefs are very desirous to attack the Punjaub; they tell me they will turn out an army at my orders in a week to attack the Punjaubees! They say they can beat the Sikhs without our help if I will try them. There is doubt of this, though they would fight well, being strong resolute men and confident enough in themselves. We are plagued by the Beloochees from the Murree and Bhoogtee hills. Captain Tait went against the chief Beja Khan, but failed. The enterprize was sufficiently daring, and they marched seventy miles without a halt except to fight, and a few hours after they got thrashed by Beja. Such a march at this time of year in Scinde was never heard of

before, and has cast terror amongst the hill tribes though we were repulsed.

"Journal. Kurrachee, June 6th.—Rode down from Tattah, seventy-two miles, without sleeping. This was not bad at sixty-two, and the thermometer 110°. Well, what signifies strength? A short time and I shall be dead, rotten, putrid, in a deal box, among the worms; and my soul in hell according to Lord Howick and Fonblanque and Pottinger. The papers are full of my going to the Punjaub at the head of a large army. I do not believe it, and see no reason to believe it, and certainly do not wish it. Lord Howick was quite wrong when he fancied I was fond of war and plunder. I want neither one nor t'other. I am not such a robber as his grandfather was, and his father the '*minister for domestic relations.*' It is hard, in the common acceptation of the word, for an honest man serving his country in the midst of dangers and trials, physical and moral, and acting from the honourable feeling of doing his duty in despite of any—I may say of every danger: it is hard for him to be exposed to the insolence, the injustice, the falsehoods of men like Lord Howick. Yet why should I say it is hard? What harm does it do me? None! To give him personal chastisement would give me pleasure, such as one feels at cutting a village cur dog with a whip, but I forgive all of them. After anger contempt succeeds. I never feel angry in my heart against any one—beyond wishing to break their bones with a broomstick!

"M. Genl. W. Napier, June.—I wrote a long letter to Lord Fitzroy in the midst of confusion, and heat excessive—so great that fourteen of the 86th Regiment died of *coup de soleil* in three days! Very few men can stand the great heat here very long, I have beat most of them. I would not however mind this if by my remaining a permanent system of government could be established; but the civil servants of Bombay, not Sir George Arthur, are watching this government like the harpies of the ancients; and the moment I go,

or rather when Lord Ellenborough goes, the whole will be changed into an enormously expensive civil government: innumerable branches will extend from the foul stem of the Bombay tree. All the sons nephews and friends of the Bombay civil servants will be provided for, and each idle head of a department will have what they call here an establishment. Hence my objects now are. 1st. To fix the system of defence for the frontier. 2nd. To shew that the government may be carried on for a sum far below the revenue, and a large surplus paid into the general treasury.

"I have arrested four of the Talpoor Ameers, sons and nephews of Roostum, who, trusting to my good nature, had the hardiness to enter Ali Moorad's dominions and thence write an impudent request to have back their lands. I suppose they trusted also that the twenty thousand Beloochees assembled, or rather then about to assemble at Hydrabad, would make me *malleable*. I ordered Ali Moorad to arrest them instantly. This proved his temper, and at the same time punished him for having secretly admitted them: he behaved loyally. We are safe in the people's good-will, for the meeting unmistakeably marks the feeling of the country. Here, where assassination is not considered criminal, what should have hindered one of the surrounding multitude stabbing me, if the anger against us was strong? I was in the midst of thousands. Well, having quieted the country, if I shew how easily it can be defended, and also mark out the fortifications required; if I shew that it can be governed for one hundred thousand pounds a year while its revenue is four hundred thousand, and will be a million, besides pointing out and even initiating many public works, I shall have done as much for Scinde as I can do. But I repeat to you, that the fury of the Bombay clique against Lord Ellenborough and against me as one of his favourites, would have long ago swept me from Scinde but for his unshaken support. They would have involved this country in an expence far exceeding its revenue, and very probably have

produced a guerilla warfare, which I avoided with very great difficulty last June. These things make me think there is no object to be attained by remaining here much longer than the end of the present year: but be sure I will not move while of any real use. Will my constitution, strong as it is, stand a third hot season in Scinde? Not I think, unless spent at Kurrachee, which must depend on events. Accident you see has forced me to go to Hydrabad in the hottest part of the year. I run these risks from no bravado, but because without them those results which appear to the unthinking so easily accomplished could not be produced: yet they are vital experiments upon the constitution. The labour of the government is immense, being dependent for sanction both on Calcutta and Bombay; and I have had hundreds of papers transmitted back and forward three and four times from both governments, each refusing to sanction them. I was lately so plagued by Sir Hugh Gough and Sir Thomas McMahon, the latter being the real author of the inconvenience, that I was obliged to refuse being a shuttle-cock between these two battledores any longer, and wrote an official declaration that I was no longer responsible for the discipline of the army. This brought Sir Thomas to a sense of his wrong-headedness; but it is doubtful if this would have been the case had not the governor-general and council at Calcutta taken my view of the matter.

"The fact is, there are two or three judge advocates general who have got a smattering of the language used by attorneys, and are accounted wonderful lawyers, and do *then and there, feloniously, maliciously,* and with *malice prepense* and *aforethought,* addle the brains of our respectable C.'s in chief: and mine too, for our courts-martial here have become so legal and wise that there is not the slightest chance of convicting the greatest scoundrel. At this moment two assistant-surgeons are on trial for constant unflinching drunkenness; both young men without much experience as physicians; and as the

government of Bombay will only give me assistant-surgeons for Scinde, each of these gentlemen has an hospital in charge, where each probably murders many men in his cups. The very sight of these fellows reeling into an hospital is enough to kill the patients with terror: yet am I all but convinced that they will escape. For you must know that to drink beer from morning till night is the gentlemanlike practice in the Indian army; though the same gentlemen that thus drink think nothing of sentencing a private soldier for habitual drunkenness, having themselves every luxury and the soldier scarcely any. I am indeed very anxious for the result of these two courts-martial. If the culprits are cashiered there will be hopes of preserving discipline: if not my inclination will be to resign the command, for there will be for the private soldier neither protection nor justice.

"The Gwalior affair does Lord Ellenborough much credit. If he had not taken that instant to attack them, the Nepaul people and the Punjaubees would have been down on him, and I much doubt Gough's being able to deal with all three at once. The management of the battle appears defective. I have had no time to examine details; yet to have brought neither cavalry nor artillery to bear, and the hurrying of our infantry into action without support or even knowing where the enemy was posted seems bad. Lord Ellenborough wrote to me that he had twenty thousand men at Gwalior; our force was therefore overwhelming and we ought not to have had such a heavy loss: but nobody believed there would be a fight. Gough's personal conduct was gallant in the extreme, and that old fellow Valliant, and Littler, behaved right gloriously. I have proposed to Lord E. to sweep the hills in the north, from the Indus to Bagh, routing up the Bhoogtees, Murrees, and all those tribes of robbers. My spies tell me they are gathering about Poolagee; this is probably in fear of Fitzgerald's camel corps, rather than for an attack; for they have poisoned

all the wells in the desert, which is evidently defensive.

"Let me now give you a condensed copy of a letter from Colonel Woodburn 25th N.I. shewing the feeling existing between our men and the Sepoys: the thing happened immediately after Dubba.

—— "'The day was particularly hot, the march a long one, twenty-four miles, had lasted from daybreak till three p.m. A burning thirst was felt, and though the men had been halted at several villages no sufficient supply of water had been procured. All were suffering and many were falling out from exhaustion, when a *bheestie*"—water carrier—"came up with his *mussuch*"—leather bag—"full of water; a rush was made by the Sepoys all calling out for *panee*"—water. At the same time six 22nd soldiers, much knocked up, asked for a draught too. A Sepoy called out, give to the soldiers first, and instantly all made way for them. Not a Sepoy asked for a drop until the soldiers were satisfied; they patted them on the back saying, *Ab chulo master*—now go on master. Afterwards on overtaking these tired men they carried their packs and musquets and encouraged them.'—

"I told you before that wounded men of the 22nd had concealed their wounds, and marched on in hopes of another battle at Meerpoor which they thought would be defended, but to prevent which this forced march was made: these six tired men were they, for finally they all fell and then acknowledged their wounds!"

Now happened an event amazing to all persons but the one most immediately affected, for he well knew what he had to expect from the directors in return for honest and useful service. Lord Ellenborough was recalled! He who had dragged India up from the pit into which disgraceful mismanagement and disgraceful defeat had thrust her: he who had repaired all the dreadful errors of the time, replacing misfortune with victory and adding advantageous

conquest; he who had organized from a political chaos a vast system of imperial control and arrangement, which would have fixed the power of England in the East on solid just grounds; he, Lord Ellenborough, was suddenly recalled by the pernicious oligarchy of Leadenhall Street; and that at a moment when the most terrible crisis was impending! He was recalled to gratify the spleen of a body for which despotism had more attractions than the welfare of nations. Lord Ellenborough had checked public peculation, stopped the folly and insolence of placing young politicals over veteran generals in the field, and had rallied the sinking military spirit: but in doing so he jostled the jobbing multitude, and with a swinish cry they drove him from his work of wisdom. The ministers of the day, also preferring a few votes in parliament to the honour of upholding a meritorious statesman, suffered vile factious interests to prevail over patriotism. For Charles Napier this was at once an arrest of usefulness, was significant of the treatment awaiting himself, and with a just indignation and prophetic sagacity he condemned the foul deed.

"Journal, June 10th.—I have had a touch of fever again —remittent fever. This is bad, and my legs begin to swell: the doctor thinks that don't signify, but my own feelings tell me a different story. The wasting of the legs, the swelling towards night, the overpowering aching feel of those legs, and sixty-two years with a shortness of breath that must arise from some cause, are all warnings which a firm mind can understand, and is not afraid to reason upon calmly: I do so now. Well, I am ready to obey the Almighty's order. Ready to obey! What cant! I must obey. My meaning is that I am not alarmed at its approach, and will not seek to avoid it by abandoning my post till the government can dispense with my service without public inconvenience.

"June 18th.—Pretty news! Those East India directors have recalled Lord Ellenborough! This is the reward of zeal, ability, honesty, and the saving of India! This court

of stupid money-seekers has upset the best governor-general since Lord Wellesley: even a better one than Lord Wellesley in some points. This mad step will do mischief and give me work. I fear the Mooltan folk will hang on to the Poolagee robbers and kick up a dust in the north. And if the Sikh army comes over the border at the same time, the Bengal army being in a state of discontent not to say mutiny, we shall be in a mess. Well, we shall see what we shall see. India is in great danger.

"June 25th.—There begins the storm. The Bengal troops at Sukkur are in open mutiny! This is a pleasant little episode in our difficulties: they ought never to have been sent to Scinde. Here in a freshly-conquered country and they send me known mutineers for a garrison! Then the Lion threatens us; and three days ago came news that his hill people had cut off one hundred of our cavalry, fifty troopers and fifty grass cutters! Everything looks dark and gloomy. I have succeeded everywhere so far as depends on myself, but cannot answer for the work of others. However to despair is to add the worst of all ingredients to a nasty dish: patience and all will go right. The more trouble the more labour must be given; the more danger the more pluck must be shown, till all is overpowered. I feel very unwell, that is the worst part of the job."

The history of this mutiny and this third disaster will be found at length in the *Administration of Scinde*. Sir Charles was much and justly irritated at that and the ravaging of the frontier, imputing the robbers' success to negligence; he issued a severe order, one extract from which is worth noting, as illustrative of the discipline he expected and enforced on those under his command on the frontier.

"The major-general desires that the European officers of the irregular cavalry shall never quit their saddles day or night when a detachment is out of their cantonment. The European officer who commands at an outpost must be eternally on his horse, with his sword in his hand; he

should eat drink and sleep in his saddle. An outpost officer has no right to comfort or rest except when all is safe; and that can never be when in presence of such an active enemy as these mountain robber tribes are in every country where they exist. It is ignorant work for officers to gallop their troops over country after mischief has been done; this is to harass their men and horses and is a mark of inexperience in outpost duty: it is to play the game of the enemy."

"Lord Ripon, June 25th.—I see but one advantage in the unfortunate recall of Lord Ellenborough:—that is, obliging the government to destroy a mercantile republic which has arisen in the midst of the British monarchy. Lord Ellenborough opposed peculation, and now folly and dishonesty have defeated ability and honesty, which being the usual course of human events does not surprise me. It seems that the *suaviter in modo* with a Cabool massacre, are preferred to the *fortiter in re* with victories. To expend millions in producing bloodshed seems preferable in the eyes of the Court of Directors to saving India, and the prevention of bloodshed. With regard to Scinde, I believe it will remain internally tranquil, but it may at any moment be disturbed by external events. Lord Ellenborough's measures have been taken on large and just views of general policy: they were all connected in one great plan for the security of peace and the stability of our power in India. They were not mere expedients to meet isolated cases: the victory of Maharajpoor consolidated the conquest of Scinde; and the conquest of Scinde was essential to the defence of the north-west provinces and the line of the Hyphasis. The whole has been one grand movement to crush an incipient and widely-extended secret coalition, the child of the Affghan defeat., which would, perhaps will, put our Indian empire in peril.

"But this defensive operation, hitherto successful in the masterly hands of Lord Ellenborough, has not in its minor parts been yet terminated; nor can it be so while the Kalsa

army of the Punjaub remains without control. I fear that this powerful force by no means participates in the horror of war which appears to be entertained, very properly, by the Court of Directors and Lord Howick. But there is a time for all things said the wisest of men, and I cannot think that the time for changing a governor-general is in presence of seventy thousand armed Punjaubees. I believe possession of the Punjaub is not desirable for the Company. In my opinion the Hyphasis forms a better frontier line for our Indian territory than the northern, or upper Indus, as being more compact now that we have Scinde; and we have territory enough and more than enough. Nevertheless the Punjaub must be ours: all India proclaims that truth by acclamation. If not taken the ravaging of our finest provinces can only be prevented by a large standing army on the Hyphasis, with the example before its eyes of an army profiting by mutiny: an army too filled with our own men and in correspondence with them. For we have most unwisely abolished flogging as a military punishment, and every crime is necessarily punished in the Company's service by dismissal. We are thus daily recruiting the army of the Sikhs with our good and well-drilled soldiers; for the men whom we dismiss, even for the most trifling crimes, go to the Punjaub in great numbers. I do not think this sagacious.

"The great question is no longer whether we shall increase our territory, but whether we shall hold our present position in India, or run the risk of being beaten to the sea. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*, applies emphatically to our present power in India. The destruction of the Sikh army will not however I believe be so easy as people seem to imagine. If we were to be beaten back across the Hyphasis, as we were by the Affghans across the Indus, the danger to India would be very great: for it would, as far as I am able to judge, shew that doctrine to be erroneous which leaves native princes on their thrones within our territory, or rather within our frontiers. This doctrine was, I suppose, formerly found

useful and safe, but it appears to me now replete with danger when our great extent of territory divides our forces.

"To return to Scinde. This engrosses my whole thoughts, lest I should err, and so produce general danger. A portion of the Punjaubees may from Mooltan insult our northern frontier, a part of which touches on the lands of Sawan Mull. If so I am determined to resist it, and in so doing I hope for the support of the supreme government. Every insult put up with is certain to shake the allegiance of the Beloochees in Scinde. I know that I am unjustly accused of wishing for war: it is false. I have seen too much of it. My wish is to go to Bombay and rest, not to encounter the labour of a campaign: but I have no idea of allowing Her Majesty's and the Company's arms to be insulted, and patiently wait while the enemy assembles his hordes to attack me!

"A procrastinating diplomacy is the game of these barbarians, and whoever is blinded by it will be defeated. The predatious tribes in the Bhoogtee and Murree hills are now fostering hostilities under the ex-Ameer Shere Mohamed, and if they be not crushed when the season opens I fear that mischief will be the result. We cannot however do anything at present, the heat is too great; and the negligence of an officer has exposed us to another insult from the robber tribes, who have cut to pieces a party of his grass-cutters and their guard. I must therefore attack these tribes in the winter if I can; but it is of very difficult accomplishment. I have thought we might take them into our pay, as we once before did, but fear the supreme government will not consent to the expence. It would be the most humane course to pursue; but one or the other must be pursued or an immense force, comparatively speaking, will be required at Shikarpoor. But an attack on the people may possibly hasten the war in the Punjaub, and my anxiety daily increases about the state of the frontier, not seeing clearly how far this border warfare

will go, and knowing well that it is the *most dangerous and difficult to conduct that can possibly be.*"

This passage, so emphatically addressed to Lord Ripon, should be borne in mind as a test of that lord's conduct when the warfare was successfully conducted.

"The Bengal troops in Scinde have hitherto behaved well: if they should mutiny my position will be rather difficult,"—they did mutiny almost immediately afterwards. "But I have not much fear, and must do the best in case of such a misfortune: things cannot be expected to go on always without difficulties. It is good that these Bengal regiments are delighted with Sukkur and Shikarpoor, which they compare to the best stations of India. We only want good barracks, and these we are getting as fast as we can with the slender means at command, for nothing is to be had in Scinde. The price of labour is immense; everything is to be created: yet we do create. Last year not a vegetable was to be had; now we have a garden which produces every sort of vegetable. The soil is very fine, but our difficulty is to find gardeners and I have endeavoured to get Chinese from Bombay, who understand gardening to perfection. We are really colonizing in a wilderness, but a rich wilderness! We have no native artificers, all are brought from Bombay and from Cutch. Of course our progress in building barracks and fortifications is slow and costly: yet my hope is that next Christmas we shall see the most pressing of our wants satisfied.

"The expence is very heavy to us personally, as well as to the public. I am building a cottage of five rooms, for we cannot live in tents, and it will cost me two thousand pounds at the lowest valuation, though my present house, lent to me and full as large, cost but five hundred. Our occupation of Scinde encreased the demand for labour, and wages rose four times what they were; especially since the fever, which made our artificers fly from Scinde. It is curious that though all the troops are tolerably healthy, Kurrachee is the least so

now, while last winter it was the most salubrious of all! The coming season of fevers, September October and November, makes me anxious; but I think we shall not suffer so much as we did last year. Meanwhile I have cut off the waters of the indundation from Hydrabad, and partially from Sukkur, though not sufficiently; however, my hope is to do it effectually before next hot season. The truth is, the sickness was so universal that last winter neither troops nor natives could do anything, and the season was a blank! It is not exaggeration to say, that not a man of our whole force escaped fever: that is, not a man that had been in Scinde in August and weakened by the intense heat. The average heat at Hydrabad this year is ten less than it was last year, yet we have lost twenty men and women by *coup de soleil.*

"I have now given your lordship a long and I fear a tedious story; but feeling that I may be suddenly called upon to act for myself in Scinde till Sir Henry Hardinge arrives, my ideas on the state we are in may be in some degree acceptable to your lordship. They furnish an assurance that whatever may happen my preparations are made for any emergency—always supposing the Bengal troops will be faithful. You will have heard from other quarters of the tranquillity with which our great assembly of Belooch chiefs passed off. I am well pleased to have finished that business before this mad step of the directors was known in India."

This able memoir was beyond Lord Ripon's comprehension as a statesman! and only provoked his enmity as a tool of the directors.

The opinions of some old Indians, probably Willoughby Read and Crawford of the Bombay Council, had been quoted as adverse to the Scinde system by Sir G. Arthur which called forth the following answer.

"I think old Indians fancy Asiatics are different from Europeans and Americans, and so they are as being much more easily managed! The 'Old Indian' fancies that he is able to play the game of trick and deceit as well as they

can; but he does not always do so, and I do not see why he should try. The Yankee, the Greek, the Irishman, the Englishman, the Scotchman, and all others, are much more difficult to deal with, and where head is to settle the question the 'Old Indians' do not shine in my humble opinion. I see nothing masterly in these men. I see in most of them, an affectation of being '*knowing*;' extreme vanity without foundation of deeds; and great ignorance of the human mind, with unequalled expertness in getting rupees and spending them: both discreditable enough. By the way, this puts me in mind of a thing which has excessively annoyed me. Our excellent commissary Johnstone, sent in charges for camels which were passed by the supreme government without remark. On looking over them, after they came back, I saw that from the way they were worded it appeared as if 150 camels had been employed for my baggage, when coming here from Hydrabad; and Lady Napier's baggage charged for being landed, in a way to appear as if it had cost the public 280 rupees or some such sum. The name caught my eye, I was all astonishment at such a charge being made at all, much more to the public, and on inquiring, found it was a mistake of Johnstone's clerk: her charge, which of course I repaid, was only for one boat, 4½ rupees! The rest of the charge was for public stores! Then the 150 camels for my baggage. This was as surprising as the other charge. When I was major-general only, I had seven camels from the commissariat, for which I paid. When governor, finding government paid for my baggage, I reduced my camels to five! Guess my surprize at Johnstone's charge for 150. It was most annoying to give up every comfort and yet have the credit of using 150 good camels. They were not for my baggage; they were for all the head-quarter establishment, moving from Hydrabad to Kurrachee office records, every thing civil and military, and the greater part for the *political agency records.*"

At this time the Bombay faction was crying down Ali

Moorad, and crying up Sobdar, whose peculiar double treachery was exactly to their taste: there were also again proclaiming, as from the directors, that the Ameers would be restored.

"Ali Moorad is all right so far: I keep a tight rein on him. He says he is going to London. I doubt this. Sobdar might have done as well as Ali Moorad, one barbarian is as good as another; but Ali Moorad stuck to his treaties and Sobdar broke them; so we could not discard Ali or take Sobdar. The conquest of Scinde was a thing that never entered my head until after Meeanee: before that battle I concluded, that if I won it, of which I was not sure for who can be sure of victory? they would defy me in the fortress and harass me in all directions; and then make submission on treaty, paying the expence of the war. Fate decided otherwise and we are masters, for the folly of giving back the country could only enter the heads of the secret committee and Colonel Outram. When he proposed it I laughed in my sleeve and turned the conversation, not having time to argue against such nonsense. Let the directors restore them and they will see the results; and much good may it do the *indiscreet old ladies!*

"I have not imprisoned Meer Roostum's sons, I have only held Ali Moorad answerable for them: I will, and have, cautiously avoided any act of a decisive nature without Lord Ellenborough's knowledge. You say, Pray do not think me intrusive. Indeed my dear Sir George I never have thought you anything but kind in every way to me, and in none more so than this, but I assure you I have been very cautious. The securing of these Ameers was demanded by common justice and consistency. We could not leave the chief author of the war,—Roostum's son Hussein—at large, caballing in Scinde, while the two innocent sons of Nusseer Khan, and young Hussein Ali who had no voice in the proceedings in Scinde, were sent to Calcutta. They may order me to let them out if they please; they may restore the Ameers, they may do what they please so far as I care:

my wish is to quit Scinde, and I would rather be removed than reign from personal motives, especially since Lord Ellenborough is gone; but I do say that all other members of this nefarious family ought to be allowed to come back if these four are left in Scinde.

"I judge Lord Ellenborough by his letters and deeds. I do not know him personally, but I feel unbounded admiration for his two years' rule in India. No doubt his kindness to me may have rendered me partial, but I do not see why it should warp my judgment of his policy. I suppose he has faults. Where is the man that is perfect in mind or body? The great Sully built a private theatre in his own house for his friends to see him dance a *pas seul!* Look at what Lord Ellenborough has done: that is the criterion. '*The song of triumph*' may have been bad poetry; I do not know that it was, but it assuredly does not diminish his triumphs. The poor old Indian turnspits go round on their wheel and are aghast at any deviation from their rotatory evolutions: Stop! I beg the real turnspit's pardon for the comparison, he has no 'establishment,' he does his work himself! My hope is to see the republican directors smashed as they deserve. Like the Venetian Council of Ten they have begun defying the crown, and will, if not destroyed, go the same length as their prototypes.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—The enclosed copy of my letter to Lord Ripon will give you all my story, except that the Bengal troops at Shikarpoor are in open mutiny: and I am covered with boils that have for three weeks kept me in pain, and eight days in bed. This, with the heat and an attack of fever, has made me too weak to go to Shikarpoor, for the sun is fierce up the river; many have been struck down by it last week, and it would be difficult for me to bear a second rap. Still I would risk it, but that a storm seems brewing at Mooltan, and this extraordinary change of governors will not dispel it. To me also it appears doubtful, if the Sikhs pour 60 or 70,000 men over

the Hyphasis whether Gough has means to pull them up; and he is in person at Simla with his staff, where he might be cut off by an active enemy. Gwalior moreover is not quite safe yet; neither is Nepaul; I am therefore nursing myself to be able to bolt northwards when we can act, which is impossible now; three days under canvas would kill half the Europeans with apoplexy. It is an anxious time. General Hunter, Company's service, now commands under me at Shikarpoor; he is an admirable officer and much liked by the Sepoys, whose language he speaks perfectly: my presence there would therefore really be useless. A man can rally troops in battle by gestures and example, but these will not do with mutineers: one must then have a tongue!"

This mutiny was a very serious matter, and menacing much danger, for four other regiments were likewise disaffected. It was followed by a rough correspondence between Sir C. Napier and the military authorities of the Bengal army, but two letters will suffice for illustration.

"General Hunter, June 30th.—I shall be glad to hear of the ringleaders being in prison. Your next step will be to weed the regiment of all riff-raff; for though I will not disband the corps, supposing it shews repentance, we cannot allow the guilty to escape. It is fortunate for Colonel Moseley that I am not a despot. However, though I fear a terrible example must be made of some ringleaders the colonel's conduct is no excuse for that of the regiment. Still our first duty is to try and save all we can. For us erring mortals to punish at all is painful, but when it comes to capital punishment it is awful and revolting in the extreme: excusable only by necessity the most urgent. My repugnance to it is so great that I have once or twice nearly resigned this government rather than have this painful duty to perform; reflection tells me however, that what society demands must be done by some one and is justifiable in the eyes of the Almighty: but it must not be done without thought. There are thirty-nine ringleaders. We

cannot shoot so many men, unless they had murdered their officers, or done something far worse than has happened here. You must therefore pick out some of the very worst, who have shewn real mutinous dispositions by insolence to their officers: you well know the men meant and those men must die. The army and the empire must not be endangered from false compassion, which might entail the spilling oceans of blood: they have dared justice and it must strike! What has not Colonel Moseley brought on by his thoughtless conduct! He is the guilty man: he and Captain Burt, and it shall not be my fault if they escape their deserts."

Colonel Moseley was afterwards dismissed the service by sentence of a court-martial.

"I hope it may not be necessary to put above five or six to death, or fewer. However, a court-martial must decide. As you are now strong"—the General had instantly reinforced him—"an immediate example will not be necessary; and as I do not think it right to flinch from the duty which properly falls to me, I beg of you to forward the proceedings of the court for me to confirm. At first I thought it would be necessary to use force, and then it would have been right for you to execute the ringleaders at once: now the delay of sending the trials to me will have no bad effect. You hint at not having been supported by any but Captain Shortreed; pray convey to him my high sense of his good conduct. I will mention him to the general government, which has been this day informed that if the 64th are saved the Company owes a regiment to your admirable conduct and arrangement, in the most difficult circumstances a general officer could find himself. Now tell me who they are that have not bestirred themselves on this trying occasion. My dear general, the weeds must be pulled up among officers as well as among Sepoys, or what is justice will become injustice to the latter. Colonel Moseley and Captain Burt have, evidently, not done their duty; but I think you allude to others, and I trust you will open the whole

book for me to read in. We are both judges in an awful cause, and I am resolved to lay hold of the leaders, be they who they may, as far as I have power. This assembling of mutinous troops without having picked officers for command was very wrong, and if my opinion be called for by superior authority I shall say so. I think the Adjutant-General Lumley is to blame in this. Sir Hugh Gough can hardly know your officers.

"Sir G. Arthur, July.—The commander in chief first ordered a court of inquiry into the mutiny, and by a letter direct to G. Hunter, not through me! This was odd. However as I am responsible I must act by my own opinion, and therefore enforced my own orders to try these rascals by a general court-martial: and I have deprived the regiment of its colours. I did not know till a few days ago that the 64th have mutinied five times! Had I known this they should have been disbanded, but Hunter gave them a qualified pardon, which hampered me, because I did not know precisely the extent of it. I shall beg of Sir H. Hardinge to relieve me from all responsibility of this nature. My belief is that the commander in chief has been misled by General Lumley, if the orders he sends are as General Hunter describes them. Hunter is very angry, and taking his view I think with reason. He heard of the mutiny at seven in the evening, and has been reprimanded for proceeding to the lines of the mutineers '*at so unseasonable an hour.*' My answer to this, for I have at once assumed all responsibility for everything he did, has been, that if he had not done so, I would have put him under arrest. What! an open mutiny, the mutineers calling out for the blood of their officers, and '*to cut out Moseley's lying tongue!*' and the general officer to sit twirling his thumbs with a cigar in his mouth till the regular parade next day. If Hunter had not gone instantly, and with great courage firmness and conciliation moderated their violence, there is no doubt that Colonel Moseley and Captain Burt would have been

slain. There was a mutiny just before they got Sir H. Gough's letter granting them higher allowances, which was concealed from the commander in chief by agreement among the officers, though the mutineers had seized the colours! The Grenadiers offered to charge them, which did great credit to that company.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—Lord Ellenborough sailed from Calcutta the 14th inst. You may guess what a change this is to me, though sure that Hardinge will give me every support. Would that every insulting word Lord Ellenborough used towards the Court of Directors were a thirteen-inch shell. Their spite is because he kept their cousins and brothers &c. of the civil service from the treasury. To go away now will please me, for I am breaking up fast. While the cool weather lasted my recovery was rapid, but my legs again swell, from weakness they say, but weakness at sixty-two does not fit a man for a campaign in this, or any country: yet there is great rally in me when my blood gets up, though the re-action is flooring. Anything like the scurrility of the Bombay Times against me, and you too, for you stung Buist to the quick, I never read, except the Calcutta Star which is as bad: in both we are '*liars, perjurers, blackguards, villains, whose spurs of knighthood should be hacked off our heels!*' The most infamous efforts are also made by them to drive my young friend Brown, my secretary, into a quarrel. Well, I laugh at them and take every public opportunity to call them the *Infamous Press of India!* And strange to say, two of them have written to pay me court, and say they have defended me and will defend me! This shews there are some good, and I tell them it pleases me to find such sensible men!" Mr. MacKenna, Bombay Gentleman's Gazette, always justified by his conduct the title of his paper.

"You advise me to try enlisting the robber tribes. I am very willing, but they are not; unless it be to remain wild in their hills and be paid for watching their own homes

under our protection. Even this I would rather do than exterminate them; but one or t'other must be done. Already twenty villages have been abandoned from fear of these robbers; our cavalry and grass-cutters have been cut up, and all at Shikarpoor is mutiny, while we have several thousand enemies hard by—the Cutchee predatory tribes. However, those enemies are all Mahomedan, the mutineers all Hindoos, who, if they do not fight will have their throats cut: they know this well, so an attack would do them good.

"Henry Napier, June.—Scarcely was my letter to William sealed, when an express came to say there is hopes that the mutiny is confined to the 64th Regiment, and that the other four regiments will not join. Your account of your son is to me very satisfactory. The more a boy idles the better. The studious grow weak-minded, nine out of ten, and if boys are made to study they never after look at a book. I like all gossip about the young ones. As to providing money for boys, it does not do good; they will never work like men if they have a foundation not laid by themselves. Talking of money, I laugh at the letters which come to me from strangers and even acquaintances congratulating me on the '*two hundred thousand pounds*' they say I have gained! but I do not laugh when my tradesmen adopt that notion for their charges. The fact is, I have realized enough to secure at 3 per cent. what will give my wife and girls about £120 a year each when I die; which you will not think much, considering that I am running out my life ten knots an hour to gain it! However they cannot be in distress with that sum yearly. You need not be particular in directing to me, I am well known as an alehouse: only put Bombay. As to Fonblanque, or *Fun*-blank as Tom Moore has it, and Howick, why I only feel anger at such chaps for a moment. I know I have done no wrong and feel no anger; only I would shoot one of them with pleasure when I read their falsehoods. It is my wish

to write to each of you every post if I can, for though we are all equally within the reach of death more dangerous events are about me, and give a feel that must not be rejected.

"Richard Napier.—Don't mind any stories you may hear, for really the Indian press is so anxious to kill me that if my finger aches their hopes arise. My delight is to get letters from you all, except when written close on sinking paper. I have a peculiar difficulty in reading writing, it is very inconvenient, very painful, and is connected with the complaint formerly in my eyes, now gone, but brought back at times by reading ill-written letters and worry. I say nothing to you about Lord Ellenborough's recall. We shall see. Mark!—*there must be a war in the Punjaub*. It is not we but they who will make that war. It is impossible to have a regular government there, the Sikh army won't allow it, so the result is evident. If we are beaten in what will be a desperate struggle, every native prince will be upon us, and the coalition crushed by Lord Ellenborough will arise again. If we attack the Punjaub I am all but certain we shall take it, but it will not be an easy conquest. My impression is that Hardinge will now have his talent proved, and Gough also. The public here give me the command, but that is an error, and I do not want it, nay, would much rather not, unless in supreme authority. Hardinge should command the army himself, it will be a perilous war and a repulse dreadful in its results!

"I am not going to fight Howick or Fonblanque, though I shall not say so, or every scoundrel will be upon me until they compel me to shoot one of them, which I do not want to do, having blood enough on my hands and fighting enough, to say nothing of what may be in petto for me before a year passes. But I can tell those bucks I do not belong to the anti-duelling society, and am a devilish good shot: so if they goad too far they may repent it too late. I laugh now at their insolence; for there are seventeen thousand

fellows here ready to go through Asia, or fire, or water, with me! and what care I for Lord Howick or Fonblanque, or Buist! My want is rest, repose. I would rather have died than deserted Lord Ellenborough while able to serve him; but now I am not wanted, they have plenty of better men in England than such an old rattletrap as myself: however if Sawan Mull is saucy I could go so far as to batter him, and know my work better now than last campaign."

Major McMurdo had now been accepted as the husband of Charles Napier's eldest daughter, Susan.

"H. Napier, August 4th.—As others will tell you of Susan's nuptials I need not, you will have *plenty too much*. McMurdo is a very fine fellow. I will try to get you a Persian cat. The old *assassin prince* is my great crony here; living not under my care but paid by me £2000 a year. He is a *god*: his income immense. He lets none of his sect kiss his hand under twenty rupees, and is the greatest rascal possible: that is, a clever brave man, but being a god makes a virtue of any sin he likes to commit. I speak truly when saying, that his followers do not and dare not refuse him any favour he asks; wives, daughters, slaves, money, houses, furniture, all are his; and he does not let the privilege grow rusty. However, I have put an end, peremptorily, to his rights whenever any of his people choose to resist him, which is awkward for the divinity of the 'old man of the mountain.' He could kill me if he pleased: he has only to say the word and one of his people would do the job in a twinkling and go straight to heaven for the same. He is too shrewd for that however, and they all have a great fear of me since the battles. The *Padishaw* they think has some secret art that nothing can fight against. Such is the advantage of victory, it gives a man credit for everything. I will make this divine being get a pussy cat for you.

"No man can supply Lord Ellenborough's place to me. Hardinge must hurt me: common sense tells me he must have his own plans or he would be a fool, which he is not.

Mine of course cease, and all will be dead labour without mind being engaged. Lord Ellenborough left everything military in my hands, and overthrew all opposition at Calcutta. This I can no longer expect, and plans will now come to me to execute. A military governor-general is the worst person for me, but Hardinge the best for India next to Lord Ellenborough, for they must have a soldier. Lord E.'s abilities indeed made up for his not being one, especially as he let me do what he wanted done in my own way. And I am here laying the foundation for great works, but am too old to complete them; and there is such indolence in all men of high rank that no one else will. They still talk of restoring the Ameers. This does great harm. Men fear their vengeance, and therefore keep from joining heartily with us. However, I have so inoculated the poor with freedom and high wages, that if we hold the land another year I will defy them to send the Ameers back, unless with British troops to keep them on their thrones. Men won't again submit to tyrants after being once freed: they may be ready to get rid of us because we are Christians, but they will not receive the Ameers.

"Journal, August 10th. Clifton.—I am sixty-two years old this day and tired of life; tired also of referring for leave to do this, that and t'other, to people who know nothing about the matters. Oh! Lord Ellenborough you are a sad loss! Well, I must pull on till I drop. I have been ill and low, and have had only cares and worries about public works. I have neglected my journal, having neither strength nor vigour of mind left to record my own works, which have been chiefly details, very laborious uninteresting and tiresome. I came out here with a fever. Why they call it Clifton is not known to me, its name is Ghisree, but English vanity gives it an English name. I do not like being here, and detest a crowd of people. Oh! what a happy life a hermit lives! From my earliest youth I did love to be alone, and hate now what people call society:

that is to do nothing all day but gabble nonsense, without good for themselves or others. I believe women can sit longer without doing anything than any animal in the world, which makes them such good nurses. The dreadful rage for murdering them here is however in progress of being stopped. I have never seen human nature so outraged.

"This day received from Lord Ellenborough this most flattering letter. 'General,—You will have heard that the Court of Directors has done as I expected. I am recalled. Fortunately Sir Henry Hardinge is my successor, and he will carry out all my views, with the advantage of having military experience. I remain here to receive him. I fear he will not arrive before the 23rd of next month. I shall leave Calcutta about five days afterwards in the Auckland steamer for Suez. It is impossible for me to close my correspondence with you, without assuring you that the greatest satisfaction I have derived from my position in this country has arisen from the confidential communication into which it has brought me with you. Your victories have thrown a lasting splendour around the period during which I have administered the affairs of India; and I remain thoroughly convinced that the province you have annexed to this empire will be the future source of wealth and of strength as it now is of renown. Pray write to Sir H. Hardinge so that he may find your letter here on his arrival. As long as I remain I shall, although not in office, give advice, which will be acted upon in any matter of importance. It will be difficult to persuade native chiefs that my removal does not indicate a change of policy; but all proper steps have been taken to assure them that it does not. Your faithful friend Ellenborough.'

"His Sister, August.—As to my reading English politics, I do not from principle, and could not from want of time. Why, the trials alone which I am obliged to read are work enough for one man; one has just been laid before me of one hundred and thirty sheets of foolscap! Well, I

can't hang the man who is the subject without reading all that is for and against him! Then there are four or five courts-martial, beside all the other military work, and the accompaniments of seventeen thousand men with their Commisariat and the Engineers' work. The civil government also.—Reflect that I am supreme judge, and arbitrary in all political relations; commander in chief with two other commanders in chief, troublesome enough in their way; two governments to correspond with; an enemy on the borders; a people to keep quiet; the troops mutinous; a daughter to marry; and all this in a sun so debilitating that no young man even pretends to do much! Work in England and work here are not alike. I lie down after writing a letter here!

"I have irrigated a hundred square miles of rich land never before cultivated from want of water. This in one place, by one canal twenty miles long which feeds little fellows that I have made: as much more has been irrigated by smaller works in different places. The officer employed by me on this work has been five months in the Delta, our most dangerous district; and he has been alone, no guard, yet his servant, a Beloochee, had three balls put through him by our men at Dubba, and therefore has as good a right to dislike us as most men—three good reasons at all events. This officer had large sums in his tent to pay workmen, and there has not been the slightest attempt to rob him. He justly observes that he dared not try the same experiment at Bombay! An Englishman may go anywhere alone in Scinde. In the time of the Ameers and politicals none could go about without a guard.

"The people in the Delta told Mr. McLeod, that now, seeing they can keep what they grow, they mean to plant mangoes and build: they have no houses excepting in towns, the villages are clusters of mats. In the Ameers' time the moment a man improved his condition everything was seized by them; the little money he gained was taken from

him and his cultivated land given over to some court favourite. No man therefore cultivated: they robbed on our Indian frontier, along the Cutch frontier, and all along the desert, from which they are now returning in numbers to settle as cultivators on their native spots. The Delta, McLeod tells me, is full of slaves. He had no idea before of the extent to which slavery is carried: nor I neither. However, they have all now found out that they are free and cast off their masters in consequence. We have real freedom here without any of the nonsense I heard in England about it: if any fellow is caught with a slave I pay him off sharp. And the slaves from neighbouring parts of Affghanistan and Beloochistan begin to fly to us, now they find that I will not give them up. This is the order of Lord Ellenborough, and one I have most vigorously enforced even to relentlessness towards masters.

"There is a Captain Hart who, in some periodical, publishes a long story and not a correct one about Scinde; but he praises my great fitness for government, because I have too much common sense not to suspect the operation of this mischievous act of Lord Ellenborough, which would cast out the 'poor slaves to starve!' Captain Hart says they delight in being kidnapped in Africa: I am sure they do! they must delight in being slaves here: I am sure they do! Who can for an instant suppose that children do, or can love their parents half so well as the captain of a slaver; or their homes so well as the hold of a ship, where they live six weeks so snug and warm in the sun! Pooh! Then this most humane philosopher, in shape a Captain of Bombay Infantry and one of Lord Auckland's politicals, finds out they are so kindly treated by their affectionate masters that they would only starve if released. This he says my good sense has prevented, and I keep them still in paradise: they would not indeed take their liberty. Bravo Capitano! These stupid niggers have however all taken a different view; they tear themselves away from their tender masters, and

will perversely starve on 6*d.* a day, equal to very high wages in England: how can I govern such foolish men? I wonder there are not risings of freed slaves to resist this injury to their dearest affections, this filling of their bellies with food.

"Well, one tender master hanged his slave in the midst of his village; it was so common that it was only a spectacle for children. I not being the convert to Captain Hart's views, which he so fondly imagines, ordered the gentleman to be hanged on the same tree. A slave or a woman is here murdered as readily as a cook kills a chicken; it was a matter of diversion, but they now begin to find *the differ.* Three days ago a girl was suspected of being unfaithful to her husband. She was seventeen, he was thirteen; her uncle killed the suspected lover; her father led her to the front of his house, she bared her throat, saying, '*It is my fate.*' The father twists her long hair in his hand, and holds her on tiptoe while her brother hacks off her head! This was all done openly and I will hang them all. As to wives, a husband on the least quarrel whips out his knife and off goes the woman's nose, and she is lucky if her lips and ears don't go also!

"People think I can govern these people by English law, English forms, English quibbles, English balderdash! It maddens one to hear such nonsense when a man is hard enough tried by screwing up his mind to put his fellows to death at all. For this, at times of lowness when the mind loses its vigour, I think hell may open its jaws for me: yet I know I am right, though the grandson of that marauder of the West Indies, Sir Charles Grey, and son of that great master in nepotism, Lord Grey, does say I fought the battle and shed the blood of my own comrades as well as that of others for prize money! Well, my death is not very far off in the course of nature, and it will then be seen if I shrink from the inevitable consequences; as I must do if I am the villain Lord Howick publicly in the

House of Commons called me. Pope's epigram would apply to him were he worth the application; but if he were a top and I a whip, Jupiter! how I would make him spin! However these things only put me in a passion when I think of them, which is very seldom; and then my desire is to treat them as Lord Athlone told Lady Athlone to treat the French revolution, if it came to Holland.

"My surveyors in the Delta have found immense fields of salt, pure and many feet deep, sulphur and hot springs; saltpetre we had already found, and I suspect from the appearance of a mountain travelled over last April that we shall find mineral riches there. There is no question of the riches of this province. Will you believe that your friend Lord Ripon thinks it will not pay the expence of government, though I have sent him an abstract of revenue and expenditure from April 1843 to April 1844: the enemy being in arms up to September 1843. These shew him that the whole civil government charges, and upwards of two thousand police, one thousand being cavalry, have been paid, and a surplus of several lacs of rupees actually transmitted to the Calcutta treasury; his poor addled head cannot comprehend that thus, even in war time, we are saving money for the public! I know what he is puzzled about. He thinks that all the soldiers in Scinde are an expence caused by Scinde; and forgets that not a man has been raised to secure the conquest, except the policemen, whom as before said I pay. He forgets that the troops in Scinde were paid before the conquest was thought of, and would have been equally maintained in India if Scinde had never been.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, August.—Lord Ellenborough's recall I well knew, besides being a great public loss, would enable the jacks in office to trouble me: they begun immediately. Now as to Hardinge. Events are here so interesting and I am so mixed up with them as to become an egotist despite of myself. I am sure Hardinge will be pleasant to me, and hope he will turn a deaf ear to jacks in office as

Lord E. did. I shall not like to go to the North, feeling too old and weak for a second in command. I can however work up my energies for my own plans, and would try to do so for executing the plans of another, especially one like Hardinge who is so able a soldier. If we have war my hope is that he will leave me independent: then I should have no fear, but to be second in command would be disagreeable; not from pride or ambition but that the labour, disagreeable labour too, necessary to make a good second—and to be a good one would be my ambition—would overtask my strength: Hardinge can get plenty as good as me with more strength as a second.

"In Scinde perhaps it would not be easy to replace me at present: but as second to Hardinge I shall be no better than another, perhaps worse, because of the enemies created by Lord Ellenborough's favour and my own successes. In Scinde with an independent force I could do better: the mind works smoothly when following its own invention, and the body feels no fatigue till after. However fate settles all these things, and my best shall be done wherever placed; but I told Lord Ellenborough truly, that India, since he left the government, appears to me like an empty house. I did not tell him it was full of cursed bugs also, but dare to say he knows that well enough, and Hardinge will soon find it out.

"You know that in Scinde much land is given in jaghire, and much remains in the hands of government. Some of the jaghires are sixty and seventy square miles! The poor people try hard to locate themselves on the government land in preference to jaghire land; this speaks plainly, and one of my objects is, very gradually to withdraw the jaghires and divide them amongst the ryots. But to do this requires great caution, lest the jaghirdars should take alarm: I would not carry the system to any great extent, but when a jaghirdar behaves ill his jaghire should be resumed and divided thus. The tenure is military service. I am trying

to abolish that by substituting a low rent for a long term, thus giving a right of property in the land which will render the jaghirdars faithful, and form a body of yeomen. The jaghirdar tells me he has no money to pay rent. Well, give me a strip of your land instead, and the remainder is yours free for a hundred years. This strip is divided amongst ryots at low rents, payable for the present in kind: and these poor people do, and will industriously cultivate their small farms and teach the great jaghirdar to cultivate his large holding. I am making considerable progress in irrigation, but am cramped by want of workmen and engineers. However if the next three months are not sickly to the terrible degree of last year we shall do much in winter; and I have a powerful assistant in Captain Scott. Yet these three months make me tremble: heavy rains have fallen and the inundation is very high, which will produce great crops of grain and of fevers. Less revenue and more health would be preferable.

"Sir Henry Pottinger has sent a message to me, through his friend Captain Del Hoste, saying Sir Henry '*never intended nor did it ever enter his head to reflect upon me.*' I have, says Del Hoste, 'a letter from him distinctly denying that such could be his intention, his remarks having reference only to the policy of the governor-general: that he had endeavoured to make this as plain as possible and was most anxious that the fact should be made known in Scinde.'

"I told you of my bringing two drunken surgeons to trial. They were convicted, but the court sentenced them so leniently as to amount to nothing; and the soldiers are still to be murdered in the hospitals because out of twenty-six officers, fourteen at least are no better than attorneys' clerks. These sentences have so disgusted me as to produce a wish to pitch the command to the devil: it is too bad to see the soldiers thus abandoned by their own officers. Indian court-martials are enough to sicken one of the ser-

vice: from the C.C. to the ensign all seem to be lawyers, Queen's and Company's. One must 'grin and bear,' yet an emetic that stirs bile without removing it is not pleasant. We must have flogging restored or the Indian army will be destroyed. If the finest Sepoy in the army loses his temper with a brat of an ensign he is dismissed the service. The average number of good, strong, well-drilled soldiers thus daily discharged in Scinde is very great, and we ought not to lose any in this way: the loss of a well-taught soldier for a trivial offence is a great expence, and numbers of them go to Lahore! So much for the policy. And can it be expected that the Sepoy will long preserve the feeling that his regiment is his home when trifling misconduct turns him out with disgrace? I hear Dr. Buist and his wife are the constant guests of Sir Thomas and Lady M'Mahon! This accounts for many things!

"I have always thought Russia will take Constantinople. She will then soon become mistress of the sources of the Euphrates and Tigris, the heads of the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. Along the western coast of the former she will find ports, and quickly push her military colonies to Zeyla Bay in the south of Abyssinia: then we may look sharp! This appears to me a more probable course of attack than by the Oxus, to attack by which requires an Alexander; whereas by Constantinople and Alexandria there needs only patience and plodding. The moment Constantinople is conquered it becomes the capital of Russia, and her resources in ships and sailors will then be available against India. If England thinks there is danger to India from Russia let her look to Egypt betimes. The hill tribes are now fighting with each other and I shall be able to keep them in order, for the villagers begin to oppose them; this very day a village has sent me in three robbers taken in a fight against the hill men: they have had 500 rupees as a reward and the robbers shall be hanged. One of Ali Moorad's lieutenants also has captured five chiefs of the

Boordees. My cavalry, regular and irregular, neglected their duty about these robbers, and I expressed my displeasure publicly to Captain McKenzie: the Delhi Gazette has of course abused me like a pickpocket: nevertheless people shall not be killed and those who are in fault escape censure."

The Delhi Gazette was not alone. The Bombay faction strove to make Captain McKenzie one of their partizans, but he was too honourable. He asked for a court-martial, was refused, redoubled his vigilance and in a little time surprised and cut off a band of the robbers: he was then by the faction accused of murdering poor defenceless villagers!

FIFTEENTH EPOCH.

FIRST PERIOD.

BEREAVED of Lord Ellenborough's support, the governor of Scinde had to sustain redoubled enmity, countenanced and encouraged by the home authorities. Slander was continual in various forms, and even the French press was employed for the dissemination of falsehood. At a time when Dr. Buist was passing through Paris, there appeared in the National, a forged report from a pretended committee of the House of Commons, containing a formal condemnation of Lord Ellenborough and Sir C. Napier, with an approval of Outram's conduct! And in the Siècle, Sir Charles was denounced as a monster whose cruelty put the Algerian Dara caves in the shade! In fine, he was assailed as though he were a common robber and murderer, and this with encouragement from men in office, and more especially from those who were profiting by his great actions! Meanwhile he pursued his steady course of virtue, and was not found wanting to himself to his country or to fame, of which there was still much in store for him. His journal and correspondence now begin to disclose the state of his conquest, civil and military, and give complete and striking pictures of his government and of his own character. Captain McKenzie's exploit, in reparation of previous negligence in repelling the robber tribes, is first presented. It was a timely one, for the first successes of those depredators had been by them magnified, and accepted as signal defeats of the British amongst surrounding nations.

"Journal, September 3rd.—Oliver's day. Our outposts

last month attacked three hundred robbers and put two hundred to the sword. It has been well done by McKenzie, and my hope is will put a stop to these inroads. I must however go to the north myself to put things on a permanent footing by treaties, if a permanent treaty can be hoped for with people so wild so faithless and brutal. Yet men are not born different, and these wild chaps must have some natural good sense, if one can only find the way to it; which with God's blessing I will do and so lay the foundation of civilization amongst them. I hate civilization where it encroaches on savage life, which is one of happiness; but love to see it encroaching on Eastern barbarism, where a few take all from all: in that state a selfish sensual chief tortures, not one or two but all for his own enjoyments.

"H. Napier, September 14th.—You ask about the Ameers killing their children. Whoever says they do not is a liar; or knows nothing of Scinde. They did, and so do all the Scinde nobles—that is illegitimate children. Occasionally they kill others too, if girls, but that is not the rule as it is with illegitimate children. They first give their odalisques, or women, potions to cause miscarriage; if that fails they chop up the child with a sword, or place it underneath a cushion and sit upon it smoking and joking! This is as well known as that the sun shines. People may believe or not but 'tis true, and so common that I am unable to prevent it. In Cutch they kill daughters who do not marry quickly, or if they have not dowries to give them: it is a dishonour to grow up unmarried and so they kill them. Now for my letter to those knaves, dated March 18th, 1843, menacing them for their combinations with the Lion, which you say has been condemned."—The nine Muses of the house had declared it to be *unchivalric!* "The Ameers were placed in a large garden with a high wall, and I had been so influenced by that ass Outram as to allow free egress and regress there to his fallen princes. They made use of it to concert my destruction with the Lion, and one day when I

went to complain, they exclaimed with affected surprise: 'What people? We have none! We cannot cook our own victuals! We have nobody but a few Hindoo servants; not a single Belooch ever enters this garden!' Can you explain why this lie was told? I cannot! Their tent at the time was full of, and surrounded, by not less than two hundred Beloochees standing about us, and pressing so close that the officers with me were apprehensive some outrage was meditated. Believe me a liar if you please, for whom can we believe? but there were six or eight persons there who will tell you the same story; and this is just a specimen of their falsehoods hourly sent to me by letter or messenger until I wrote the menace. In fact they had seen and numbered our troops, and as Shere Mohamed was their best soldier they expected to manage in combination with him to destroy us. I had a full right to put them in irons: yet they had every comfort and luxury, and were merely confined to a garden of great size. They were conspiring in the centre of my camp, and after warning them repeatedly with civility and gentleness I am blamed for threatening rigid treatment. I run great danger: my excessive kindness to these fellows was thrown away, and it has given me, for the hundredth time, a lesson never to be gentle with a tyrant: if you get him down trample him well and spare not.

"As to the English chaps, one would imagine I gave back the Ameers' six swords, each worth £200 at the least, some perhaps worth £800, for pleasure, and to enable me to insult them more afterwards. I begun by being a gentleman with them, their own conduct made me grow harsh; but to shew these villains in their true light you shall have two anecdotes of my own knowledge. Three Belooch prisoners, dreadfully wounded at Meeanee, were brought to the entrenched camp; they were in our hospitals, about fifty yards from my tent and not so far from the Ameers' abode. We could not find a person speaking their language to attend on them, wherefore I went myself to the Ameers and

begged of them to send Beloochees. Devil a bit! Well, I grew savage and ordered them to do so; they sent one man at three half-pence a day! The second day he objected to stop on such pay; we applied for more and the Ameers answered *It is too much.* The man of course would not stay and we attended the Beloochees: one poor fellow died because he would not let his leg be cut off.

"Story the second.—Old Roostum's baggage was all taken at Meeanee, he had not wherewithal to sleep on, to change, to dress, to eat: the poor old villain was utterly destitute, and the Hydrabad Ameers would not give him anything, money food or cooking utensils: they would not let him even enter their tent. The white-headed, white-bearded patriarch of the Ameers, stood in their garden under the sun, while the others were in tents lined with silk and having all the comforts of their zenanas! he would have perished but for us.

"Who do you think has just interrupted me? The Ameer's fool! Outram's rival! come to ask for employment. He is a very handsome old man, with milk-white hair and beard, and a set of perfect ivory teeth, very beautiful. His business was to abuse the Ameers!

"M. Genl. W. Napier, September 20th.—I suppose people will call me the *Sinder.* We keep quiet, and the villagers even turn out against the hill tribes: this spirit is of course encouraged. Since our cavalry cut two hundred plunderers to pieces last month there have been no inroads! It was well done by McKenzie. There are stories that he cut up some villagers who had turned out to repel the plunderers. I am making the most rigid inquiry: if it happened at all it was some mistake, easily made though most distressing. But so far as yet appears there was no mistake. Our defeat at Poolagee, and the killing of the grass-cutters, made the robbers and the frontier villagers think our hour was come, that a short time would do the job; and this inroad was to plunder Ali Moorad's portion of the frontier previous to a

general attack on us. Our villagers took arms to join the plunderers, and when McKenzie charged all were together.

"The story goes, that these villagers threw down their arms on approaching our men: but McKenzie says: 'I was in the midst of them and not a man gave up his arms; every man died cutting at my men, and behaved with the greatest courage.' Two hundred were slain. I have ordered Hunter to sift this matter to the bottom. The mistake, if there was one, is a misfortune for which there is no help; but the flinging down of arms and no mercy shown must be cleared one way or the other, for I won't permit such work. If it happened it must have been in a part where Capt. McKenzie was not, for I believe he is a good and honourable man. However, this fight has done good whether villagers were killed or not: they were before in those parts, viz. the edge of the desert, very insolent, and tried petty tricks to annoy the troops. Since the fight all has changed, the grass-cutters are guided, and villagers come in with things for sale.

"Amongst the hill tribes the Murrees have fought the Bhoogtees, got beaten and call on the Chandikas for help. Wullee Chandia being my subject asked leave, got it, and was beaten also. The lands of the Bhoogtees, Boordees and Jackranees lie together, and I shall offer them to the Chandikas and Murrees, if with my aid they can drive those tribes away altogether. The Murrees are a superior people; the Chandikas an obedient people; the Doomkees and Bhoogtees a bad set; the Kujjucks are too far off to plunder us but may be made allies through their prince, the Khan of Khelat, for he is shaking on his throne and looks to me for money. This is our political table, but the game cannot be played until I go up; which will not be now, as no troops can move from Sukkur to Shikarpoor until the inundation subsides. Fever also has appeared there with great violence, and I will not risk myself or my staff until absolutely necessary: this is not to my taste but is necessary.

The exhaustion of this climate is great. I long to sleep, to lie down, to rest, and my spirits flag sadly: some people cannot fight against this lowness at all.

"I have the name of being very ferocious, more so than I deserve as to civil government; but really things happen that are enough to drive one mad: only I never go mad. Example. My collector here, Captain Preedy, forced the poor fishermen to fish for pearls and they came to me, for always I hold that door open as a safety-valve. There are no pearls at this season they said and we are only paid, for the number brought in: we get nothing, and our families starve when we could live by fishing for sharks.* Preedy thought this was a plot against him, but I soon stopped his political œconomy. Here was a man laying a foundation for hatred and insurrection while thinking himself all right and wise. I was forced to tear his dignity to rags before the *canaille*, by telling the fishermen to laugh at any collector, or any other *saheb* who attempted such control. I am compelled to be watchful to the last degree over such well-meaning men. Another collector has been at me to tax the importation of grain! All for the 'landed interest.' So am I, but having no debt, my opinion is that it is best to make our grain too cheap for importers to thrive. Now for your July letter.

"I need not tell you I value a free press, and in India we feel the want of it. I doubt Sir Charles Metcalfe's judgment about this. I hold, that if gross falsehoods cannot be punished; if all private comfort and public authority are to be outraged at the will of and for the interests of a vile editor and his blackguard proprietors, it is not freedom, or a free press, but tyranny. When driven to despair one can reach the life of a man tyrant, but not the life of a monster like a licentious press. Despotism is far preferable.

* The size of the sharks there is enormous. One cast on shore was measured by Sir C. Napier's orders; it was more than sixty feet long, and its gape was above six feet!

Let all I do and say be published, and if wrong abused; but is every crime in the calendar to be charged, and long-continued abuse follow as if the crimes had really been committed? If these literary assassins are not checked there is only an intolerable tyranny worse than Caligula's. Then women suffer. People say who cares! but if one's wife and daughters are insulted by anonymous villains, as mine have been, one does care. In short the press here is a perfect tyranny. Three or four papers do take my part; but their being friendly does not alter the case: a tyrant may be your friend. All that we say or do here, privately or publicly, is assailed by anonymous writers, and people support those villains from fear. By the way. A Mr. Barry publishes in the National, the report of a committee of the House of Commons abusing Lord Auckland Lord Ellenborough and myself grossly, and acquitting Outram. How can a committee abuse me after the house has thanked me?"—This was the forged report alluded to before. Barry was of course a forged name.

"My plan of defence for Scinde is founded on local difficulties, as well as military advantages. The baggage animals of an Indian army could with difficulty be fed and watered. Alexander must have had supplies we know not of, and the whole country must have been highly cultivated. If an army now moves along the banks of the Indus, immense ditches or nullahs bring it up every half mile; even my small force could not get along nearer than eight or ten miles from the bank: sometimes sixteen. Then the quantity of salt in the ground destroys water: there are two wells near my house—one is salt the other sweet. Heat, inundation, malaria and want of water, all unite to give a large army a bad chance in Scinde; and it is a difficult place to make war in even with a small one. December is ever a doubtful month, but January, February, March, are good for war; even in April I would not much fear; but May and June are fatal. Be assured it required all the

pluck I could muster to decide upon attacking Shere Mohamed in June. The Sepoys can bear the heat, but the Europeans cannot: a month in the field would not leave a European officer in any native regiment.

"What you say is true, we must know our enemy before finally fixing a plan of defence. My plan is to shew that Scinde is the real frontier in contradistinction to that of the eastern border of the great desert; and that it can be held by fewer troops should some great chief unite the Mussulmans of Asia against us and bring down a horde. Your idea of having prepared means for crossing the Indus at Hydrabad has long occupied my thoughts, and I have had a model of Cæsar's bridge over the Rhine made under my own direction. Its advantage is this: if the river changes its course the bridge can be taken up and placed elsewhere. The obstacles to any but a floating bridge are insuperable; we must trust to boats, build a fort as a *tête de pont* at Kotree, opposite Hydrabad; it has fallen in once, undermined by the river though 200 yards from the bank; in one day 100 yards went down on a stripe along the bank of perhaps a mile. I have defended the new one with stakes and hurdles, but it and all within it may disappear some day. Old Indus is a devil when he takes a freak into his head, and there is nothing left but to float on his back. Yet there too he has us: a line of battle ship may be floating in midstream at breakfast, and you may dine on the same spot the same day on dry land! I sent a steamer up to Sukkur with troops last week; suddenly she was on dry land, and they are now trying to cut a channel for the water which we hope to direct against her bottom to sweep away the deposit. All these things are great difficulties, but time will overcome them if men will but be patient and remember that 'Rome was not built in a day.' They must work harder or she will never be built at all; but that won't do: idleness and *swilling* of beer are the great objects of Indian life. A regiment has just arrived from Hydrabad

and requires seven hundred and sixty camels for baggage; of which I venture to say four hundred carried the '*supplies*' as they call them, viz. beer and champagne! And we call ourselves soldiers!

"Russia cannot attack India until a man arises to lead her; and if such a man does arise in the present age he will probably prefer Egypt to Tartary. At least I have talked myself into that theory; for though the route is longer it is a far easier one, certain conditions being first fulfilled, viz. the seizure of Constantinople and Alexandria. The retreat of Alexander was parallel to the sea line, and had he had the means and knowledge which Russia has now he would most likely have gone to India by sea. Apropos to holding India. A writer in the Agra Uckbar has very powerfully shewn that Lord Ellenborough's *Somnauth gates* affair has been most useful in securing our power over India, and has had a very extended beneficial effect. He says every Mahomedan in India crowed over our destruction at Cabool; that everywhere their insolence had risen beyond the control of the civil power and the Hindoos were likely to be crushed; but the triumphant removal of the gates brought the Mahometans to their senses and restored equilibrium between the two religions. So much for the '*grand error*,' the '*horrible transaction*,' which made the little hair that old Indians have, on what they call their heads, stand on end! What is the first act of the directors after his departure? Laying upon three halfpence worth of salt at Bombay, a tax of two shillings! The people of that presidency are furious, they cannot live; troops and steamers are in requisition and a rebellion is apprehended"—it soon broke out.

"Lord E. is not to be replaced. I suspect his great talent was smothered in England under official details, but when he got to India blazed forth. We are lucky to have Hardinge: had a feeble man come India would be soon convulsed As for acquiring the Punjaub you may be

right, but to me it appears too far off; and we ought to put down our load of interior princes, and establish one concentrated just system for all our people before extending our sway. These interior princes get up a spirit of clanship for a moment against us, but their clansmen do not feel any real attachment to their tyrants. However it is no longer a matter of choice; we shall be forced to take the Punjaub: but whether we shall '*shilly-shally*' till millions of money are expended, or strike at once, God only knows. Doing it now will be less expensive, but Hardinge should command in person! Gough's soldiers will fight him through, but he will not find Chinese, nor have superior numbers as at Maharajpoor. The Sikhs are brave troops, and there will be more than mere fighting, it will be a campaign of more than one battle.

"To have Scinde quiet during that war will be a great thing, and I am trying hard to secure the good-will of the people. I make all the collectors and sub-collectors keep diaries of all orders they issue, and records of abstracts of all letters they write or receive: these I read and thus know what goes on, and constantly find things to check. It is enormous labour, added to the reading of all trials and all the examinations of witnesses before trial to find whether the culprit should be tried by a military commission or not: but thus I see where oppression goes on, and find plenty, not by English but natives. Kardars and policemen I smash by dozens. Not long since a lieutenant of police levied money from a poor village; the people remonstrated, he flogged the spokesman; it came to my ears and he was sent a prisoner to the centre of the village, where his uniform was stripped off and the two dozen lashes he had inflicted on the villager were repaid him in kind: he was then turned loose. Another kardar of immense power and influence was discovered cheating; he is now working in chains, has paid £500 fine, and lost his jaghire of eight thousand acres. Those in authority, you see, are milled very hard

by me, but it is necessary: and look at the result: an Englishman rides where he likes without an escort. Our police are admirable; a sharp discipline has made them as good as possible, and they fight well. The women are all delighted at our ruling; they say they had no peace before with the quarrels and wars of families, but now there is a '*bundibus*,' a rule, and all is quiet.

"My efforts are directed to get my engineer corps enlarged for the arrangement of canals or nullahs. For the two great points, after covering ourselves from the sun, is to master the robbers and the river: the people will then turn their rich country to account for themselves and the revenue. To get engineers is not easy. There is no expence spared to have abundance of civil servants with enormous salaries in India; but to have officers is less attended to, and there is a dearth of engineers for the works necessary to improve India.

"The taxation here is too high, though not higher than in India; but too high, and it must be lowered. This however is a very delicate operation, for the taxes are so ill laid on, that if you touch a bad oppressive tax before being prepared with a good one, you would ruin the revenue ere you were aware. The whole system must be revised; but that cannot be done till we are fairly established. Matters must stand nearly as they are, except the relieving of the poor labouring ryot, from whom half the produce of his land is taken; my object is to bring it down to one-third: increasing comforts will then increase industry. At first I thought a high tax would be a stimulus to greater exertion, and in some measure it is, but it must not overwhelm: the labourers we first hired at high wages would not work, and when checked went off. They have greatly improved since, and will even bear punishment rather than lose good wages: the more men get the more they want. As to commerce I have done nothing for it, let the devil take care of his own; I am anxious to have the ryots well off; to get

them to build houses and give up thieving. They have now had such a taste of high wages that it is not likely the Ameers could hold their ground if restored to-morrow. Every slave has defied his master: freedom is a lesson quickly learned!

"The surrounding tribes are a good deal frightened. Some thieves belonging to the Jam, or Prince of Beila, a chief of considerable power, had lately the insolence to make an inroad and carry off plunder. My *bill* was made up against the Jam, taking for items the word of the plundered ryots. The sum was large, and Ali Acbar my moonshee went in as vakeel with eighty of my Scinde horsemen as a guard. He demanded the amount under pain of my visiting the Jam in person, which would be more expensive to his highness: the money was paid, and Ali Acbar tells me the Jam pawned his sword to obtain it. He said however the ryots charged too much, but that I was king and what the king did was good. He complained likewise, that one of our commissariat men had defrauded him out of his taxes. On inquiry this proved true, the man was arrested, the sum refunded, and I sent the Jam a larger present than he had sent to me. His account was then fairly made out, and on the whole instead of losing he gained a trifle.

"With my horsemen I sent a huge grenadier officer, a very clever fellow, as my ambassador, with one or two of his like in the train, and my message was to this effect. The Jam's friendship was delightful and freed me from sorrow as I thought it would have become necessary to plunder Beila, which could only be a great vexation to me. Now, having heard he was at war with another tribe, if his foes entered our land we would fall upon them. This was, under my direction, told to him by Ali Acbar as a secret between Ali and me, but told to him in confidence by Ali as a friend. Ali believed it himself, for he had my orders to reconnoitre the road as for guns. This Jam is the greatest Belooch chief in the south; my advice to the supreme government will be to purchase his port of Soonomeeanee

the only one westward, and where smugglers, chiefly in opium, hurt Kurrachee and the Jam also. He will I think sell it with pleasure, and we shall open a traffic with Central Asia without going through the Bolan pass: traders will then come down by Khelat and the plains of Wudd. Oh! Lord! how my foolish head builds up castles in the air, as if I was but forty years old and had no masters! instead of being sixty-three and tormented by factious knaves. Well, if a few good foundations can be laid the castles may come, and my memory not be cursed in Scinde. The people will then look back on the battles as wholesome alteratives which made them free, and comparatively rich, instead of miserable slaves with a pitiful existence from rapine. I have before me specimens of opium, cotton, indigo, and soda, all good, though the method of preparation is said to be wretched, especially for indigo. Then our grain is very fine; so is our sugar: the soil is a rich alluvial soil, but sadly abandoned because of the thieves.

"As to the Edinburgh Review article on Scinde, here is a copy of what I wrote to Sir G. Arthur on the subject.

"—— I had never heard of the Edinburgh Review until your letter came. A more lying production I never read, or a more malicious one. For instance, they say, *I settled* that the turban was to go to the brother instead of the son, and that the proper way was by election. Now the writer knew well that he was telling a falsehood; he well knew the question had been put to Outram by the supreme government long before my time; that Outram had with care and diligence collected everything he could on the subject, and reported to the supreme government that Ali Moorad was heir; that the law and customs of the Ameers gave the turban to the brother; that the supreme government approving of his report decided that the turban was to go to Ali Moorad. Yet these gentlemen coolly lay it at my door, and abuse me for it, knowing perfectly well that it was Outram and Lord Auckland's doing, and that it was perfectly right.

"R. Napier, September 25th.—The moral effect of the great meeting has been unbounded. It has done more than ten thousand additional troops. All the leaders of the armies of Meeanee and Dubba, with their surviving warriors, congregated there from all parts at the mere word of the general who had defeated them, doing homage voluntarily, and confident in their security: and all Central Asia looked on with an inward feeling that no one of the courts of that enormous country could do so, or would be so trusted by its people. My chiefs came trembling; for many of them were shaken by the audacity with which rumours were spread, and believed by surrounding tribes that my intent was to massacre them"—these rumours were diligently promulgated and encouraged by the Bombay faction.—"Then crossing the river, with the concentration of troops, gave force to the reports: however, their confidence in my truth overpowered their fears and they met. They left me also in full confidence that each held secure possession of his property. The Ameers would not have dared to hold such an assembly.

"There were many other advantages also. Such as fixing their allegiance openly; for fearful of my vengeance many had never made salaam before. The salaam is the oath of allegiance, and to it they attach great importance; but the grand point was the moral effect. Lord Ellenborough's genius seizes what most other men pass unobserved: his war policy, as fools call it, has done more for peace here in two years than Lord Cornwallis's peace system would have accomplished in twenty. Had Lord Ellenborough been left to carry it through, a lasting peace would have been secured and a *people's* government commenced in India. Had Lord Auckland remained he would have made India a slaughterhouse, and he did make it a prey for robbers. The reason I am accused of loving war is very simple. *The man who leads an army cannot succeed, unless his whole mind is thrown into his work, any more than an*

actor can who does not feel his part as if he were the man he represents. It is not saying come and go that wins battles; you must make the men you lead, come and go with a will to their work of death. And this can only be done by stirring them up, by making them believe that you glory and delight yourself in your work. The man who either cannot, or will not do this, but goes to war *snivelling* about virtue and unrighteousness will be left on the field of battle to fight for himself."

Let Napoleon's letters to his brother Joseph in the Spanish campaign of 1813 be compared with this: they are twins!

"Therefore it is that my troops are by me made to believe that I am longing for a Punjaub war, which in truth I dread, utterly abhorring bloodshedding: but the soldier must not think so. Hence people say I love war, and so I do, as a man loves gambling though losing: it is very agreeable to command but it is not agreeable to fight a battle. If we have a Sikh war I suspect they will fight hard; they are very well armed, tolerably drilled, and have lots of artillery. Hardinge says we shall easily thrash them, and he probably has good information from the wise men of the East. It is curious that Outram never saw the Duke of Wellington at all. I do not know that he actually said he did, but he certainly gave it to be understood that he had been much noticed by him, and received letters for Lord Ellenborough and Sir H. Gough, desiring them to employ him.

"Henry Napier, Oct. 17th.—There is a row at Bombay and they have sent for one of my regiments in all haste. This is a fruit of having protected native princes within our territories, as Sir H. Pottinger and Outram wanted to have done with the Ameers: that is, paying British troops for assisting tyrants to rob their people in a way they dare not attempt without our protection! This is true Indian work, and but for Lord Ellenborough the Ameers would now have

been on their thrones, grinding the Scindees and Hindoos. Poor people! and supported by our soldiers!"

This was the beginning of the troubles anticipated by him in a previous letter: it would seem a stroke of Providence in rebuke. Outram and the Bombay faction had been vociferously proclaiming that the people of Scinde were universally discontented; that the assembly of chiefs was a farce; that they sighed for their patriarchal princes, and were only kept from a general insurrection by the enormous force Sir C. Napier insisted on having under him. It was said also, and this was the real object, that if the Ameers could not be restored it was imperative to remove the ignorant soldier, to quash his military ruling and substitute that of the "*mild, gentlemanly civil servants of Bombay*" who would instantly conciliate the justly-enraged people! Such mildness as the Torture Commission has disclosed for example!! In the midst of this clamour, a wide-spread, long-sustained, and most dangerous insurrection broke out in the Bombay presidency, and the "mild, gentlemanly civil servants" were compelled to draw troops from convulsed Scinde to preserve their authority at home! The Bombay government was a model of tyranny and mischief.

"The dirty petty warfare made on me since Lord Ellenborough went is a matter of course, but I feel sure if we come to open quarrel Hardinge will bear me through. He has been staunch between me and Gough, or rather Gough's staff, for Gough himself is all right, only *spancelled* by his staff; they wanted to tie my legs too, but I kicked the pail over and spoiled the milking! The Indian system is for the commander in chief to be *grand lama*, and do nothing but sign the letters that his staff write. On the 31st of August I paid into the Calcutta treasury a surplus revenue of sixty-seven thousand pounds sterling! So much for poor Scinde!

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Oct. 24th.—We had a great dinner

for the 13th Regiment, and I told them what was true; that while they were fighting the Affghans at Jellalabad, Dr. Buist and the proprietors of the Bombay Times were advising those Affghans, not to fight but to starve them into a surrender. On all public occasions I thus *pitch into* the Bombay Times, but never so much as last night when I justly attacked the proprietors. Meantime I have much worry with Gough, who is however an honourable good fellow: and indeed I have fought his battle more than my own, for his Indian staff wanted to put him in chains and take my command out of my hands. It is a long story, but Hardinge was staunch, and old Gough fair and honest as the day: however, the safety of Scinde and of the whole army were going to ruin, and if Gough had been my dearest friend I must have acted as I did; namely, writing to the supreme government a declaration that I was no longer responsible for the safety of Scinde. Ready, heart and hand, to execute Gough's or any other measures, but positively refusing the responsibility of measures which were in my opinion ominous. Hardinge has put me in my right place again, but much mischief has been done which cannot be undone.

"Hardinge has of course a thousand details to learn which Lord Ellenborough had at his fingers' ends, and knew a thousand times better than the civilian leeches who were around him; he stepped on shore a giant in Indian affairs and was the master spirit. But during the years Lord Ellenborough was studying India, at the Board of Control, Hardinge was fighting and has now to learn details, his labour is therefore ten times as great in that view. This enables all the curs to bark and yelp at me, and the world of little plagues opens in a way to fret the most patient. Here is one sample. They have at Bombay tried to make me pay *forty pounds sterling* for my breakfast and dinner, every day while I was on board a steamer on the public service!! Having refused, there will be a

world of letters before this attempt is repelled. I have not time for these bothers, and I much fear my friend Sir G. Arthur is not so sound as I thought him. Since Lord Ellenborough's departure marks of a small spirit have appeared: he has once or twice hit at Lord Ellenborough, in a way which I have so spurned that ill-feeling may be expected. The rest of the Bombay government detest Lord Ellenborough, and are all in one clique with Outram: Willoughby the secretary is his bosom friend. I have sent an answer to Roostum's petition, which last Pottinger has taken to the Queen! My answer went to Ellenborough and there was no time to copy it for you. I defy and laugh at these fellows."—This petition was a repetition of former falsehoods, and concocted at Bombay.

"We don't like to call our battle Dubba, because the skins of grease in this country are called Dubbas. All the boys were horrified at the name, and McMurdo rode about, bleeding like a pig from his wound, after the battle, to find another village to call it after; Lord Ellenborough has settled it for us. *Hydrabad.* The natives here have it, that I am going into the Cutchee Hills against Beja, and expressions of faith to England, with presents, are coming in from all directions: even from Herat and Candahar! Also offers from chiefs to join me with mounted followers &c. This fear or confidence is salutary, but it is not my intention to fill my camp with chaps who would cut our throats on the least reverse. My design at present is to go up the right bank of the Indus, or rather up the bason of the river to look about me, taking the Scinde horsemen as a guard: the Moguls, or *Mogullaes*, as the people call them.

"Journal, October 25th.—Our border hill neighbours are bumptious, and must be guided by rough or smooth means, the last best; but our villages and merchants must not be robbed and murdered by these fellows. The papers say the Bombay insurgents are as yet masters in the Marhatta country, and Sir Thomas McMahon is gone to Bombay

from Poonah. How is this? Methinks Sir G. Arthur's dear civil government, which he thinks so superior to 'a military government,' meaning mine, is put to its trumps by a few Arab insurgents! So far as I can make out this is a vile affair: these poor brave fellows are only standing up against a tyrannical fellow and we help him! My journey to the north cannot take place until I know what happens at Bombay.

"October 27th.—My barracks go on dreadfully slow, and the engineers' department fairly wear me out: some of the officers are active, but the workmen will do nothing; their idleness exceeds all belief. One fact of ordinary occurrence will suffice. When sick and sitting in my room at Hydrabad, my attention was fixed on some workmen, employed to draw bricks up a wall a little more than twenty feet high. Four men loaded little baskets, into which they put eight bricks and drew up one basket, mind! one basket in five minutes by my watch: thus eight men took five minutes to supply eight bricks to the workmen above, whose operations were exactly conformable! the idleness of both being dove-tailed and nicely fitted in by the putty of an interesting conversation.

"November 3rd.—The Bombay troubles seem over and I may now go to Sukkur. Confound the luck that makes me a general and not a sovereign! All the trouble, all the thought of a sovereign, but responsible to fools instead of to God! Oh! that I could begin the world again with my present knowledge, he would be a clever chap that could draw me from my plough. Well, such is our fate; he is weak in whom regret finds a port. There are two things necessary in this life: patience and perseverance. Some little of both belong to me, and for ever could I go on if there was an object; but there is not one, for the ruling of Scinde is not worth the exertion: all I do will be upset by fools after me, and the land will again be in misery. Were power vested in me, a civil government of its own people should be established in Scinde, and in fifty years it would regenerate that

people, if not squashed by our government. However I inoculate them as much as possible with justice and amour propre, this in time will do good."

This long meditated journey through the western hills to the north was now undertaken: it was designed not only to prepare the way for settling the hill troubles by war or negociation, but also to ascertain personally how his civil government had been enforced in the wild country west of the Indus. It was a journey characteristic of the man, bearing a flaming sword in one hand and the scales of justice in the other, and with strength of heart to sustain both though torn with conflicting feelings.

"Journal. Bazaar, November 13th.—I am two marches from Kurrachee, and now I need resolution; for Nowbut Khan having been captured in his old trade of robbery must be put to death. This is horrible work, and my wish is to be clear of public life altogether. Am I doing good thereby? God knows the life of this world is hateful to me, and but for those in it with me should not be mine. A tent and the desert, with little food and drink, is the life for which I was made. Let me to business, that is my resource.

"Nov. 15th, Truck.—Letters informing me the directors mean to take Cutch from under my command. This is another fling at Lord Ellenborough. They say I must necessarily be entirely ignorant of Cutch, and that the Rao can have no confidence in me. My answer is, that I have placed Colonel Roberts there, who has spent twenty years in that country and was the personal friend of the Rao! But arguments are lost upon such fellows. As to the fact, it gives me relief; the correspondence with Roberts was a heavy tax on my time. My only annoyance is lest they should oust that gallant and excellent officer from spite to me; for the baseness of the warfare against me at Bombay is indescribable. In answer to the confidence the Rao is said to have in the Bombay government, I have referred them to the confi-

dence the people of Kolapore, now insurgent, have in that government! The Rao has no confidence at all in the Bombay government, and is for ever quarrelling with it."

This Cutch affair was a miserable factious proceeding to insult Sir Charles Napier personally, under the guise of a state paper. His answer, given below, completely exposes the vulgar insolent ignorance of the secret committee, the selected statesmen of the Court of Directors.

"The governor general in council, Nov.—Honourable Sir. Being on the march I have not the letter-book of June 1843, but have a perfect recollection of my reasons for writing that dated 30th June, which, in despite of all I have heard to the contrary, remain precisely the same, and in obedience to your order I make the following remarks on the letter of the Honourable Court of Directors.

"1°. Of Cutch, its local history and its civil government, I perhaps know little; but I know the treaties of 1816, 1819, and 1832, which I imagine is enough, as far as the history of Cutch concerns us. I had no wish to see it attached to Scinde, but the contrary; to do justice to the government of Scinde would be enough for a far abler man than I am. Conscious of my deficiencies, I was sorry to have any connection with the civil government of Cutch; and the more so because I was extremely ill at the time, and a sense of duty alone prevented my giving up the government of Scinde, which I was advised to do for a time by the superintending surgeon Dr. Gray. I say this to shew that I was perfectly free from a desire to have any concern with the government of Cutch, to which I am obliged to give up more time than I can spare.

"2°. Having stated my personal repugnance to the annexation of Cutch to Scinde, I nevertheless saw very clearly the wisdom of Lord Ellenborough's conduct in this measure; because by 'its geographical position and features' Cutch is separated from the Bombay presidency and intimately connected with Scinde. The Runn of Cutch is a continuation

of the Gulph of Cutch; it connects that gulph with the desert boundary of Scinde. Thus these three strong geographical features isolate Scinde and Cutch, from Guzerat and India: Scinde and Cutch are in fact one province, as far as their geographical position is concerned.

"3°. As to their moral position, I have to observe that if two neighbouring countries, under the government of separate princes and divided by marked natural features, are very closely connected by fortuitous circumstances in the relations of life, such connection is an anomaly. I must take leave to doubt the fact here; for so far as my experience goes not any correspondence relating to the connection between Cutch and Guzerat has had place; but as to disputes much evidence of their hostile feelings, and the three treaties give evidence of this by providing against it, shewing that a hostile feeling exists in Cutch towards both the Gwicowar and Bombay governments. However upon that point I would advise a reference to Colonel Roberts, who, I believe, is generally admitted to have more local experience and more personal knowledge of Guzerat and Cutch, even to intimate knowledge of the inhabitants individually, than any man in or out of India. He has lived twenty years of his life in Cutch, and is the intimate friend of the Rao.

"Why the Honourable Court should suppose that the Rao has not as much confidence in the Scinde government as in that of Bombay I do not know. I shall be surprised indeed if I find any very friendly connection between the two provinces of Cutch and Guzerat; or any wish on the part of the Rao to return to his original connection with Bombay. Indeed I am convinced that there is not, and that his highness has the fullest confidence in the Scinde government, because he has full confidence in his friend Colonel Roberts, who has inspired him with confidence in me—a confidence I have done nothing to forfeit.

"4°. That some connection should exist between Cutch and Bombay is very natural. Scinde was hostile; Bombay

was an ally; that is, the Ameers of Scinde were hostile to Cutch, but not the people of Scinde: on the contrary they have innumerable bonds linking them with the people of Cutch in private life; bonds mercantile, religious, and from marriage. This, among other ways of knowing, is seen by reading the trials of offenders, in some of which there appears to be a complete and intimate connection in private life—not always I confess of a very honest nature! If a military government has disadvantages, as it unquestionably has, it also has advantages; and amongst them is that the chief knows most of what passes, and naturally acquires a greater general knowledge of facts which are in civil government absorbed and lost in departments. Now I venture to say that if the rooted hostility of the Ameers to Cutch has not been able to separate the people, and I assert that it has not, the friendly intercourse now daily and rapidly increasing, will soon incorporate these two provinces in their moral relations as completely as they are in their geographical position.

"5°. There is also an administrative and therefore an important view to be taken of this subject. Since I have had to do with Cutch, it has come to my knowledge that the robbers of the desert tracts bordering the Runn are, many of them, Scindees who have defied equally the Ameers the Rao and the ruler of Guzerat: and yet each country became an asylum to the pursued robber, for in each he had allies. These men I have by Lord Ellenborough's instructions—his lordship seems to have been quite master of the subject—endeavoured to conciliate. I employed Colonel Roberts, who has long known these people well, and he has succeeded. Numbers had left the Delta of the Indus and settled in the Thurr or great desert as thieves, because of the tyranny of the Ameers; these people have now returned to the Delta and settled down as cultivators. What has this to do with Cutch being under the Bombay government? A great deal in a country where barbarism has so long ruled.

"These wild tribes laugh at the Bombay government. They neither confide in its protection nor fear its anger. But the military governor of Scinde they do fear, because they well know he could, if they were disobedient, be amongst them in a moment at the head of an army! These people are essentially soldiers; they hold civil rulers in contempt, and a corporal at Hydrabad would have more influence than the governor-general himself at Bombay. I had proof of this. Those very robber chiefs all became submissive from the day we won the battle of Hydrabad. Two days after that battle I wrote to threaten extirpation if I heard of any opposition; and from that time they have been quiet, and some of their chiefs, then resisting, surrendered. Before that time they laughed equally at the Gwicowar, the Ameers, and the government of Bombay. They all know that Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts has great influence with the Rao and with me; and that I decide all references by the strictest justice so far as I am able. I have therefore reason to believe that the people of all that district, and of Cutch, and the Rao himself, have full confidence in the Scinde government. Especially as I have, once or twice, shewn the Rao that we consider the paramount power to be so paramount only as regards justice, and on other points are desirous to leave the native princes independent: and in fairness to the Rao it must be said, he seems disposed to be just in all ways, and to all people.

"6°. As far as regards administrative acts and references, the government of Scinde is closer for communication than that of Bombay.

"7°. On the subject of religion the Honourable Court of Directors does not seem very correctly informed. The number of Hindoos in every part of Scinde and especially in the Delta is very great: the majority of the people are Hindoos, so far as I can ascertain. There is assuredly no bar to a strict relationship between Scinde and Cutch on the

score of religion, the connection appears complete in this matter. Nearly all our artificers are men of Cutch, who would not live in Scinde under the tyranny of the Ameers, but are now daily establishing themselves there.

"8°. Now for the military view of this subject. In stating what appears to me the truth, I must premise, that no wise man will in his political arrangements take for certain the peaceful state of a new conquest on which to base his measures. I probably rejoice in the tranquillity of Scinde more than any other man, because I am in a great degree responsible for it, and no man has more confidence in its continuance; but I am not blind to the fact that accidents may break that peace. We have shaken hands with the Beloochees, but with *bloody hands!* There is scarcely a family in this land that did not lose men in the sanguinary battles which were fought. These things are not forgotten, though I believe they are forgiven, because the Belooch glories in the death of relations who fall in battle. Besides, I have given every Belooch chief all that he possessed under the Ameers. No chief has suffered in his interests, many have gained; and the poor have gained enormously. An ancient chief said to me last May, as he grasped my hand after making salaam, I come to make salaam to you as my chief, but I fought at Meeanee. Eighty of my own family died in that battle, and now I am ready to die fighting by your side and under your flag!

"Such are the military feelings of these men. But would not this old warrior in one moment draw the sword against us if he thought he had a chance of victory? He is a faithful subject while it is convenient, nor can we expect it otherwise for some years. To legislate or administer the government on the basis of this chief's loyalty would be a gross error: he bowed to me as a victor, and as one who returned to him all he before possessed. Remove me and let the operations of a civil government, or civil servants,

affront him, and he will take arms in an instant, but not against a general. I therefore repeat, that the present tranquillity of Scinde cannot be reckoned upon as foundation for the separation of the two provinces. I have given help to Bombay within the last month, but confess to doing so with reluctance; not from any doubt, having none, of being able to hold Scinde with half my present force, but from fear of tempting revolt and having blood to spill: for the Bombay Times is quite capable of telling the people of Scinde that I am compelled to send troops to Bombay, and that now is the time to rise upon their conquerors; and this might draw the hill tribes down upon us.

"9°. Having thus rejected even confidence as to tranquillity, I will say, that the Delta is a district intersected by water nullahs of all sizes, and is at certain seasons full of swampy jungles: there are also desert tracts of sand hills. The tribes inhabiting it, being thus protected, and having long had a retreat open to the great desert, or to Cutch, are very wild and resolute, and a revolt there would be difficult to subdue. The state of the Delta must, therefore, for some time be a source of anxiety to the governor of Scinde. But if the force in Cutch be in good hands it would co-operate with troops from Hydrabad Omercote and Kurrachee, and the revolters attacked on all sides would lose the game. They know this, and that I can surround them. Take away this power by putting Cutch under the Bombay government and a civil servant as political agent, and that frontier at once becomes morally weak; for these people have no idea of the troops being under one person and the civil government under another. These countries cannot be ruled by the mere official arrangements of a civil government. The rulers must be for some years military, and enter into frequent intercourse with the chiefs, forming the best judgment they can of the character of those warlike chiefs and of the mode of dealing with them; and they form a tolerably

correct opinion of our characters. Nature simple, and military nature, must be both studied in dealing with barbarians. They will not submit to theoretical arrangements made in the closet of non-military men, crossing their habits and offending their prejudices every hour of the day: to a soldier they readily bow in submission.

10°. Having said so much, let me add that I see no other objections to the restoring of Cutch to Bombay. I did not try to get it separated, and shall rejoice in its re-annexation. I am accused of having been the cause of Mr. Lumsden's removal"—a political in Cutch. "Lord Ellenborough will vouch that I was not. I never sought Mr. Lumsden's removal, except from the military command of which he was incapable: that I treated Mr. Lumsden unfairly is utterly false. I remember that he was constantly asking for my instructions, and I was unable from my distant and isolated position to give him any, and constantly told him so. The result was, that had a guerilla war broken out in the Delta the force in Cutch would have been useless. And if the governor-general will call for my report to the Bombay commander in chief, relative to the case of Captains Davis and Blood, he will find there was a narrow escape from a great catastrophe at that period: this danger was produced by the political agent having the command. Had Captain Davis's detachment been destroyed we should probably have had a protracted sanguinary warfare, if not another general action in Scinde.

"I am compelled thus to mix up private matter to explain why I wanted a military commander; but so far from being hostile to Mr. Lumsden I had and expressed great respect for his zeal and activity, which were doubtless useful and efficacious in his own calling, but very dangerous to mine! Nevertheless, while regretting that anything unpleasant should give Mr. Lumsden annoyance, I see very clearly the advantage of Lord Ellenborough's measure, uniting

Cutch to Scinde: that master hand placed all things in a sound and stable position in India!

"11°. Since Cutch has been under the government of Scinde my confidence has been entire in Colonel Roberts, and I am well convinced if war broke out Cutch would give great assistance, which it did not during the last war; nor do I believe the political arrangements have suffered under the direction of the present able agent, but the contrary. I am very anxious that the East India directors should justly estimate the ability and zeal of their excellent servant, Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts. Examine the results of the last year of Cutch administration, and compare them with any year of any other political agent under the Bombay government: then justice will be done to one of the most distinguished men in the Indian army.

"12°. As to the '*History of Cutch*' I believe no man in Bombay is more master of it than Colonel Roberts; also, '*with all the circumstances of Cutch*,' whatever they may be; but which I repeat are chiefly referable to our treaties. With those everybody is as well acquainted as the Bombay government can be. Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts in my judgment knows much more of Cutch, '*its history*' and '*its peculiar circumstances*,' than any government can know, because his knowledge is the result of many years' personal residence in Kutch.

"13°. With regard to records: as Scinde and Bombay belong to one government, I am not aware of any advantage the information they may contain gives to one or the other local government. They are mere deposits for rare and accidental references on a few unimportant matters of detail. As to my being '*necessarily and completely ignorant of what has been previously done, and of the peculiar circumstances of the country*,' I will not dispute the very decided opinion which the gentlemen who sign the letters seem to entertain of me, and which may be just: but I see

no reason for its being necessarily so; because a little energy and reading teaches men what has been done, and informs them as to the peculiar existing circumstances, and of what ought to be done.' However I certainly agree to the propriety of no longer entrusting Cutch to the charge of so unfit a man. But it is said that I am unfit '*even if perfectly informed; and my incapacity for a long time to come, to acquire the confidence of the prince and people in a degree comparable to that in which it is possessed by the government with which they have been so long and intimately connected.*' To this I have nothing also to object. I have nothing to boast of but my zeal for the service of my Queen and of the Company, and must leave this assertion of confidence in the Bombay government unanswered, unless by the events of Kolapore and its neighbourhood "—rebellion there raging—"which do not seem to prove that a long and intimate connection with the Bombay government is synonymous with 'confidence.'

"14°. It is my opinion that unless Cutch is annexed to Scinde; the commander of the latter province ought not to have any control over the troops in Cutch, for this simple reason; in peace it is not necessary and adds to the separation of the troops from the Bombay commander in chief; a separation which is a great inconvenience, rendered necessary as far as Scinde is concerned, but not so as to the garrison of Bhooj. I conclude by repeating that the geographical position of Scinde and Cutch unites them in all relations of life, civil, religious, commercial and military; and that it naturally severs the Rao's country from Bombay, as regards its internal arrangements. That I am not aware whether his highness has any particular desire to be annexed to the Bombay government, but this point can be decided by asking him. Finally I repeat that personally I am delighted to have no further concern in the political relations with Cutch. I rejoice to be released from labour;

but have nevertheless written what in my belief is true regarding the annexation of Cutch to Bombay.

"P.S.—It is curious that while enclosing this letter, an application came from several hundred people of Cutch, for land in Scinde wherever I chose to give it them. They are said to be expert cultivators and good industrious people, and the deputy-collector tells me they are men of respectability."

FIFTEENTH EPOCH.

SECOND PERIOD.

THE exploring journey interrupted by the memoir on Cutch is now to be resumed.

"Henry Napier, November 17th.—I am as strong as Red Rover, and am going to settle the robber tribes. Fitzgerald has caught one great chief. He was in a camp sixty-five miles off, but Fitz in one night reached him with the camel corps at a moment when his men were out plundering and only forty with him. He fled with some others into a large field of corn. Fitz sent some policemen round and dashed into the field, where the police cut down the chief's son and nephew and took him: I will hang him. This finishes one band of robbers and murderers of the poor ryots. Another great chief, who heads five hundred robbers, has devastated the west bank of the Indus for a year; last month he plundered a caravan from the Khorassan, carried off seventy-five loaded camels and slew six helpless camel men. I offered a thousand rupees for his head, and the famous old Belooch chief, Wullee Chandia, true to his king as he calls me, brought him and another in prisoner. I think now to make the right bank of the river as quiet as the left: but I must hang all my prisoners and it is very painful.

"All the people are rejoicing at the capture of these murderous fellows. A man placed as I am must have nerve for his work, but it is very painful. May God make just my decisions, for my mind being once fixed I strike! If self-defence is permitted I am justified to kill these men as if struggling for life with an assassin: this some think contrary to the Christian religion; perhaps so, but then

government must cease and ruffians rule, and human nature cannot go this length. Hence, with a heart free from all feeling but that of duty to society, I will put down the Scindian robber in three months, unless it be God's will that I should fail. I labour indeed hard to do right: I could neglect my work and get more praise, but doing so should not see Scinde prosper; and even should it prosper my conscience would be ill at ease: now I sleep well. Yet I please not the Court of Directors. They have taken Cutch from me to give to the Bombay government, which is a rotten one and the present insurrection is a proof of it: by all accounts it is a gross and cruel affair on our part.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—I will answer your questions about Dubba, namely—Could you have menaced Dubba with your left, and pushed the cavalry of your right, sustained with some guns and infantry, towards the wood where you suspected the ambush; then passing the nullah with your left and centre have driven the enemy in a confused heap upon Dubba, where your left was holding them in check? This is nearly what did happen, but by accident, though I at first thought of it, for Blenheim came into my mind where something of the kind happened. While examining the enemy's line I was under fire of guns directed at my large staff, and one shot went close to my face and into the heart of a 22nd grenadier. This did not help thought, though it did not much disturb it; but what most annoyed me was that the men were under a cannonade the moment we formed line, and it would not have done to go back then, no, not for ten yards. Even a seeming hesitation would have been bad. All the houses of the village were loop-holed and perfectly concealed in front, but were open to the river, and by a bold examination of their right this would have been discovered: an abler man would have done so. It was a fault that cost many lives, and would have given me deep regret had it arisen from carelessness: but it was only want of experience in command.

"Henceforth my care shall be to closely examine an enemy's flanks. But had the doing this at Dubba obliged me to put off the battle for a day it would have been wrong to do so, because the English high spirit would have been weakened, and the Belooch spirit increased thereby; or, what I very much feared, the Beloochees would have avoided a fight and thus delayed the conquest for a year, if not longer. It is very hard to be a general. Some men grow excited in action. I do not, and at Dubba felt sure of success; but I was hasty. Not suspecting there was a village, or that the Lion's right reached to Dubba, I attacked, hoping to turn him by rapidity of movement, doing what appeared to me best at the moment. It does not appear to me best now; but I like to talk it over with you, because it impresses the various views of a battle on my mind and if we fight again I shall profit by our discussion: a hundred times during the day I wished you were there.

"My time is now occupied in opposing all sorts of petty attacks from Bombay and head-quarters. Hardinge supports me well, but those fellows do not fear him yet; they trembled at the very name of Ellenborough, and do so still. You will believe that I do not submit, but am hampered by the fear of adding to our friend Hardinge's difficulties, and to make petty complaints is disgusting: but my position is changed. I am a hedge-hog fighting about nothing; yet obliged to fight or be trampled upon, and allow Lord E.'s measures to be assailed through me. The present insurrection of the Mahrattas will shew that Lord Ellenborough had no time to lose at Gwalior; and also how unfit the Bombay people are to govern. By all accounts the poor people have been driven into rebellion, and the papers say Sir G. Arthur has given full powers to Outram to settle all by his magic name! Had he been at Meeanee they would not by this time have allowed me to have been in the action at all."

This supposition was not extravagant. After the battle of Waterloo, the editor of this biography happened to enter the Duke of Wellington's opera-box in Paris, on some business. The duke was sitting alone in an upper dark corner of the box, the seats in front being filled with fashionable London men and women, who were with great volubility discussing the battle and assigning all the honours to the cavalry. The duke listened, laughed, and in a low voice said "I have told them that the British infantry won the battle, and all our battles, but it has been intimated to me that I know nothing of the matter, and I expect soon to be told I was not there." To return to C. Napier who was now meditating a great project, namely the entire subjection and civilization of the Cutchee hill tribes. Carefully he rolled it over in thought, for it was one of infinite difficulty; more so than the conquest of Scinde even, yet absolutely necessary to render that conquest available for good government. For these tribes were laying the frontier waste, bringing contempt on the Scindian government and likely to swell from bands to armies, and to produce a terrible warfare. But the strength of their rocky hills, their numbers and warlike habits presented such obstacles to their subjection as were generally judged insurmountable: even to get at them a desart was to be passed, and they held all the watering places. At first he only aimed at Beja Khan, but by degrees the greater plan of operations took form in his mind and were finally executed.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—As to my plan against Beja, my troops in the north shall assemble at Rojan, and the Khan of Khelat has promised to meet me at Dadur, a meeting asked for by me under pretence of a conference on his own affairs. That place is only ten marches from Rojan, and instead of returning by Bagh, I shall strike off to Sebree and Lheree, sweeping the hills, while the force from Rojan moves rapidly upon Poolagee. Beja will thus find me on his rear before he suspects my intentions.

This seems simple, but is in execution most difficult. Troops must be moved over a desert and through mountains, with much privations, and my age disables me as to the personal labour required to stimulate soldiers to endurance: and when they lie down to sleep I must write. Pretty refreshments for an exhausted man! Some of the marches also are likely to be in snow, and cold is death to the poor Sepoy, while the heat of the desert kills Europeans. The passes also will be formidable, and if the Murrees should turn out foes there will be many defiles to deal with. These Murrees are the men who defeated Clibborn and destroyed Clarke, and though success seems to me certain, defeat would be equally so if want of caution gave those warlike men an advantage. One failure in such rugged passes would be fatal; yet knowing my own caution I feel safe, and if any accident happens to me, Hunter is as good a man. In the Scinde campaign it was different; then the common talk in camp was, that they were gone if harm befell me.

"I shall take foot artillery, being sure they are best in mountains; they jump off the gun in an instant and on again, whereas the horse artillery have led horses to mind while their riders are with the guns: this where all are entire horses and fight like devils is inconvenient: then again, more forage must be carried. If there are very bad passes the guns can be taken to pieces, but the horses add to the delay, by as much as their number exceeds that of a foot battery: this is a trifle, but on such occasions trifles tell heavily. Foot artillery can move as quick as horse artillery, or any infantry, on a mountain road; the men always walk half the march, but the horseman never. It is one thing to jump off the limber and clap shoulder to wheel; it is another to dismount and give your horse to a comrade, run forward twenty or thirty yards to the gun, assist to pull it through a difficulty, and then with a great sabre and iron scabbard clanking at your heels go back to remount! No

9-pounders for me where only 4-pounders are to be opposed. The Sepoy has not muscular force for working 9-pounders, nor have the little Arab horses weight for drawing heavy guns. My plan is to have light 6-pounders with a great power of draught. I have furnished 125 horses to a foot battery; the Bombay and Bengal regulations allow but 87. I wanted 135 but could only get 125: however this horses us well, to the great displeasure of the Bombay '*Milantery Board.*'

"I have not yet seen the Bengal artillery. I sent a Bombay battery to Sukkur some months ago, and hear its beauty and condition excited great admiration. The Bombay troops are a perfectly different army, low caste, obedient hardy, brave; the Bengal Bramins, brave enough I believe but far from having good order; at least our Queen's officers, who have seen both, speak of the Bombay being, except in caste and stature, far superior. The 9th Bengal Cavalry when with me were admirable, so I am inclined to like the Bengalees; but I know no other Bengal troops well. They are giants, a European regiment beats them in breadth perhaps, but in height, bah! The latter regiment in our army, Guards excepted, would average two inches below a tall Bengal regiment. The Bombay men are short. The Mahratta regiments even little, but active, hardy, daring chaps, worthy of Sevagee himself. I am now getting some mountain guns ready to put on camels or mules. It is everything to have a gun up, no matter if it carries but a pound-ball; it has a moral effect, and it is not common sense to apply rules for fighting a French force to fighting an Asiatic one. I admit the superiority of a 9-pounder, its showers of grape and other advantages when a French eight is to be engaged, but here it is paying too dear for our whistle. As to myself I am conscious of having gained much as to a battle: I cannot describe it, but feel myself a better man, and able to attempt, not more perhaps than I have done, but with more confidence."

The editor of this work heard precisely the same sentiment from the Duke of Wellington. Conversing on a military question the duke said. "I have fought many battles and have acquired an instinct about them which I cannot describe, but I know how to fight a battle." Charles Napier thus continues — "Asiatics love a position. At Meeanee and Dubba there was no means of manœuvring much, because their flanks were secure: but where the ground admits of menacing their flanks, my opinion is that their most powerful armies may be defeated by small numbers. The Sikhs have a powerful artillery, but if I am opposed to them my efforts shall be to make it move under a cannonade, and I imagine it will be so slow that we may force their infantry to action without guns. This brings me to old Gough, who got so mauled by the Mahrattas' guns at Gwalior. He and I quarrel sadly: not personally but about the mutiny. When it broke out I was going to seize the ringleaders, to shoot them, and try Colonel Mosely, being resolved to let no man escape, especially officers, who might be in fault. Soon I was interfered with. The Indian adjutant-general was furious at my having the immense power of disbanding regiments given to me by Lord Ellenborough; furious also that General Hunter had been appointed by Lord E. to Scinde without his, the adjutant-general's, leave—he, a captain! for he is lieutenant-colonel only by virtue of his office. The judge advocate general also interfered; not liking me for a blowing-up I had given him previously. Moreover a Bengal staff jealousy existed, for I am a Bombay general commanding Bengal troops: this is Indian! These things led them to push Gough unwittingly to mischief.

"The hill tribes are collecting near Dadur, giving out that they are to meet the Khan of Khelat. My opinion is, that they hope to find me there in an unprepared state, and mean to fall on me: my force however shall be able to cope with all their tribes. Their recent defeat made me sadly

afraid that a native officer detached by McKenzie had cut down some poor cultivators, and a strict enquiry left it doubtful. Nothing could be proved, so I thought the most likely way to give a merciful tone to the troops was to put in orders that there was no reason to believe they had disgraced themselves by killing innocent men. My secret fear is however that it did happen, but by mistake, which could easily be; for the villagers being armed there was not the least difference between them and the robbers in appearance. Three months ago four dragoons were left for dead in those parts but recovered from their wounds; my police caught three of the assassins, and searching for the other two it turned out that they had been killed amongst the '*innocent cultivators*' who had been slain by McKenzie's men! This is a rude way of settling such matters, but these border tribes are all so linked together, and their acts so murderous, that strict rules of justice cannot be applied; the weak, unprotected real cultivators would be driven away.

"Beja Khan Doomkee, the principal offender, was I believe foully treated by Captain Postans: at least our officers say so. The truth I know not: but that was long ago, and he was only confined with honourable treatment some months in Bukkur. He afterwards entered into treaty, and was in no way warranted to make an inroad and kill two hundred grass-cutters, poor unoffending people of Hindostan. He is frightened at my going up, and his two sons, or nephews, lately went to Hunter to ask if Beja would be received to make salaam. My answer was. Give these men the necessary time to repass our frontier and then, if caught, hang them as I will Beja when taken. He has now, it is said, devoted himself to Mahomet, dresses in black, and has divided his property, resolved to die a '*Gazee*' sword in hand. I dare say he will find plenty who won't spare him, but these fanatics are very dangerous; if you shew the least mercy they are upon you unawares. Beja Khan is one of those robbers that must be hunted

down; and I feel very little disposed to treat the Lion much better—he is the instigator of these forays. My intent is to send him word, that as a brave enemy he is respected by me, but if he is found amongst robbers and murderers he must expect to be treated as they will be.

"You will see, that though I have caught several mountain chiefs and am bearing heavily on the robber the latter is still a very dangerous fellow, and must be cautiously dealt with, especially in his own hills. Their trick, if they meditate war, will be to let me in between two passes and then shut both: they have done this with large armies more than once in their history. These barbarian tricks are indeed stale, but not the less effectual if not prepared for. The Emperor Acbar lost an army in this way; so did the Romans at Thrasimene. Four years ago poor Clarke was thus entrapped in these very hills between Noofusk and Sartooff, and was there destroyed with all his men, save one, a camp follower: this man was allowed to carry the news to Major Brown, then himself shut up in Kahun and within sound of the firing.

"Doobah, Nov. 20th.—This was a dear day once. Thirty years have since passed, and now I know what life is and that all is folly but death! And then? Well, whatever our trials are, 800 millions of human creatures have the same, and I am not a man to shrink from what fate ordains!

"Nov. 21st, Guibee.—A good spot for a camp. Plenty of good water, which they say grows bad in December; but non credo: it is full of fishes, and methinks Johnny Fish would not thrive if his water grew bad. I tried to go up the mountains, but, alas! a shortness of breath has lately come upon me, and will be my death when the hour comes: well, everybody dies for want of breath, so be it.

"22nd.—Still Guibee. Made two excursions: one to the Keerta range, the other to Ahmed-Khan-Ka-Tanda. The youngsters shewed me the difference between thirty and sixty-three with a witness, going up the mountain. Oh!

youth! we know not what we are till age comes, and then too late. Now, is it not too bad of Dame Fortune to love me when I am too old, having neglected me in youth?

"Pokrun, 23rd.—Good place, fine water: but I am now decided that our sanatorium should be, not here but at Manoora point, near Kurrachee, or at Clifton, where the cool sea breezes prevail from May till September. To establish a sanatorium here would cost money which had better be laid out at Manoora: moreover sick men require cheerfulness, and these places are beyond the land of the living; and the mountaineers at least could not be trusted. This country is an immense dead level so far as I have gone, that is, above a hundred miles. Running through it are parallel ridges or rather walls of steep rocky mountains, rising at once from the dead level: there are no valleys properly speaking, but level plains from five to twenty miles broad, and from twenty to one hundred long. The rocky ridges rise in some places one hundred feet, in others certainly three thousand! and so strongly marked by strata, that more than once I went out of my way to convince myself they were not ruined walls. The intermediate plains are often gravelly near the rocks, but the general character is a rich alluvial soil, with plenty of brushwood and low stunted trees, chiefly the babul, bear tree, peelu and tamarisk: there are many other sorts unknown to me, but all stunted. There is also grass, some officers saw deer, and probably there are hogs, partridges in '*quantita*,' as the man said to the pope.

"I am now more than ever satisfied of the immense resources of this great country, and were I a king twenty-five years old, and to live to my present age, it should be made a paradise and the treasury of the world. I would make the Indus move like a child in a go-cart; every canal should have clean banks with edges of cut stone; there should not be a marsh not a swamp in the whole land. The houses should be high, with thick walls and enormous verandahs, I would defy the sun by the style of building;

and where no water now is it should be made by damming! Then such railroads! There are none such as could be made in this pancake country: a few bridges would be all the expence. When I say it is a dead level it is speaking literally, having travelled eleven days without once having need to level the floor of my tent. We could have played cricket on every yard, save where cut by a watercourse: this is very curious. By the time I reach Sukkur Scinde will be known to me as well as to most men; and by the time I get back better than to most men.

"24th.—Halted at Pokrun. Here we found the Scinde horse encamped. I have attached two light 3-pounders to this regiment, and now reckon on it as a powerful arm. Jacob, its commandant, is an officer nearly spoiled by living with the politicals, who all imagine themselves generals, Outram at their head, and God knows he is far enough from that, having neither natural ability nor acquired knowledge. When I called him Bayard I knew little of him, and took the little on report. I have since learned the secret of his popularity: he lived extravagantly, and to do that in India is to be '*a capital fellow.*' Fill everybody with beer and you are '*a fine hospitable fellow.*' Get into debt thereby, and you are '*nobody's enemy but your own.*' In fine, live for the enjoyment of liquor, ask others to drink with you, and you are a Phœnix.

"Outram boasts that he held high political employments for twenty years, and was poorer than when he began! Why? because he lived extravagantly! I have been only three years in India, with higher rank but not much higher pay, and I have saved largely, doing nothing shabby I hope and certainly nothing disgraceful. I have not plundered, and have not taken a present, though offered thousands. I could, had I done as many did that could be mentioned, and that all the world do mention, have put many large sums in my pocket by my conquest of Scinde; and could still turn a pretty penny in Lord Clive's way, having all the arrange-

ments as to territories in my hands: that is, with Ali Moorad; with the Nawab of Bhawalpoor; with the Rajah of Jessulmere, and the Khan of Khelat: a gentle hint to my moonshee that a diamond is a nicer thing than a horse and so forth, would produce fruit, and the public be none the wiser. Nothing is so easy as for a man in my high position to cheat if he is a rascal.

"Louisa tells me we are not to have the prize money, and she is very angry: I am not. Well, returning to Outram: his secret was to treat, and at Bombay he has been puffed off to make Sir G. Arthur give him a place. Sir George is, I clearly see now, a tool in the hands of the puffers, a willing one I fear. The first thing that sharpened my eyes about him was, that when all hands were raised against Lord Ellenborough, after Meeanee and Dubba, he advised me to make it clear to the world that I only did his lordship's bidding like a good soldier: wise and prudent Sir George! Sir George! I watched you then! You gave me good and thorough support in the war, and I acknowledged it fully, thinking it voluntary: but since Lord Ellenborough left India! Well I will see more of you before condemning; for if you are indeed a true man you are a trump, and even if only a tool of others not a bad man, and this is the tendency of my belief. Vedremo.

"November 25th, Mullaree.—After passing Pokrun the character of the country changes; hills and rocky valleys succeed the dead level; the ridges of rocks close on each other, the country is wild, and the tops of the mountains like castles in ruins. The strata take the most strange forms, some are horizontal some perpendicular, and some circular or rather oval, and the mountains no longer spring up from a level. What has caused this circular stratification in the midst of horizontal strata? We are encamped on loose stony ground covered with petrified wood. The peasants say there is a mine of alum here. We have no

savans, are all benighted fellows, real sons of the sword, yet unable to trace where the iron lies of which our swords are made!

"November 26th.—Still Mullaree. Sent some of the boys to look for a fort, said to be in the vicinity. They had a difficult march of five hours over rocks. McMurdo describes it thus—'a series of fortified hills connected by lines redoubts and round towers, perhaps fifteen miles in circumference and all built of stone and mortar.' The hills are called the Rennie range, parallel to the Kundoor range. This fortified position I will visit on my return, for I cannot lose two days now, fearing things may go wrong in the north. Yet I do not want to get there before the fever ceases, for if I catch it my plans will fail and my job in the hills become a very ticklish one indeed: hesitation, or want of caution, or any mistake, will involve our ruin, and a repulse in these mountains is generally the forerunner of a massacre. The government of Scinde is indeed a boat among rocks which experience has shewn to me, and it will not do to change the steersman till we get through them. No man will give me credit for this tranquillity of Scinde, but I feel an inward pride in it beyond all the pride of victory.

"His sister.—My march is a picturesque one. At this moment, behind me is my Mogul guard, some two hundred cavalry, with their splendid Asiatic dress and the sun's horizontal rays glancing with coruscations of light along their bright sword blades. Behind them are three hundred infantry, the old bronzed soldiers of the 13th Regiment, the defenders of Jellalabad, veterans of battle: so are the Moguls, for they charged at Meeanee and Hydrabad, where their scarlet turbans were seen sweeping through the smoke and by their colour seeming to announce the bloody work they were at! These stern sunburnt men are therefore all tried warriors, and trusting to them I am threading these hills, fearless of attack though swarming

with robber tribes. On those picturesque horsemen the sun is gleaming, while the Lukkee hills are casting their long shades, and the Keerta range reflects from its crowning rocks the broad beautiful lights. Below me are hundreds of loaded camels with guards and drivers, rude grotesque people, all slowly winding amongst the hills. Soon a small camp will be seen in the jungle: my flag will then be raised, the long marching army will break and spread in succession, and then write! write! write! Such is royal life here, for it is grand and kingly to ride through the land that we have conquered, with the men who fought! Yet what is it all? Were I a real king there would be something in it—but a mere *copper captain!*

"Journal. Chorla, November 27th.—Left the camp of petrifactions and marched through a country of rocks hills and valleys, apparently the result of some terrible convulsion of nature. Never did I see a wilder country. The road for the most part very bad, over boulders. Once I saw the low range of small dark hills which we passed for three or four days, running as they do along the foot of the large hills like a fringe. They are not above fifteen feet high, and are of a stone so like a cinder that I should have taken them for cinders anywhere else.

"Peer Arec, November 28th.—Here Colonel Roberts defeated and took prisoner Sha Mohamed, the Lion's brother, in June 1843. Roberts heard that he was at Peer Aree and instantly surprized him, losing scarcely a man. He then crossed the river and menaced the Lion from the north, which steadied Ali Moorad, who was shut up in Sukkurfuda and from pure fear inclined to join the Lion. He well knew, and so did I, that a general rising was in contemplation the moment I marched in person from Hydrabad, and he, and all the Beloochees, thought fortune was forsaking me; he also had an infernal crew of Patans, who would have taken any side on the toss of a halfpenny. Poor Ali! there he stood afraid of me, afraid of the Lion, afraid of his own ruffians:

at once shivering and sweating. Roberts had orders from me, if those Patans were obstreperous to put them to the sword, for the time was very critical and the fate of Scinde not to be endangered by such Affghan robbers. Better that five or six hundred of them should be bayonetted than lose two or three thousand good soldiers by a guerilla war. This is war—I do not like war, but being in war I fix my eye on success and stop at nothing to attain what is honourable and just in war. I see no way of governing victory but by decision, or indeed governing anything.

"It is very hard to be decided. People talk of it and pretend to be so, but they are not; they want to be very sure, very just, very good, very right, and the time is gone by before they make up their minds. Oh! it is a very difficult thing to be decided, and to be so you must run great risks. When I resolved thus to massacre the Patans, all the horror of it was vivid, and all that good people would say, and think of me also. I knew also what my own feelings would be; but likewise I knew, if these men were to swagger and dictate another battle or two would be required for the conquest; that if my operations failed my army would be lost, and perhaps a general war all over India arise. And for what? To save the lives of an atrocious set of cut-throats! All this passed through my mind like a flash of lightning, and had those Patans played any of their tricks their lives were gone! The fight at Peer Aree decided the Lion's fate, and the Patans became lambs! Many of them are now in my police, very nice, well-behaved, honourable cut-throats; Dugald Dalgetty himself would be proud of them: five hundred handsome fellows, well mounted and ready to cut their fathers' throats if I ordered them. Some of them did good work lately under McKenzie against the hill robbers, their own kith and kin, and sparing was not the order of the day I fear.

"In these hills sentiment is reduced to fate, which is greatly addicted to calculation. There is my father, he has

a bag of rupees and no one sees us. I have a knife, he has a throat, it is my fate. This is Patan reasoning. Such men must not be played with in war. Nowbut Khan thought he and fate were a match for me: he has robbed and murdered for years and I told him he had better leave off; he would not listen, tried fate, is in my hands and will in a few days be hanged. He was right to trust to fate, but not to provoke her; they are widely different things: I trust fate, but do not defy her, being too much afraid of her!

"To-morrow I shall reach Sehwan, where Alexander built his tower, and I shall stand where he stood, as indeed I have before, but not on the known spot. Vanity! all is vanity! said Solomon and I have never doubted it: and have so little that if I could at once undo my battles and destroy all knowledge of my name this minute it would be done: but having studied war and mischief all my life, the 'love of trade' is in me, and I am not indifferent to success. Whoever has power is bound to do good, and if I have done evil God forgive me. He knows my best was done for what appeared to me right, and time will clear my name from the aspersions of unprincipled men like Lord Howick, who fancied he could gain applause by attacking me, however unjustly. And then those varlets Fonblanque and Eastwick. It is too bad to be frying here, and doing what these fellows could not do, and suffer their abuse besides.

"Sehwan, 29th.—Rode to the top of Alexander's tower, but do not believe he built it. It has circular arches of brick and the Greeks used the flat binding: the learned doubt if they knew of the circular segment in architecture. This is however an enormous mass of brick; nothing ever met my eyes before like it, so vast is the apparent solid mass; there are remains of towers on it also. To-morrow a minute examination if well, but there is fever in my blood. I seldom complain, perhaps only when most people would be in bed. It is better that life should go sliding away and then a sudden drop; but while it lasts let me be in harness

and die with my sword by my side like a gentleman: if in victory so best. The people here come from afar and squat down fifty yards from my tent to see their 'king.' Is this mere curiosity, or do they really think I protect them? They say yes, and I work hard to make it true. Whether I succeed is known to the good God and the Evil Spirit whose struggle produces our fate. It is said God afflicts us to prove us! Strange theory! I believe in his endeavours to save us from the devil, and that in death we shall belong to the power we best serve. In this life the evil genius has power over us, he clothes us with flesh and fleshly appetites; the mind struggles, and if, with the good God's help it controls the body we are safe, and the body perishes: if not hell has us, and knows what to do with its own.

"30th.—Still at Sehwan, having halted to find out truth. The poor people came to me with earnest prayers: they never come without cause, but are such liars and so bad at explaining, that were their language understood by me it would be hard to reach facts. Yet knowing well that at the bottom there is gospel; that no set of poor wretches ever complain without a foundation, here will I stay till the truth comes out and relief be given. On all these occasions my plan is a most unjust one. For against all evidence I decide in favour of the poor; and argue against the argument of the government people so long as I can. When borne down by proofs '*irrefragable*' like Alexander I cut the knot, and give an atrocious verdict against the '*clearest proofs*.' My formula is this. Punish the government servants first, and enquire about the right and wrong when there is time! This is the way to prevent tyranny, and make the people happy, and render public servants honest. The latter know they have '*no chance of justice*' if they are complained against, and consequently take good care to please the poor. If the complaint is that they cheat government, oh! that is another question; then they have fair trials and leniency: we are all weak when temptation is strong.

"Your 'doctrinaire,' who is incapable of ruling men, looks awfully grave when the poor complain: even majestic. He holds the scales with the dignity of Minerva herself; he puts all the arguments of one side—the lies of which he cannot perceive, but which nevertheless exist, into one scale, and all the blundering falsehoods of ignorant suffering into the other. But he leaves out human nature, he leaves out the gross ignorance of the sufferers whose agonies break down vulgar power of compression and expression, and, combined with terror of the great, drive them to desperation almost convulsive in their efforts for redress. Their struggling ignorance being met by the self-possession of power and education, and practice, and habits of intercourse with superiors, has no ability to unravel the tangle presented and flies to that resource of the weak, falsehood. Then your doctrinaire condemns them. Well, doctrinaires have not footing yet in Scinde, there are no whig poor-laws here. Oh! it is glorious thus to crush Scindian whigism! and don't I grind them till my heart dances. The poor fishermen who are now making their lying howls of complaint at the door of my tent are right, though I can't yet find the truth in the midst of their falsehoods.

"December 2nd.—Still Sehwan. I am by degrees coming to the truth about the fishermen of the great lake *Munchur*, which is between this place and the mountains.

"December 3rd.—Marched this morning, having penetrated the mystery. Formerly fishermen, and all people living on the banks of the lake, paid a capitation tax for licence to fish: this tax amounted to 2500 rupees. Four years ago Nusseer Khan, being here, found that the fish were abundant, and wild fowl also. The villain directly said, Your capitation tax is not enough, I will farm the lake, and he did so, allowing the contractor three fish out of every twelve caught. The people were discontented, but who could speak against an Ameer? Bah! Well, Scinde became ours, and I ordered everything to remain in statu

quo, except the transit duties and slavery. My collectors went forth, and five thousand rupees were bid for the fish contract on the lake. This year the contractor offered ten thousand, if the collector would allow him two fish out of every five taken; but he also takes two out of five wild birds killed. Now three fish out of twelve is 25 per cent., and Mr. collector, Captain Preedy, has without my knowledge raised it to 40 per cent. on the very poorest class of the population; and he has levied it on men already charged with the capitation tax for right to fish at all. Captain Preedy is an amiable man, and so religious he would not cough on a Sunday for fear of the devil, yet from sheer ignorance has done a deed of such cruelty here as is enough to raise an insurrection."

Here a cross note, written long after, says in very strong terms, that Captain Preedy did not err from ignorance.

"This discovery of oppression is alone sufficient to repay the trouble of my journey. How hard it is to govern and be just! Not one bit of this tyranny and folly could I get at the root of at first; nor should I at last, but for my fixed resolve to be unjust to government servants in the first instance. The poor people trembled at making a complaint, but finding I took part against the public servants plucked up courage, and by the help of Captain Lavie I got at the truth: henceforth the people shall give only three fish out of every hundred, instead of every five. They also lived on the lotus plant which grows on the lake, and two out of five were there again taken: the poor creatures dared not pluck a weed to eat without being taxed! This I have abolished altogether. These taxes would, they say, have produced 100,000 rupees yearly, but also would probably have called for two thousand more troops, and now I shall want two thousand less: thus my financial operation makes a difference of four thousand, besides rendering the people happy and adding to the renown of England. I shall have a fight to do all this, but the only way is to refuse to '*listen*

to reason and common sense.' Were I to do so the moon would be a cheese, fresh from Parmegiano. A man must use his own reason, not other people's: if he does not he is unfit to rule. Oh the doctrinaires! and political œconomists! Well did Napoleon say they would ruin the most flourishing kingdom in ten years! We are now come to where the villages have walls and towers of mud, being close to the hills where the *Lootoos* dwell. Loot means to rob, and these hills are full of Lootoos, but I will tame them. My hope is that when I leave the country the poor cultivator will be at peace and reap the fruit of his labour despite of Lootoos and Captain Preedy, who is a good-natured mischievous pavior of hell as one could wish to see.

"December 4th, Sha Hussan. — On Lake Munchur, skirting the Hala range. Strong rocky grand, fertile valleys, sheep and goats many. A great deal of cultivation, wild fowl innumerable. The villages numerous, large and fortified: we have left the howling wilderness. I feel very unwell and know not what ails me; my spirits flag in an unwonted manner: perhaps my end is near. Well, my race has been fairly run and death can be met.

"5th, Sheenie.—I discover new villanies every day. There is a poll-tax on Hindoos and Scindees, none on Beloochees. This must be removed, but cautiously; for the Beloochees are so close to the mountains that I dare not take them roughly by the neck as my desire is: everything must give way to the preservation of peace. A privileged class cannot be permitted; but if a country is to be made the seat of war by removing the privileges, it is better to await a more convenient time when my hand will be stronger: that is, after settling with the hill robbers. These I will press with all the power of civilization, and if instead of submission they shew fight, I think to give them a lesson of war that they will not recover before Scinde is so far advanced as not to fear them.

"December 6th, Joree.—Discovered that slavery is still

carried on here to a great extent. All sorts of atrocities are going on in Captain Preedy's district. I must send a *head* into this district.

"December 8th, Dreig.—My spirits are bad. Things do not please me, strange events occur of a dark nature: men receive warnings. I went back to my home the 12th of November when one march from Kurrachee, at the beginning of this journey; my horse fell and how I escaped is strange, for he rolled over me. I never quitted the saddle, and one foot was fast in the stirrup, yet I got free because my boot came off. Red Rover stood still, but he, my favourite horse, *fell!* Again I went to see the *Sir C. Napier steamer*, I fell down the hold, and that from the cabin, where I thought I was safe! These things affect me. Am I to fail or fall in the raid against the robbers? If to fall well, of that I am not afraid: but am I to fail?

"December 8th, Thubree.—Mr. Howell, the man who commanded the Ameers' artillery at Hydrabad and Meeanee against us, has been set free. My best has been done to effect this, for his story is doubtless true, namely, that matchlocks were placed to his head to force him to act: he has been two years a prisoner. When taken his conduct pleased me. To give him an opportunity of escaping I said, You are it is understood an American and free to go, though I might keep you as a prisoner of war. General I will not deny my country, I am an Englishman. Then you are a traitor and I must hang you. I hope not general. I am no traitor. Eight matchlocks were put to my head, I hope you will not put me to death, I acted against my will but I will not deny my country to save my life. Well Mr. Howell I will not hang you, but you are a prisoner. Lord Ellenborough wrote about him to the home authorities. No answer. Again Lord E. applied. No answer. Now, on my application, Hardinge has allowed me to dispose of Mr. Howell as I please, and I have let him out. Poor man, he has been in these countries since he was eleven years of age

and can hardly speak English. If he had fought for the Ameers it would not have been strange.

"December 9th, Goza.—Slavery: these villains carry it on to an immense extent, and treat their slaves cruelly. I have arrested several, and am marching them as prisoners meaning to punish rigorously: the whole country is in alarm, i. e. the slaveholders. This is what I want. They talk of *their property*—they bought the slaves. In fine I have a full dish of 'vested interests' 'rights of property' and all the cant of old; but being a sensible man the right of the child not to be sold or bought comes uppermost. My answers to the Beloochees, who argue their claims to slaves as well as if they were professors of Brougham's London College, are handcuffs, the scourge, and working on the road. Vested interests are violated, but the poor girls are saved from violation and let out of the hareems, and husbands and parents get back their wives and daughters. I have a gang of rich gentlemen trotting along with my Mogul horsemen, who don't joke except at their prisoners' expence, adding the slap of a sabre when they don't walk fast. I know better how to abolish slavery in my territories than the Whigs: it is only in this mountain district the slaveowners have defied me on this point, but their day is come.

"My lieutenant of police, Jemadar Abdool Sha, is a fine old fellow. Abdool were you in the Ameers' service? Yes Saheb. Were you in the battle? To be sure I was Saheb, but I am now your slave. Where were you? In the bed of the Fullaillee with twelve of my own followers; six were killed in the bed of the river, and then, Bismillah! I run away. What could I do? Everybody was running, six brave men of my tribe lay dead around me, what was the use of staying? I went off, and am now your slave. This chap will rout out the slaveholders.

"I am doing a world of good by this journey. One poor woman told me a rich villain had taken her daughter by

force, and would not even let her see her; she had been six months with him: a messenger has gone for my friend. Unscrupulous debauchery was the practice of the Ameers, and their sirdars closely followed their example: the rich Hindoos did the same; half the slaveholders are Hindoos. They dared not touch a Mahometan girl, but were welcome to take as many Scindee girls as they liked; and kill the fathers if they resisted. This was Major Outram's 'patriarchal government.' If killing fathers and husbands and ravishing wives and daughters be so, then was the government of the Ameers patriarchal in the extreme! And I, sinner that I am, have put it down!

"These hill robbers have increased their insolence, and I have ordered all villages to have a red flag with the name of the village on it in white letters, and when robbers approach the kardar is to hoist this flag and march against them at the head of his people if they think they can fight; but no villager is to quit his village armed except under this flag. If they meet our troops they are to halt and the kardar is to ride up singly, when the commanding officer will leave a man to lead the villagers. The kardars and head men of villages are also to visit the nearest outposts and see the troops on parade, that people and soldiers may know each other: this is the only mode to prevent fatal mistakes. The fact is that the frontier villagers are all robbers themselves, for those who are not have abandoned their villages.

"I have had sad work this day. A man was brought in desperately wounded by another, who was also brought by the villagers bound hand and foot. The assassin was of Nowsharra, on the left bank of the Indus. He swum, as these men all do, across the river on a blown skin and stole a bullock; the owner discovered him and seized his property, the thief drew a sword and ripped him up, but his friends came up and brought both men to me. The assassin was a thorough-looking ruffian; a commission sentenced him to death, and he was by my order hanged in the village.

I am right, yet miserable. Severe examples are absolutely necessary, for the country swarms with idle villains who could have plenty of work at high wages, but prefer robbing, although provisions are very cheap. A fish of two pounds cost me this day only a halfpenny, and the river swarms with them. The whole lake also covered with the lotus, which the people eat, and they have likewise wild fowl of all kinds: a man can glut himself for a penny, while wages, since we came and that I took off the tariff, are for common labourers sixpence a day. He uses no clothes and sleeps in the open air, as we all do; and in winter a hut of leaves supplies him with shelter; he can gorge and lay by threepence per diem. Is this a land to allow men to prowl in, robbing and murdering? No! I feel cast in the mould for government; nothing shakes or unnerves me, and though these executions make me wish for private life I must kill more. Nowbut Khan and Sobah Guddee must die.

"The tribes are collecting. They can muster sixteen thousand and I shall not have three thousand: these odds are stiff, but the robbers must be chastised or this land cannot thrive, and God has decreed that it shall be restored to comfort and freedom by me: this is fate; if it is not I shall fall in the fight, or be assassinated, or die of fever. The people everywhere come out to meet me, and bless me as I pass: is this slavery or barbarism, or fear of the victor, or honesty? People think I thirst for military glory! Oh God! I am not stone in my feelings. This day Thou knowest it. Every day Thou knowest it. No, I am not stern, I assume what is not in my nature to do my calling well.

"Dec. 10th, Maher.—The slave-trade is rife everywhere: it is a snake easily scotched but hard to kill. Yet kill it I will. Severity, injustice, violence, smite! smite! smite! If an oak is to be felled you must smite and not reason with spectators. I listen to nothing, and make prisoners of all accused, condemn without proof, punish without mercy,

and before January 1848, not a slave shall be in Scinde: if there are the owners shall hang, and possibly the kardar of the village also. I will cut down my oak. God has given man a right to freedom, and no right which man has given to man shall, under me, deprive him of God's gift. Shall I split hairs with ruffians about their self-assumed rights when a thousand people are awaiting my decision in agonies? He who is innocent must rejoice that he suffers for the good of society: Paley holds this doctrine on far less tenable ground. I am sick. I hope fever is not coming on, but fear it is, feeling very sick: hourly I break, but like a good horse mean to drop in harness without jibbing.

December 11th, Nusseerabad. — Wullee Chandia came down from his mountain to salaam. He has a fine head and face, and is quite different from what he was when expecting to be put to death. He is a fine old robber chief as ever I saw, nothing wicked in his look, yet resolute, and very earnest: his long snowy beard gives him a respectable appearance, and his high rank dignified manners.

"December 13th, Larkaana.—Did good work yesterday at Dadur. Wullee Chandia and Hadjee Khan were there. They came with all their under chiefs and followers to beg off the men imprisoned for having slaves. There was a large crowd of poor and rich. I took fire in excellent style, Kean never acted better, and the scene was perfect. I swore to bury myself and my army in Scinde or destroy slavery: I made my interpreter roar aloud, that the Queen was the *Father* of all the poor; that every poor person should be as free as I was myself; and having thus laid down the law in a way that no man there liked to dispute—Lo! the perfect freedom of Scinde!—I went off in a eulogy on old Wullee Chandia's high character, faith to government, and ended by giving him Nowbut Khan's sword and matchlock: which by the way I wished to keep myself, but thought it too like thieving.

"Muddunjee, 16th.—My resolution is to lower taxation.

Where we water the land the tenant pays half his produce in rent; where he waters it himself the government *sirkar* takes one-third, or two-fifths. This must be reduced, but with caution. I have located about two thousand people on good land, with two years' freedom from rent: they were followers of the Kallora princes and driven by the Ameers into the hills, where they have since lived as robbers, under the patriarchal government! They will now be good subjects attached to us, being real Scindees, not Beloochees, and they voluntarily offered to come in.

"December 17th, Sulleeance, on the bank of the Indus.—The village has been swept away by the river in summer: this is a common occurrence on the banks of this wild river, which is now rolling within thirty yards of my tent, a mighty stream some six hundred yards wide. It is quite quiet, and the moon glints on its calm waters, just showing that they glide along silent and deep: all is beautiful and tranquil—'*How beautiful is night!*'—and this is the climate of Thalaba! Is the destroyer here? He has left his traces in this noble country. More poor complaining people up to-day; they got redress and crowds blessed me: I hope their prayers are sincere. I do stern things for their sake, not unjust things for my own. Lord Howick called me a robber, adding murderer: base-minded fellow, he did so to pretend he was with the oppressed, and never asked if it was true! Had he said it over a bottle it might pass, but a deliberate charge in Parliament sitting as a legislator! Oh! it was worthy of the grandson of the old plunderer and refuser of quarter! Let Botta's Italian History of the American War speak for the conduct of General Grey.

"Sukkur, December 18th.—This day in 1842 I left this place as a major-general, having orders to force the Ameers to respect existing treaties and enter into a fresh treaty. I have been plentifully abused for obeying that order: yet none of the abusers say how a major-general on the Indian staff was to disobey direct peremptory orders from a

governor-general. Their ideas of military discipline must be very exact. I came to India at the age of sixty to provide for my children, and I was immediately to expose myself to be broke by a court-martial with disgrace, after fifty years' service, because a fool like Major Outram, and an abusive fellow like Dr. Buist, settled that barbarian robbers were to be allowed leisure to prepare a massacre of the British army. I was to correct Lord Ellenborough, get broke, leave the army to be destroyed, and go home Mr. Napier, with a wife and children to be starved, my honour lost, and the disgrace and bloodshed which would have followed in India all laid on my recreant soul! I had more honesty and more wit, and here I am, again hearing the people rejoice in my conquest of their country.

"December 19th.—Sent spies in all directions to discover Beja Khan's whereabouts, and also where his family is. I have written to the Khan of Khelat to meet me at Gundava instead of Dadur—saying I was an old man unable to journey so far as Dadur, and my soldiers are sickly. This shall be followed by an ambassador to persuade him to come to Gundava, thus to remove any doubts or fears; for these chiefs have a wholesome dread of me, most of them tremble from head to foot when they are first introduced: this is now wearing off, but they still fear. Brown goes to the Khan, who will be thus drawn to the south, for he has taken Poolagee—a trick in my belief. He and Beja agree in this mode. You take Poolagee, Khan, I fly to the hills, you tell the general how you have chastised me; he will be satisfied, you go back and I will gently steal to Poolagee, and *all right coachey*. If the Khan retires to Gundava and has really quarrelled with Beja, that chief will cut his master up in retreat. I shall thus discover whether the game is true or false, and at the same time will insist on the Khan delivering his subject, Beja Khan, into my hands. If he does not, and I know he cannot, Beja being a sort of Warwick, stronger than the king, then will I take Rojan and

Poolagee from him. For if a prince cannot prevent his subjects plundering a neighbouring territory he must not complain if that neighbour protects himself.

"20th.—Beja has fled to the Bhoogtee Hills: he shall be worked. I will seek an alliance with the Murrees, will halt the troops coming to me from Ferozepoor at Barra in Bhawalpoor, make them cross the Indus and attack the Bhoogtees for having received him.

"December 22nd.—Matters do not please me. First I see we are likely to have another Sepoy mutiny, from the errors of head-quarters. Second. The Khan of Khelat has beaten Beja Khan, which proves his loyalty but gives me little security for the future. However Brown shall go to him to see how the land lies; and if the Khan refuses to meet me it will be insult, and there will be a quarrel. I shall then take Rojan and Poolagee, and the former is really and of right ours I find: this will secure our frontier. If the Khan meets me, he shall occupy Poolagee with proper people, and I will include the Murrees in our treaty.

"December 23rd.—Saw the arsenal: it is in good order, and my little mountain guns are ready for running about the hills. I would not go to see the prisoners in the fort—poor men! And I was shocked to find that Hunter, who is nevertheless a man of great feeling I think, had not looked after these poor prisoners being cared for. When I spoke to him his observation was '*What signifies?*' Sobah Guddee is very ill and this way of running down one's fellow-creatures shocks me. These men are murderers, it is necessary to hang some, and Sobah Guddee is one; but we should avoid unnecessary harshness. They have been brought up to treat life as nothing, and to take it without mercy; but we have not, and we should think with Burns 'A man's a man for a' that.'

"Christmas day.—Great dinner. The officers made me speak. Lord Ellenborough's health was given, and received with extraordinary enthusiasm. I then got up, and in my

tent found the most kind and flattering letter from his lordship: this was curious. Superstition about these things is part of my nature. He, for the first time, begins, My dear general, asking to drop the official style. He gives me a curious sword, a *straight* Damascus blade: very uncommon. His whole letter seems designed to rivet our friendship, as if he had heard what I had just said of him at the dinner, which was simply this: 'Gentlemen I give you the great man who found India in gloom and left it in sunshine.' Shouts followed, and the band played, 'There's nae luck aboot the house.'

"26th.—Sent moonshee to the Khan at Chuttar. If we fail there, the Khan and Ali Moorad and the tribes will join together as sure as fate.

"27th.—Moonshee returned last night. The Khan sends me word he dare not meet me, as the Affghans would instantly be upon him and plunder Quettah, which we English call Shawl. He says he must go back, but I am welcome, on his retreat, to fall on the rebel tribes of Doomkees Jackranees and Bhoogtees. This suits me, as I was resolved to take that liberty whether welcome or not. He has evidently been worsted by Beja and dare not remain where he is; these robbers are very powerful and he cannot contend with them. He said to moonshee. You saw the sirdars around me, and amongst them Mahomed Shurreef, who the general let out lately: if I affront him the whole will leave me. I think I must thrash these chaps too, they are leagued with the robbers; but it will be hard to catch them in the mountains.

"28th.—Brown off to the Khan to get a letter, if he can, authorizing me to attack his rebel subjects. I have sent Simpson to organize the camp of the Bundlecund Legion, which is at Subzulcote, coming from Ferozepoor: he is to let me know what sort of troops they are. I can pass them all over the Indus in a day and march upon Deyrah, and have written to ask the Mooltan man's permission to cross a

small part of his territory. If he refuses, another road is open; but in that case he will be told he must not let the enemy into his dominions. The Murrees have also been written to, and if all these people play fair there will be a chance of catching Beja. But they will not, they will compel me to thrash them all, and my thought is I can do it though others who tried could not. My game begins to arrange itself pretty well in my head, but still great doubt remains of the possibility of doing anything decisive against these mountaineers.

"29th.—Heard from Brown. The Khan is off in fear, which pleases me, I want him away. My preparations are all made, and my thought is that Beja's bones will be broken if he tries a fight.

"30th.—Going to call on Ali Moorad.

"31st.—Kyrpoor. All honours from Ali Moorad and his fat boy, Sha Nawaz, the copper-coloured Napoleon He has a small guard, got up by Curling, who tells me it will disband when I go: Ali won't pay them. I could make him, but am doubtful of the wisdom, as it is all but impossible to give European ideas to these Asiatics. Could I do so with Ali, or Sha Nawaz of Khelat, it would make Scinde a rock. If we could confide in them as allies, a good body of two thousand men well drilled would render it unnecessary to keep a large force in Sukkur: but this cannot be; for if the least accident gave their unsteady heads a chance against us they would turn. In this view Ali shall neither be encouraged nor discouraged to form troops, but go his own gait, and if he has head to govern he will see that it is not his game to quarrel with us."

So ended the year 1844, but the state of affairs and the events of the journey require some further illustration from his private correspondence.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, December 18th.—I got your letters safely but very late, because, since Lord E.'s departure the Bombay government never sends a steamer to us, except it

wants troops: this is one of the ways they make war on us. The mutiny here is a serious affair; it is clapt up for the present, but I fear the Bengal army is not sound. The conduct of Pottinger I hold to be shameful. He has taken home a memorial against me, from Roostum, to lay at Her Majesty's feet: the governor-general sent it to me for an answer. I have no copy, it went by order to Lord Ellenborough. Half of what Roostum complains of was done by Pottinger himself, the other half was the result of Roostum's own tricks; and Pottinger takes this home to give the Queen as a charge against me, backed by his authority on Scindian affairs! I have kept no terms, but handled him roughly. His violent letter to Del Hoste, which he afterwards declared was against Lord Ellenborough, not against me, required to be authenticated before I noticed it; and then one allows a little for a man committing himself in a private, perhaps a thoughtless letter. In this matter of the memorial he is deliberately bad; a gentleman would have previously sent to me to say what he was about.

"About the 78th's sickness, all you may see in the Bombay Times about quarters is miserable stuff: the real cause is drink. It does not give fever but inflames blood and brain, and enables the disease to take too firm a grasp to be got rid of. Why their rations are two drams a day, and eight make a quart. So the sober soldier swallows one quarter of a large bottle of raw spirits every day, and you know them too well to doubt that the other three-fourths go down after. Dr. Robertson of the 13th told me that at Jellalabad no liquor could be got, water was the soldier's drink, and he had not a man sick the whole time! He says the great disease with officers and men is drinking, but the soldier gets the worse liquor, arrack made with anything and everything but rice, and thus the wholesomest of all Indian produce is sadly belied. It is made chiefly of *bang*, a liquor drawn from the date tree mostly, not by distillation but by incision of the bark.

"The rumour of my journey brought regular ambassadors with letters of devotion from distant parts. In my camp now there is a prince, ambassador from Khiva, who has with great danger effected his journey. He assures me that the King of Ourgan or Khiva, hates Russia and the Khan of Herat; and if we will march against Herat and Bokara he will work them from the west, and my success is certain! And if I will attack Cabul he will, at the word, be at the Affghans. He asks why we English, of whom he understood that we would avenge a dog, allowed our army to be massacred and did not avenge it? To confirm his goodwill he gave me presents, which I accepted, made a return from our gift depôt, and sold his by auction, which put ten rupees profit into the Company's purse. Well, Khiva was too late. An ambassador from Yar Mohamed of Herat had got here first, and gave me a fine horse:—good beast! he is close to my tent asking for a biscuit: I bought him however at auction.

"This ambassador was accredited for the Bombay governor, but on reaching Scinde heard that I was the man to bribe. He is a nephew of the prince, and I gave him a review, paying all civility, but advised him to go to Bombay. There they affronted him, and he is at Aden on his road to Mecca. He wrote me a letter of thanks for my civility, and abuse of Sir G. Arthur, with a formal complaint of his treatment addressed to the governor-general. It is very foolish to render ourselves unpopular with these distant chiefs. I would venture to go alone to Constantinople and be sure of honourable reception everywhere in Asia. The greatest honour for them is to shew our strength and discipline, our rapid firing, our artillery. I sent a troop of horse artillery full gallop up a rocky height for this man; it delighted him and he will tell such Eastern lies as will do good all over Asia. I am now embued with a salutary dread of what I am going to do. The Khan of Khelat is afraid to meet me, but afraid not to meet me, to deprecate

my anger he has assembled his men and driven Beja Khan into the hills behind Poolagee, which I did not want.

"After a palaver with Wullee Chandia, before all the chiefs, I gave him Nowbut's weapons, and on going away he whispered You will hang Nowbut I hope. By the Lord yes! On which the old fellow's countenance brighted up wonderfully, for Nowbut would kill him as sure as fate if he got out: he is a thorough-going savage. The other great robber chief, Sobah Guddee, was only captured by a fight, and his son and nephew were killed. A young man named James, who speaks their language, said to them Surrender and you are safe. A chief immediately leaped forward and seizing James's bridle was by him saved; whereupon James said, You see I do not hurt him, surrender. I am Guddee's son, and I won't surrender cried one. I am Guddee's nephew, and I won't surrender cried the other. They placed their backs against a tree, holding sword and shield; but two young policemen, having swords only, instantly engaged them and slew both. Guddee himself stood at bay until Alyff Khan, a glorious fellow of my police, rode up and said, Guddee surrender or I will slay you. Are you Alyff Khan? Yes! Guddee flung down his sword. Alyff is one of the handsomest fellows in Scinde and of wide fame as a swordsman; and it was his son, a lad of twenty, who killed Guddee's nephew. Guddee has forfeited his life, but I am sorry for his brave boy and nephew: James did his best to save them. The truth however is, that giving no mercy they did not expect any and it was desperation more than high-mindedness; even the man who surrendered very nearly killed James afterwards. It is difficult to produce right feelings with these people, but perseverance may do so.

"If Beja does not come back to Poolagee I can do but little; yet I have divided the tribes, and so managed that if he does not come back soon he will not be able to come at all. I discovered a fortress called Mohun-kote, marked in Walker's map as a little mud fort. It is of cut stone and

mortar and at least fifteen miles in circumference! Riding with a talking peasant at my side, my interpreter asked him about Mohun-kote; he knew no such place; but he knew *Fort Rennie*. Is it big? Yes! bigger than Hydrabad. We laughed, he persisted, McMurdo and two others were started to look, and there it was, ten times as big as Hyth-rab*aad*: so they pronounce the word. A stream of purest water gushes from the side of a rock inside, and becomes a river flowing into the Indus: and this now, in the dry season. My opinion is that the great Ahmed Khan resided here. The people say the Ameers built it; but I made out by dint of inquiry that they only rebuilt a part where there were ruins: it is probably the site of some of the old cities of Scinde.

"December 19th.—The whole garrison of Sukkur is fairly floored, body and spirit by illness. Both Simpson and Hunter write to me with great lowness, praying for my arrival: this is natural, they think my coming will do good, and so it will by the excitement. This misfortune will, it is to be feared, impede my work against Beja Khan: I dare not venture into the hills with a handful of weak men, and it will not do to fail.

"Henry Napier.—The illness has been so general that two of my collectors have been obliged to go for months to Bombay; indeed every one has quitted his post for a time, and of course robbing has run riot. These officers have no houses yet. We are building gradually, as workmen can be got from other countries, but in the interior our people are seriously exposed. It will require two years more to fairly establish our real revenue; yet we improve, and would more but for locusts; they are dreadful, the land is covered and grain disappears! The people sweep them into heaps and burn them alive, which is very kind but too late, as before this little attention is paid they have dined. Revenue goes on for all that.

"The criminal and other cases are so heavy that scarcely

can I get through my work: the people love law now that it gives them justice, and I let no man be condemned whose trial I have not read and signed: and often I revise. I could easily ask for lawyers and get them, but against that Lord Ellenborough warned me; and indeed my own fear is that they would produce mischief. The people even in the commonest matters are not satisfied without my signature. Lawyers would be an enormous expence, and they would go by fixed rules, without give and take. This the chiefs would not bear. Take two men, the same crime, everything the same in the eye of the law; hang *one* and all the country will bow to your justice; hang the other and the country will rise in arms. Nowbut Khan will be hanged, and all are content but himself. But suppose Wullee Chandia were the man; my whole force must be under arms and God knows where it would end.

"Now Wullee would handle a caravan as readily as Nowbut; but Wullee is a holy man as well as chief and robber, and my *friend*. He could turn out twenty thousand men to mend the matter, and he took Nowbut prisoner! Were Wullee in the hands of lawyers they would condemn him and Scinde would be insurgent. It would never enter the head of a civil servant to consider how far our strength would go. I hang Nowbut because he deserves death, and because he would murder Wullee if he was not hanged: therefore all Wullee's men entirely approve of justice being done upon Nowbut Khan. But here is another affair for management. Wullee has slaves, and so have his chiefs. So I took advantage of having done him the favour of hanging Nowbut to make an oration against slavery in general, and growing gradually more violent, swore in the midst of a great assembly I would have vengeance on any man who thus defied the Queen's orders—and then told Wullee to warn all the sirdars against it: I had ten of them prisoners in my camp as felons, all his friends. He and another great chief, Hadjee Khan, looked a good deal alarmed as I spoke;

then I broke up the assembly, giving Wullee the arms of Nowbut, which secures a '*blood fuel*,' as moonshee calls it, between the two tribes: indeed his arresting Nowbut did that; but having his sword, with '*Nowbut Khan, this is his property*' inlaid in gold on the blade, will seal the matter and keep both weak and under my power. Hadjee and Wullee are as guilty as my prisoners, only they treat their slaves so kindly they made no complaint. Had I made those powerful men prisoners, at least one general action must have been fought with some forty thousand desperate men, and slavery perhaps perpetuated. Now I shall destroy it.

"I am fortifying, building barracks, forming police, and raising the poor so as to defy their chiefs: this they begin to do. Don't publish this, for these men, the chiefs I mean, all read translations of the papers and get the pith of everything. Now no one knows my game, it all comes out naturally by my speeches, and a few observations designed to connect matters. Were it known at once it would lose effect. But my policy is so little understood that I have even had trouble to keep my highest officers from making Wullee Chandia revolt; they class all natives alike, as rascals, but they are not so: their robberies are their trade and not in their eyes dishonourable; and I do not rest my anger on the ground of any man being a robber, but that he does not obey the orders issued by me, viz. that no man is to rob, therefore robbers are disobedient. I see this wrong feeling has place at Sukkur, and it has hurried me up. Our fellows do not perceive the way to treat these people; the true way is that which I followed in Cephalonia —i.e. made myself the great chief, and thus commanded. Obey me! Do what you like, rob, murder, anything that I have not forbid, all things unless I have said No! This was understood there, and is so here. These people do not understand our rules of honour and right; they think me a

very sensible fellow, who takes time by the forelock, and that I am filling my coffers; and as I hit hard in battle they bow. The poor people bow also because I am kind to them; and as to the real Scindees and Hindoos, they can live well now and in two years will be able to defy a relapse into misery. My opinion is that even now, if all the troops were withdrawn and the Ameers turned loose here I could defeat them with the people only."

Now befell a dreadful calamity. The 78th Regiment, designed for the hill campaign, was nearly destroyed by a sickness sudden and terrible. The Bombay faction instantly proclaimed, — Outram being foremost in the shameless slander, "that Sir C. Napier's ignorance and reckless disregard of the medical men's advice had caused the mortality, and that he was their murderer." The 78th being Highlanders, letters and newspapers were sent to Scotland, denouncing him as the "*wilful murderer of the soldiers!*" These infamous falsehoods marking the character of his enemies are exposed in the following letter.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, January.—The 78th Regiment is absolutely destroyed: two hundred dead, and the living in a sad plight. Of course I am assailed by the scoundrel factious editors: that don't pain me, but the destruction of the poor soldiers does deeply. I am not to blame. The usual course of fever is to attack in September and first half of October, after which few new cases, but old ones are apt to relapse and very dangerously. I had orders from government to bring down the 13th Regiment to Kurrachee, and send the 78th up: this I did, so as to have the 13th away before the period of relapses, and the 78th there after the period of first attacks. Movement is reckoned good, the 13th escaped all sickness, and the 78th reached Sukkur in excellent health, and remained so till the 1st November, when the fever broke out with unheard-of violence and continued till the end of the year! The 78th might indeed have been

detained until the whole sickly season had passed away; but the fever was quite unexpected and unusual, and the reasons for sending them were strong. Every place was healthy except Shikarpoor, where illness seemed local and dying away. The Bengal troops had just mutinied, had called for their officers' blood, and pelted General Hunter with stones; the Lion and the hill tribes were close at hand in hostility. Was I to leave Hunter without Europeans? Suppose the Bengalees had again mutinied! the 64th had twice seized their colours in the four preceding months. Suppose a third mutiny, European officers murdered, the treasury and magazine in Bukkur seized, and the mutineers walking over the frontier to the robbers, or to the Mooltan Sikhs, amongst whom they have numerous friends and relations!

"These things were all within the bounds of probability: many of the disbanded 34th Regiment did join the Sikh army. What would have been said? 'Was Sir C. Napier possessed to leave that unfortunate General Hunter and his murdered comrades without European soldiers, after all that had passed!' How could that have been met? I must have hid my head for the rest of my life. Hence, while sorrowing for the 78th there is no consciousness of error.

"The medical men are puzzled, and say it is an extraordinary endemic for which they cannot account: the natives have suffered here and at Roree, and Kyrpoor, but every other place has been healthy. This is the true story of this matter, for which I have been so foully assailed by wretched libellers, especially the Delhi Gazette: trying to make the friends of the soldiers at home believe my negligence caused their deaths. I do not act without reflection. I am a man whose daily occupation is to deal with the lives of his fellow-men, and therefore standing on the brink of damnation: for if I do not deeply consider ere acting murder is on my head. I pray hourly to be right and believe my doings are so in the sight of God, and if they are not in the eyes of man

let me be punished, for I repeat a thousand times that error in judgment is with rulers a crime. Nations are not to suffer because certain men are conceited. With God it is different: He judges men according to their lights. My position makes me deeply religious. Christ and Socrates eschewed public service, and in nothing was their wisdom more shewn."

FIFTEENTH EPOCH.

THIRD PERIOD.

War with the robber tribes was now inevitable. Robbers they called themselves, spoliators would be a more correct designation; for what a Norse viking of old was at sea these people were at land, and had nearly the same code of honour. Their social circles were their families, their tribes, their races: they had no national feelings, and the world was their prey. They were nevertheless true to traditional virtue, and were moved by noble impulses though in a wrong direction. A perception of this truth made Sir C. Napier hope to turn their energies from destructive violence to useful pursuits, and it was the conception of a great and good man, but only through war to be realized. How that war was conducted he will now himself tell.

"Journal, January 2nd.—Yesterday I spent shooting, with Ali Moorad: an idle day, yet I saw a good deal of my man, as I designed. Scarcely can I call him clever; he is kind-hearted and unaffected, but thoughtless and without vigour of character. His son Shah Newaz has talent, and will, I think, make a figure; so will the next who is a wild chap and has as funny a look as I ever saw; and a roguish one too, with great determination. The little fellow is as stern as Cato, or any such rascal; but if anything makes him laugh his face lights up with a smile and a look full of fire and sarcasm. They are nice boys of twelve and nine, but disagreeably fattened.

"My mind is now made up to abandon my designed attack, on the hills, from Kusmore across the river against Deyrah, because the Punjaub commotion and the murder of

Heera Singh makes it dangerous to move along the Sikh frontier: a collision might take place and war be thus hurried on before the governor-general is prepared. Moreover the roads are difficult, mountain roads, and though I have great reliance in Simpson he has never commanded before, and is shaken by fever: he might fail in strength if these mountain devils got him with troops he does not know into one of their mighty passes, which are pretty thick in the hills. It is as well to have all under my own hand. I will therefore bring the northern reinforcements down the river, collect all at Rojan, and then move on Poolagee.

"From Poolagee I will give my friend Beja Khan chase, unless he is caught there by the following *ruse*. His deadly foe, Wullee Chandia, shall first advance alone; from him Beja will not fly but defy him, well knowing Wullee cannot stay above two days and cannot force walls. But if the Chandian can thus keep Beja in Poolagee for a day, I shall be hard on his track, and in twelve hours Beja will find himself surrounded by 2000 British, with a train of guns that can blow his fort to atoms! I fear however he is too clever a soldier to commit this error, and will retire to his hills.

"After Poolagee I shall enter the hills, having made every preparation my mind can suggest, and being perfectly aware of the great danger of this mountain warfare. I have offered an alliance to the Murrees, and will give them the enemy's territory if they will come down upon them from Kahun; and as the Bhoogtees have lately given these Murrees a licking, which has put the latter out of humour, I have hopes of their joining me: they dare not attack the Bhoogtees singly, though a brave tribe; but with me at their back, and in alliance with the Chandian, they will venture probably. It is curious that Wullee Chandia who followed me up to Meeanee as an enemy, should now be marching as my ally and subject, perfect in obedience.

"January 4th.—Brown just come back. The Khan of Khelat is a beaten cock in the Cutchee Hills: he rejoices at

my going into his country to put down his rebel subjects, and I am now on the orthodox side of the hedge. Brown's description of the devastations of these robbers under Beja Khan is quite enough to reconcile one to attack them: all is desolation. The poor Cutchee villagers everywhere implored him to urge me forward for their protection, and all say they will come to Scinde. I shall now ascertain where Beja is, and set Wullee to work against Poolagee, or some other fort where he may be found. If he is too cunning to stop he must just be hunted in the hills and a troublesome affair it will be.

"January 6th.—Bhoogtees and Murrees have had an other fight, the latter said to be victorious. Ordered Fitzgerald up from Larkaana, to arrange with Wullee Chandia for the deceitful advance against Poolagee. Jacob is to follow Wullee twelve hours after that old chief starts, and my head-quarters move two days later from Sukkur, when the communication will be cut between Beja and his spies. Then from all points the troops will move forward. Beja look out, the game is sharp! My preparations have all been made so quickly as to give no alarm; yet two thousand infantry, eleven hundred cavalry, twenty-three guns and two elephants are ready for Beja. Amongst my ordnance will be four mortars and six howitzers, and I have a strong corps of pioneers and artificers for reparations of carriage and the opening of roads: miners are also provided, and well-sinkers, with plenty of jumpers, and steel to renew them, for they wear fast if the rock be hard. Bags of lime also I have provided, which in blasting rocks saves powder: nor have water skins been forgotten in case they should poison the desert wells, which is probable.

"December 8th.—Plot thickens, but no impatience Charles Napier! No jumps to conclusions! Step by step work is this, things must go on deliberately and settle down; one order must be well understood before another is issued, or horses will be overloaded and asses crushed. Thought

first, arrangement next, and then for rapidity without confusion; thus before Beja thinks I am out of bed he shall find me on his track. This affair will cost a penny, but it cannot be saved; an end must be put to the plundering system, and an end shall be put. I am preparing superabundance of means, and the wretched newspapers will put forth their usual abuse; but Beja is not to be put down by a company of sharpshooters.

"My commissariat is all right: the drawing the supplies will cause mischief, but there is no help. The guns have 160 rounds each, my plan being to hammer the enemy in his position with a vertical fire, and not charge up hill; for many lives would thus be lost from stones, in the rolling of which these people are adepts. Beja says he will fight me in the passes; but eight shell guns can make a pass—'a mighty uneasy beam, Mr. Lieutenant,' as a poor wild Pat said on board Byng's ship, when we slung his cot to the tiller.

"January 10th.—Beja Khan, as I expected, is not at Poolagee: he is doing what pleases me more, organizing resistance in the mountains; a game I can play better than he can. The board is becoming interesting: he can out-march me, but my resources are greater and all shall be put forth. I am superior in drill, supplies of all kinds, arms, and money; he is superior in knowledge of the localities, in numbers, and desperate valour for they are murderers contending for life: the chances are five to three in my favour if I am able to use my tools. News just come that Beja will fight in the passes with four thousand men: a battle shall then make an example of these villains, for they won't ask quarter and I won't offer it: a signal example is required. I will not refuse mercy, but assuredly will proffer none."

A reference to the map of the second volume will shew how the large area of clustered rocks called the Cutchee Hills, run from the Indus westward, to the Hala and Solyman

mountains, which, bending northward and southward were full of wild tribes extending even to the Affreedees, the Momunds and Kyburees, beyond Peshawur. All these cognate tribes were connected more or less with each other, and with the Affghans and the Punjaubees. To war them down was therefore a great and dangerous enterprize, requiring the most skilful movements; for to escape would be to them a victory. Their own strength was also great, their rocks terrible, their valour and confidence great; and when Charles Napier's design became known a universal shout of ridicule was raised by the newspapers. "He was an insane old man about to lose all his troops; was in utter ignorance of these terrible mountaineers' strength; they would baffle, would laugh at him and then destroy. All experienced Indian officers knew he could not succeed." This feeling was not confined to factious writers; many really able and experienced Indian officers, judging from former failures, thought the enterprize too dangerous, and even his own army were so affected that M'Murdo only thought it feasible: all others were so hopeless of success that he left the matter vague, keeping his preparations secret lest despondency should fall on the troops. His plans were hidden also in fear of the Bombay faction, who through Buist would have communicated them to the enemy. However with marvellous art, and most imperious energy, he continued to push on towards his object, deceiving both friends and enemies.

Amongst his wiles were these. He first moved columns on many directions in Scinde, having only in view to raise the notion of a powerful army being prepared for some great scheme of conquest in Central Asia; spreading rumours to that effect, which were aided by the arrival of the envoys from Khiva and Herat. This imposed on the surrounding nations, who were thus kept in suspense, and thinking his force great became more inclined to join him in a conquering career than to form a hostile confederacy: it also awed the Scindian chiefs who might have been disposed to turbulence while he

was engaged with the robbers, six hundred miles from Kurrachee. To this, as already shewn, he added the policy of turning the internal feuds of the tribes to advantage by setting some upon Beja Khan. He forced Ali Moorad also to take the field, and so secured the aid of his subjects the Boordees—a tribe decidedly inimical to the British but thus compelled to aid them. He induced the Khan of Khelat to approve publicly of the enterprise, although his chief men were all secret favourers of Beja, a fact discovered by the clever moonshee, Ali Acbar: so entirely indeed were they in the robbers' interests, that when Captain Brown was sent to enforce the alliance and awe the sirdars, the latter sent secret notice of his return to Beja, and only by hard riding and the sagacity of Alyff Khan, the strong swordsman, did he escape from a band sent to capture him.

The Khan himself, first engaged to a conference at Dadur, as already said, was subsequently entreated to change that place for Gundava, on the ground of the general being too old and sick to reach the first place: all the preparations for war were then being made with the utmost secresy and diligence; but to aid the deceit on the sirdars a report was industriously spread, that the sickness at Sukkur would, conjoined with the general's state of weakness, certainly cause the enterprise to be postponed until another season. With a clever policy also, a duplicate letter was sent through a channel Beja was sure to intercept, and thus his intelligence from the Khelat sirdar was confirmed from another quarter. In fine nothing that great sagacity could suggest, incessant activity prepare, or an overpowering will enforce, was neglected to insure success, and he was not even checked by the dreadful calamity of the 78th Regiment.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, January 12th.—Wullee Chandia and the Mugzee chief march to-morrow from Jull and Khunda upon Poolagee, and if Beja has been tricked by my letter into stopping there he is a *gone coon*: but he is an old fox. I shall however, from Poolagee spread my cavalry

along the foot of the hills eastward, and enter them myself with the Chandikas in front, with licence to plunder, but strong orders to respect women and children. Having me at their back they will be bold; and at the same time Ali Moorad is, from the east, to cross the Indus and marching N.W. from Shikarpoor to cut in at Sangsa on my line of movement, which will be on Deyrah the capital of the Jackranees. I doubt Ali getting across the hills, but he will block that road, the only one by which the robbers can escape me if the Murrees act with me. In this manner I hope to devastate the robber country by robbers, keeping my own troops together under tight discipline. To-morrow I march, and have this day issued a manifesto to quiet the neighbouring nations and tribes generally as to my moving into Central Asia, which many of them have invited me to do, and probably think it my final object. The manifesto shews the real ground for passing the frontier, that my friends may have means to take my part against the villanous newspapers, amongst which I do not place the Bombay Gentleman's Gazette, or the Agra Uckbar.

"I shall secure all the southern openings from the hills into the plain by my cavalry, while working with my infantry and camel corps amongst the rocks; and if the robbers fly northward to the Mooltan country they cannot take their cattle, and will be pillaged by the Sikhs. They say now they will fight me with six thousand men in the passes, and by all accounts they are fearful customers; but I will pound them with shot and shell until they retire, and then let the Chandians pursue sharply to the next defile. The elephant is of great use in war, but he is a queer chap. At Hydrabad a howitzer stuck fast; Johnny elephant approached, solid as a judge, gave it a lift, and then seeing that a bullock drew badly, in a rage took hold of him and tumbled bullock and gun into a nullah: they regularly thrash the bullocks who don't pull hard. I have rheumatism,

a bad customer for a winter campaign in mountains, and I feel the cold terribly.

"Jan. 13th, Shikarpoor.—Arrived after a ride of 26 miles, the mercury at 86° in my tent, following a very cold night. Just heard that the peasantry of Cutchee mean to join me: this, if true, will be capital. The robber had not discovered our movements on the 12th, and Beja's sons were at Shapoor. Jacob has orders for forced marches, so that no stir will be made along my chain of posts before he is upon Poolagee, and the Shapoor people will thus be cut off, unless they fly eastward through the desert: Ali Moorad's vagabonds will not move until the feast of the Moharem is over. There are no women or children at Shapoor, only the pink of the villains who have earned severity: having spared nothing they must reap as they have sowed. I have however ordered that quarter shall be given to all who ask for it except some named chiefs, who will I hope die in battle to save me from hanging them. We had no war with them, the desert was between us, they were subjects of our ally, they rebelled against him without pretending a complaint, they invaded our territory, plundered, murdered, and utterly devastated the fertile plains of Cutchee. Yes! they must be signally punished.

"Henry Napier.—I must write now or not at all, though ill able, being so worried by young soldiers, all excited, '*wanting to know.*' Great has been the abuse heaped on me, and it will be ten times greater now. Moore got no justice though he died so gloriously; how then can a fellow like me expect it? Well I care not. Some of the Khelat sirdars lately urged Wullee to revolt from me: he answered—I have sworn fealty to the English sirdar and will never draw sword against him. The Khan of Khelat personally is friendly, but were he to join me openly the Affghans would make it an excuse to plunder his territory beyond Shawl; and Beja Khan has deprived him of all

Cutchee. The Kaharees are a tribe driven ten years ago from Poolagee by the Doomkees and I have them all in my pay: they shall be re-established in their ancient possessions. Two of them are now peering about my tent, Habar Khan and Abdoolah: I know what is in their heads and it was all settled long ago in mine.

"Now will be shewn, I think, what people do not at present believe, that regular soldiers are too many for wild mountaineers. If I fail the question will remain for some abler officer to solve, but it is true. My confidence is however great, for the spirit of my men is excellent; the sick, even those of the 64th Regiment, the mutineers, asked leave to go, saying they would get well on the march: I like these Bengal fellows much. Is not the fact of all the native chieftains having offered, and many of them actually fighting under my command beyond the frontiers of Scinde, an answer to those who say our conquest was unjust and cruelly executed? But little do I care for the Court of Directors and their abuse, they are only cunning fools. Hardinge gives me staunch support. At Bombay they try to bully me, and I bite: they cannot bear losing the patronage of Scinde, and my giving it to good men absolutely maddens them."

It has been shewn in the preceding pages how the frontier of Scinde had been wasted, and was continually menaced with fire and sword by the robbers; that the British troops had been surprized and cut in pieces by hundreds; that the villages had been despoiled; that the villagers had been slain or driven from their homes by thousands, or had joined the robber bands to augment a barbarism entirely destructive, and stained with the blood of women and the horrible mutilation of children! In fine, that the frontier was rendered one wide scene of desolation and lamentation. This state of affairs was perniciously unsettling the minds of the Scindian chieftains, men of the same race and habits as the robbers; it checked the internal civilization of Scinde; it affected the external

independent mountain tribes, impeded commerce, encouraged violence, and was so backed up and encouraged by the Sikhs, the Affghans and Khelatees, as to threaten a general external confederacy, with its sure concomitant, an insurrection of Scindian Beloochees. Beja Khan's murderous exploits were reported as victories, his fame was spreading throughout Central Asia as the rising champion of Islam, and fear of his power and ferocity for the moment overbore even that entertained for the "*Sheitan-ka-Bhaee*" or, "great devil's brother," the name by which the governor of Scinde was now designated amongst the mountain tribes.

All these evils and their formidable consequences had been laid before Lord Ellenborough, and again before Sir Henry Hardinge, with all the lucid power of statement and sagacious policy habitual with Charles Napier, and both concurred, the statesman and the soldier, in sanctioning the meditated warfare. But when the same exposition was laid before Lord Ripon; when it was clearly shewn, that from the swarms of armed adventurers roving about, these robber warriors already numbering above eighteen thousand would inevitably swell into huge armies; shewn also that the British would thereby be compelled to abandon Scinde, and the navigation of the Indus with all its prospective advantages, or to keep up an immense force and yet be subject to the same constant devastating border warfare:—when these things were shewn to Lord Ripon his answer was, "*You make too much of these trifling outpost affairs, which are insignificant.*" The folly of this requires no comment, but the motive does: it was a miserable attempt to aid the board of directors in a foul policy which it was Lord Ripon's official duty to control and suppress; and coming from a man who had so recently practised on Charles Napier's generous temper by a simulated frankness to confide in him and forget the past, it was treacherous. The general cast it aside contemptuously and pursued his enterprize.

Now let the real nature of these insignificant enemies be known.

They were, as said, eighteen thousand, and covered by desert of hard sand, nearly destitute of water; in summer intolerable heat barred it to Europeans, and in winter the robbers had mud forts to protect the wells, which they were brave enough to defend. They would indeed encounter any foe in any manner, on horseback or afoot, but their forays were generally made on small high-blooded fiery mares, so trained as to make journeys almost incredible, abstaining wonderfully from water and being at times fed on raw meat. The ordinary food of the mare was tied under her belly, the man's food, a coarse cake and some arrack, was slung over his shoulder. All the warriors carried swords and embossed shields, some two swords, of the finest temper and sharpness—and sword-whetters always attended them. Every one bore a matchlock, and some carried spears. When beaten by strangers their customs were terrible. Going to battle resolved to win or die, neither giving nor taking quarter, they always left trusty agents to slay their women and children in case of defeat, and their mode of fighting was thus described by their conqueror. "Every man has his weapon ready, and every man is expert in the use of it; they shoot with unerring aim, they occupy positions well and strengthen them ingenuously, and their rush on a foe is very determined; they crouch, they run, covered with protruding shields which they thrust in their adversaries' faces, and with a sword, sharp as a razor, give a blow that cuts through everything, lopping heads and limbs." These were the men to be warred down.

Hill Campaign.

"Journal, January 11th.—In executing my general plan all accidental circumstances must be carefully observed to make them bear on my leading principle:—namely, a course of action in direct contradiction of that great principle of

war which prescribes concentration of your own forces and the aiming to divide that of your enemy. For in such a war as this, to act upon rules suitable to regular armies would be pedantry, and a mistake. My object shall be to drive the hill men into masses. Because all history tells us that neither barbarous nor civilized warriors of different tribes or nations long agree when compressed."

The following observation by the Duke of Wellington shews how alike his views and Charles Napier's were on this point without any communication. Speaking of Waterloo the duke said to Mr. Rogers the poet, "Napoleon should have waited for us at Paris." Why? Because 800,000 men would then have gathered round him." Is not that the reason why he should not? "No! why he should: for when 800,000 men get together there 's a damned deal of jostling!"

"These tribes are incapable of working together, inasmuch as they take up with a clan feeling the personal quarrels of each individual. It is the same in all countries, and those who pretend that a knowledge of the people of India is a secret confined to 'Old Indians' talk egregious nonsense. Men who know nothing but what passes in India think there is nothing to be known out of it. Those who are most talkative about my being unable to catch Beja are men who pretend to know the robbers and their habits perfectly. We shall see. To drive their cattle into masses along with their masters is another object; for then will follow want of water for man and beast, and they must fight or perish. Moreover their marches must be crowded and embarrassed by their women and children; for in their mountains they cannot whisk about on their little swift mares as in the desert, traversing a hundred miles with incredible speed, falling on their object at dawn, and at noon being fifty miles off.

"This time two years I marched against the Ameers and a comet appeared: three days ago another comet appeared. Does this argue the same success? How these strange coincidences strike the mind, at least they do mine: they

have not much influence upon me, but they have some. Accident has also given me the 16th of January"—Coruña—"for crossing the frontier. God's will be done, whether evinced by signs or not: my business is to do my duty.

"13th, Shikarpoor.—Left Sukkur the same hour that Jacob starts for Larkaana, and Wullee Chandia from his mountain lair. Curious are the turns of fate: this time two years I had to leave a force in Sukkur to defend it against this very Chandian chief.

"January 14th.—The Murrees are said to be in arms for us. Good. The enemy at Shapoor; if so they will find Jacob stealing round them and will hold by their left to Ooch, so as to secure a retreat by Zooree Khushta."—A cross note here says, "a good guess: they did so."—"If they are to-morrow at Shapoor when we reach Khangur, I will make a forced march with the cavalry on Ooch: there is water there, bad, but to be drunk at a pinch. It would be agreeable to outdo these chaps in their own style of warfare.

"Khangur, 15th.—Jacob fourteen miles on my left, pushing for Bushoree: he is in great distress for water, and has a terrible march before him, through the desert to Poolagee. Up to the 14th the enemy knew nothing of my movement, and had got the duplicate of my letter to the Khan of Khelat, which said my troops were so sickly I could not move this season. The enemy is at Shapoor, thirty-five miles in my front; Jacob is therefore ordered to move on that place, while two guns and four hundred horsemen under Captain Salter, moving on Ooch, will cut off the enemy if he flies that way instead of towards Poolagee. —Just heard from my spies that the robbers are in force at Ooch, mount and away! It is forty miles distant and we have come sixteen this morning, but I cannot trust this affair to Salter; he is excellent so far as I know, but he is not much known to me and the affair may be stiff: nothing like the top sawyer. With two hundred and fifty irregular

cavalry and my name I will pitch into the robbers, and 'Damned be he who first cries hold! enough!'

"January 16th, Ooch.—Marched all night, reached this just before daybreak, and was about to halt for the light and then make a dash, but found I had lost my column. I had come on with an advanced guard, the column meanwhile strayed in the sand hills, and in seeking for it I found Salter. He had defeated the enemy in the night, killed several chiefs, and the whole country was full of cattle. About 10 o'clock some of the robbers appeared on the heights near us, whereupon McMurdo, John Napier, Byng, and one of Chamberlaine's horsemen went out to look at them. They found lots of cattle and sent Byng back to say the Beloochees were taking other cattle away and that horsemen were wanted, for the enemy was numerous.

"Before the cavalry could get there McMurdo and John were fighting with an expert horseman. McMurdo first closed with him in single combat for twenty minutes, but then, being exhausted from having before ridden above seventy miles, said, John you may try him I am quite tired: they were then all three at full speed, careering in fight John had not stricken while the match was fair, but when McMurdo spoke he rode at the Belooch, who was then flying but soon turned on his saddle and aimed with his matchlock at John, and he, only a yard behind, instantly fired his pistol, but missed. McMurdo thinking it was the matchlock, and expecting to see John fall, dashed forward pistol in hand furious at what he thought unfair. 'You don't mean to kill him' cried out John, 'Yes by the Lord' was the answer and the next moment the Belooch warrior fell while in the act of drawing a second sword. McMurdo, seeking only a sword fight, had become angry at the matchlock being, as he thought, unfairly used, and was now angry with himself for using his pistol, and both he and John were also sorry for the man's death. Yet all was right on both sides.

"The rules of chivalry allow a man to use whatever weapons he carries. Colonel Dallas indeed was censured for shooting an Indian warrior who had challenged him; but it was said, how truly God knows, that the Indian had stipulated for a sword fight only, and Dallas was blamed for taking a pistol to the field. Here there was no agreement; the man's matchlock had missed fire and John had not interfered during the sword fight. One admires this high tone of honour, but these robbers are assassins: push the principle further and I ought not to bring more men on a point than the enemy have to oppose me! These single fights are not the thing and shall be stopped. I tried to prevent these boys going out, but they went off at a gallop and did not or would not hear my voice: there was no honour or glory, or object, and the service might have lost two noble soldiers, leaving miserable widows. Yet their high though thoughtless spirit must be admired; and also the honourable way they behaved to the Belooch, who expected to have been supported by his people and would have given no quarter.

"We rested five hours, and then a dispatch from Jacob told me he had surprised the enemy at Shapoor, at the same time that Salter had beaten them at Ooch. Before he reached Shapoor the chiefs heard the guns at Ooch, and, knowing they must be English guns fled, leaving sixty matchlock men, under two chiefs, all of whom were captured. In all we have killed six chiefs and one hundred men, and taken seventy or eighty of less note. The whole army thought I was a goose to attempt surprising these robbers. McMurdo John and William indeed confided in me; yet I think the two last were staggered by the constant *din* that we must fail. McMurdo has a good military head, but is too fond of single combats: William was wiser. He staid in camp till he heard the others were in danger, but then was on his horse and off before any one else. I allowed him, because I was alarmed myself and had half a mind to

go too, but remembered that a general in chief could not engage in combat with half a dozen straggling ruffians.

"January 17th, Shapoor.—Came here last night, very tired after more than seventy miles' ride, but wrote my dispatch before lying down. Old Wullee took Poolagee yesterday: how well all my combinations have succeeded. Eighteen prisoners just brought in. We slew forty men at Ooch, and wounded forty-five. Deriah Khan, the Jackranee chief, is said to be mortally hurt"—false report—"and the whole operation has been brilliant. I have now decided to change my whole scheme of operations. Magazines shall be formed at Shapoor instead of Poolagee; the cavalry shall go to the latter, and to Lheree, and Ooch, where I will wait for the infantry, having laid a plan for a second attack if old Hunter will only come up with the foot: but until he does no more can be done for we are now in the hills. To-morrow all the gorges will be plugged up by the cavalry.

"18th, Shapoor.—My change of plan is because I am sure Beja is now on the south side of the hills, between a low ridge that hides him from the desert; and a high one to the north. I examined my good friend Yarro Khosa"—a double spy—"this morning. There is he says plenty of good water at a point behind the low ridge, but very little at two other places, and very bad as well as scarce. At a third it is, he says, plentiful and excellent. Now it appears very improbable that water should abound at the two places, and be scarce and bad at one which is just between them. Wherefore I am sure Yarro Khosa is in Beja's hands, and that Beja himself is at the place said to be without water and called Tonge. Yarro and I however immediately agreed that I could not march there." See plan vol. 2.

"January 19th, Shapoor.—Infantry will be up to-morrow, and I will throw my force to the east, send the Mugzee chief up the Teyaga valley from the west, and make Jacob with two guns and six hundred cavalry hold the gorges at Lheree and Poolagee, behind the Mugzee man. I will myself then

push straight against the Gundooe pass. I have also ordered the camel corps two guns and four hundred cavalry from Ooch to Zuranee on the right, and Wullee Chandia shall advance from Poolagee against Tonge, notwithstanding my friend Yarro's want of water. Wullee is a good feeler. I suspect the enemy is at Tonge in force, and will make for the pass of Gundooe, where Salter will meet him with the camel corps and cavalry: the camels carry 500 infantry, of whom two hundred are volunteers from the 13th Regiment, Sale's veterans of Jellalabad: the others are staunch Sepoys of Meeanee and Dubba.

"If the robbers have already gained that pass, which want of provisions prevented my occupying sooner, they will only get deeper into the '*cul-de-sac*.' Meanwhile the Mugzees, having Jacob to fall back upon, will sweep up the Teyaga behind the high ridge, while the Chandikas do the same on a parallel line between the high ridge and the low one, having me in the plain on their right flank. These tribes will gather up all the robbers' cattle in the valleys, and all their detachments; and Beja, then becoming desperate, will defend the Pass of Gundooe which is very strong. He will however be taken in reverse by the Mugzees and Wullee, and stopped by Salter if he flies. Ali Moorad is to come up to Gundooe, and I think to shell it well with my mortars, then let drive Ali Moorad and the Chandika on each flank, and if that don't settle Beja's stomach we must try what our own troops can do. Carry it somehow we shall. They will I reckon have some six thousand men in it: there will be as many on my side, and two thousand of them good troops: but my hope is to bully them out.

"20th, Ooch.—All my stores and infantry are coming up, but there are some hitches: what arrangements are without them? Certainly none that I can make, I am not sharp enough for that. I have directed that the families of the prisoners taken shall have three-halfpence a day each, woman and child. Everything is cheap, and this is what

the Ameers allowed to a man for his day's labour: I feed and lodge the husband besides, and devilish sorry the rascal is that I do! Like Voltaire he would rather his majesty allowed him to find his own lodgings: this sum is therefore ample for wife and child. Poor things! they suffer sadly for the transgressions of their husbands, but I will make them comfortable yet. Beja Khan shall die. My heart is steeled against these robbers, and they are now where they have put thousands—in their agonies!

"Ooch, 21st.—Compelled to make a general halt from want of provisions. This affects me little, for as the enemy has little, and that daily decreasing while mine will increase, I think he must surrender: however he may make a desperate fight. Beja is at Tonge, as I suspected, in a kind of stone punch-bowl, the only entrance to which is a hole. A stream of water runs from the top of the ridge and must once have filled the bowl, but the water worked a passage below, through the entrance hole, where only one man can go at a time. To get to the top outside is said to be impossible; but from the inside easily reached, and the refugees there have, as in former wars, turned the exit of the stream in another direction, fourteen miles from the entrance hole: besiegers were thus placed in the desert without water. This place is celebrated in history. Armies have been ruined here for want of water; but I have brought abundant leather water-bags, and all the apparatus for sinking wells, and men skilled in this matter. I can therefore supply more men with water than is needed to stop the hole; for if one man only can get in at a time one only can come out, and my mortars may perhaps chuck a few shells over the precipice as notices. My grub is not up yet and they may quietly eat theirs inside, but we have captured most of their cattle outside by our rapid march and surprize of Ooch and Shapoor.

"I would move on Zooree Khushta and Zuranee, the two perpendicular passes to the eastward, but do not like going

too fast, as some check may be sustained and oblige me to retrogade, which would be dishonourable, and there needs no haste now: slow and sure goes far in a day. To push on a small force might cost lives without necessity, and every life in my camp is as precious as my own, and must be taken equal care of. All the young ones want to have a fight of course, but they shall not be indulged if it can be prevented. There will be none if Beja is in Tonge; but if he has gone to Gundooe he will fight, and well too. Ali Moorad ought now to be well on the road to Gundooe: he marched the 18th or ought to have done so.

"Jan. 21st.—Wullee Chandia has done his job well: he fell in with a party of sixteen, they fired, but he killed six and captured 150 goats. I had sent some cavalry to communicate with him, but they had not arrived when his messenger came away. Tonge was abandoned yesterday by Beja; and his men were leaving him to go to Belooch Khan of Lheree, who pretends to be our friend"—Jacob's force was between him and Beja's tribes on the west—"I therefore sent Wullee back to Jacob, with orders to handle Belooch Khan roughly, and even send him a prisoner to me. I must rasp these fellows well or my inroad will be useless.

"Ooch, 22nd.—Sent four guns and the cavalry, with the camel corps under Colonel Geddes, to Zooree Khushta, and the well-diggers followed with four days' provision. I could easily have caught Beja Khan, and I can now catch him as he passes by a flank march across my front; but as he marches with his families it is most probable he would cut their throats if menaced, and I want to avoid such a dreadful catastrophe! News comes that Beja is now at Zuranee, and the Bhoogtees have joined him: if so we shall have a fight yet. I at first thought of sending Geddes at once against him, but now think it wiser to go leisurely, as it will give more time for the women and children to go off to their distant places of refuge; and I shall not risk a repulse by being over hasty. It is also as well to be with my

soldiers in a fight. I am cool, know my work tolerably, and it would not be graceful to let my troops engage without me, unless I am more required elsewhere: moreover being very ignorant still, both of the positions and real strength of the enemy, it is right to delay until all hands are up.

"Ooch, 23rd.—Ali Moorad ought to be up. Hunter has arrived with provisions and the second Europeans of the Company's service, one of the finest body of men I ever saw. I gave them a blow-up for talking under arms, and they gave me three cheers in return! Some rain has fallen, I hope it will not last, though it may be good for filling our wells. Colonel Geddes sends word from Zooree Khushta that there is no enemy; that the road is heavy sand, the water bad, and scarce. I don't mind this: the well-diggers will soon get it good, it is only bad from a sulphur taste, and boiling will put all right. Where you find one well you are sure of more; where one is a hundred may be. I was prepared for this and know these deserts, having had enough of them: hence when they grumble and cry out '*no water!*' I answer, *dig*. When they growl '*bad.*' I say *boil:* and I will go on, bad or good. Provisions for sixteen days in hand, and though the animals are knocked up the worst is over. Plenty of a wild bush which camels like much, and there are tufts of clover grass which serves the horses. Take care Beja I have been an awkward customer hitherto. It is your own fault John Robber! it is your own fault!

"We shall probably find the enemy at Zuranee or Gundooe. Simpson shall therefore move with the Bundlecund legion up the Teyaga, where the Mugzees went, so as to get in rear of the passes in my front; if he does the robbers will be in a scrape between two fires. So far as human foresight goes these robbers are not a match for us even in this opening of their warfare; yet they must have believed they were or they would not wantonly have begun it. From the first I reckoned on pushing them into masses,

with cattle, furniture, women, children—more helpless then than a regular army, being without the resources of one, a wandering nation! Thus the strength of their hills is turned against them, and their active wild enduring habits vanish. There is, it may be said, a risk that ten or twelve thousand desperate men thus crushed together may destroy their families, and breaking through the cordon defeat my columns; but calculating on this as probable, I have, and will, provide that each of my columns shall be compact, strong in all arms and as close together as the nature of the country will admit. I will never allow of detachments, the country shall be explored by patrols and spies only, and the positions are as strong for us as for them in defence. Driven together the tribes will quarrel amongst themselves and fight a desperate action or surrender. Would to God they had no women and children, it makes me miserable to think of their sufferings and danger. I much fear some have hid here during the fight in the caves, which abound, and have been starved. Seven old people I have collected and sent them on camels to Shapoor, where a syud or holy man holds a jaghire expressly for the relief of the poor. He would lose fame if he neglected them, and they are safe there. My detestation of war is beyond all description.

"Ooch, 24th.—Waiting for supplies. Tonge is not what it was said to be, it is strong, but guns can go in. This desert of sand is full of life. I dropped a bit of butter, and in a moment a little animal, an aldermanic insect, was upon it, one, two, three, it is covered! these creatures feed birds, birds feed men, and men die to feed vegetables, which are again eaten; the world is one self-consuming, self-creating animal! So much for matter: but for mind! The grosser appetites belong to matter, they exist for its reproduction, they are wholly material, and have no apparent use except for reproduction. It is easy to see so far: but then the union of the body and the spirit! There is the insuperable difficulty, unless we admit that two powers are at strife, the

evil labouring for matter, the good for spirit. Bad minds, which seek to give pain belong to the dark spirit of evil, whose very essence is cruelty: those who abhor the infliction of pain to either mind or body of others belong to the brilliant spirit of light, ever on the watch to receive our adoration; not from vanity but pure benevolence, for of what could such a being be vain? Merciful spirit of light! I in all this work of war labour to do right in your sight and abhor giving pain. Self-defence, and social order, and harmony, are of thy own ordination and for them alone am I in war. Yet I feel the vain desire of doing my work well. Can I without that desire do it well?

"Zooree Khushta, 25th.—Arrived here this day with my whole force, except the legion, which, this day at Poolagee, will to-morrow enter the Teyaga valley, and the news thereof will fly like the wind to Deyrah. My march to-day has been long, twenty-one miles through heavy sand, twelve hours, and the camels are knocked up; however a day's halt does no harm as it will put Simpson forward two marches. To-morrow Geddes and M'Murdo shall reconnoitre the pass in front, but with orders not to fight unless attacked. I would go myself, but if, as I expect, the barbarians defend the pass I would not choose them to imagine that the Burra Jung, as they call me, could be checked in person. If they stop, I shall march on the 27th and instantly attack. If I wavered, or rather delayed, it is very probable the Bhoogtees would say they had defeated me, and the Murrees might be found on the top of the pass as enemies instead of friends. Such vicissitudes must be calculated on in dealing with these tribes: they only side with us from fear and self-interest, and as they are very credulous and wish for our defeat, they will readily believe any report however idle and absurd. They may be ten thousand, but my belief is not more than two thousand will be there, and however numerous their mettle shall be tried. My force is as good as that which won Meeanee, and the game far better; for if de-

feated, who shall say he will be victorious, I have a wide plain, guns, and a superior cavalry.

"26th.—Animals still tired, and we went to get provisions up; there are twelve days' store in camp, but to have less than a month in hand I do not like. The necessity of secrecy, especially against Buist and the traitor clique at Bombay, prevented my making sufficient preparation, and we have consequently had great difficulty. To this may be added, that to provision an army in a desert is no joke; we are, soldiers and followers together, not less than twenty thousand. However all goes on well; the surprizes at Ooch and Shapoor produced what was wanted, terror, so none of our convoys are annoyed. I shall occupy nearly all the wells and am thus vexing Beja to the heart. But I do not like these short commons. If there be no fight in the pass to-morrow we must halt for supplies. Damn it, why do soldiers want to eat! it is as bad for war as being married: yet somehow we can't get on without women and sheep. By the way, we find manna in the desert! Moses was a proper clever fellow: how he managed to get bread I know not.

"Zuranee, 27th.—A dreadful march, twenty-three miles of deep heavy sand; every animal knocked up, but the soldiers all spirits, especially the Europeans. The cold braces us but kills the poor Sepoys; it has been trifling, yet three have died of it. Mid-day is very hot. We have however got the two passes of Lallee and Jummuk, one behind the other: this is a drawing of the first, with three little spearmen of my army at the entrance. It could be turned by a march of thirty miles, but we went through without a shot. The other is five miles off, through a much higher range, but not steep and easily turned. Not being defended both are mine, and my camp is between them. So far all is right. Simpson

will be in two days at the Tomb, and the robbers be thus driven eastward. We occupy from Tomb to Zooree Khushta in the plain of Muttar, or Muth, that is a line thirty miles across the Bhoogtee country, driving Jackranees and Doomkees upon the Bhoogtees, who have not much to eat and will not like to have visitors. Barbarians are hot tempered and jealous, as I have ever observed, and in my book on Colonization have said that we think nothing of driving one tribe back upon another, though they are more jealous of such an invasion than civilized nations are: now I turn this fact to account.

"Several pieces of information convince me that the robbers are not at Gundooe. 1°. As Geddes has found plenty of water near the Jummuk pass in our front, there must be plenty all along the foot of that high range to the east: he has also found much grass. 2°. Tracks of many cattle run east from Geddes' camp. 3°. From Gundooe and other watering-places there are no roads to Deyrah, but there are, to use my guide's words, '*Mountain paths fit for robbers where your army cannot go.*' Now this valley between the two ridges seems fertile, and leads to nothing for the robbers; for at the upper end it opens into the Mooltan country, supposed to be hostile to them. This then is a place to conceal their cattle and families; and they think we shall naturally march on Deyrah, and intent upon the pass in front be too happy to find it open as the only one leading to Deyrah. Not so robber, I shall to-morrow pitch my camp at the foot of the high range, the top being already occupied by an advanced guard; next morning, instead of moving upon Deyrah, we will follow your cattle tracks eastward, between the two ridges. Meanwhile the camel corps shall move along the top of the high range to intercept your fugitives making for Deyrah: and the cavalry shall skirt south of the lower ridge along the plain of Muth, to cut you off on that side. But all my calculations may prove erroneous; probably so; for how can regular troops catch robbers among mountains

and deserts? That I have done so much is more surprizing than that no more can be done.

"January 28th.—I am quite through the first pass, and a devil of a one it is. My position between the two passes is very dangerous, but I know my enemy, and hold both defiles. I sent a cossid to Simpson to tell him he may push on, as the passes are mine and no enemy in front; and I rode myself eastward up the valley with four troopers; an awkward ride amongst rocks where matchlocks might have played. We saw nothing, but on turning heard shouts and come on! come on! then dashing at speed we gained the top of the high range: from thence I saw two lights, before seen at night; one seems to me to be Ali Moorad's camp, the other an enemy's picquet. I am too old for war, my health fails me; there is I suspect water on the chest, a mortal disease, but I am ready when God pleases.

"30th.—Ruminated all day. Yesterday made another march in force up the valley eastward, suspecting the enemy were there; we found cattle tracks and a murdered camp-follower: poor fellow he had gone a mile beyond our posts to cut grass and was killed. Many more will be so, for no orders or example prevents these men wandering. McMurdo's horsekeeper, coming through the Lallee pass, was also murdered. McMurdo had just before passed! My march was about five miles and proved my conjectures were right: we came upon the site of a large camp, not less than ten thousand people. There were fires still smouldering, and two *cujavas* or camel litters for women; many mats also, which mark that chiefs were there: they had seen our march from their rocks.

"From Poolagee and Tonge run, nearly to the Indus, two rocky ranges, walls they may be called, and I am between them. The lowest, on the south, is of sandstone rock rising from 50 to 150 feet perpendicularly, and through this wall the first entrance from Zuranee is through the Lal-

lee pass, and then through the Jummuk to Deyrah: the Bhoogtees should have defended both.

"In my march up the valley, between the ridges, I arrived at another entrance through the sandstone wall, namely the Gundooe pass about six miles eastward of the Lallee. In this situation I am anxiously looking for Simpson's arrival at Deyrah: for his march, being beyond the second range, is very important, as my object is, not to defeat only but to destroy the robbers: I do not mean kill them, but to root them entirely out of their rocks. Their wanton murders of the two poor followers has provoked everybody, and they will get no quarter from the soldiers; I will do my best to have prisoners taken, but I fear it cannot be done where one side is so atrocious. This is not defence of country: they first invaded us and murdered everybody, the right is with us; but still my best shall be done to save them, not out of pity but from principle: their ferocity destroys pity.

"Well, I chew the cud very much, and it has come into my head that we must have left men behind us in the hills, for some of our people have been killed on the line of communication. Wherefore, three hundred infantry shall try back, and a squadron of cavalry skirt the ridge along the plain, searching: both to meet at Tonge. I offered this command to * * * * *, but he had been infected with the camp nonsense. '*Oh we can never catch these fellows.*' Our two surprizes of the robbers surprized these talkers, but still many hold this tone; and so I cut * * * * * short, saying, I see you have no confidence and a man shall command who has:—get your corps ready. I sent John Napier, who has zeal and spirit and head; very likely nothing may be found but I will have my own way. The more wrong everybody thinks me, the more resolved am I to carry into effect my own opinions. I do not form them on light grounds, so to-night Jack marches, resolved to do all he can to succeed: it will give him the habit of command

in a night march.—A note come from Simpson who is only one forced march off.

"January 31st.—Jack has come back: he saw no robbers but has brought in two thousand head of cattle, which is as good, it starves them. This proves that there were lurking bands behind us, and that all their cattle could not have been carried off. We have now taken six thousand cattle and a vast quantity of grain: I am a good robber at all events. I have sent McMurdo with a troop of cavalry to meet Simpson at Deyrah, where they have probably laid up grain for the winter; thus I go on quietly but unrelentingly, and with hopes of another Ooch. A crippling blow at the Bhoogtees will secure the Murrees, to which I attach much importance; but the war is a very difficult one, and to win it will make me very glad. By winning I mean so as to produce permanent tranquillity on the western frontier of Scinde; for then with a clear conscience I may say that my conquest is complete, and happiness with freedom substituted for wretchedness and slavery.

"February 1st.—All sorts of bother with General Hunter. He is a good-natured excellent man but has no system as a soldier, and puts things into confusion. Yet one cannot be angry; he is a good soldier in his way and I like him much. The rascally camel men, to the tune of 500, have refused to bring up provisions past Shapoor, and I am fairly put to my trumps. Well, exertion must augment: I will use the camel corps and dismount half the cavalry if need be; I will eat Red Rover sooner than flinch before these robber tribes: my people murmur but they only make my foot go deeper into the ground. We will advance somehow when I have fortified the pass of Lallee, for that is the key of our operations. While that pass is held I can enter the hills and come out again at pleasure, can communicate with my cavalry, and receive my convoys safely: my position is therefore safe, but very critical, and a single blunder may cause failure. I am now on a line across all the Doomkee

Bhoogtee and Jackranee valleys: their territories run east and west, and I command thirty miles, north and south, cutting them off entirely from the west and from most of the watering-places: they are thus thrown to the east in masses, with little food, and a neutral territory behind them.

"February 2nd.—This failure of the camel men is a dreadful blow, and it is lucky I was so cautious, after gaining the passes, as not to move on Deyrah; provisions would have failed, and the passes would have been closed behind me by the enemy: I was patient, and patience is wisdom, difficulties shall not foil me. I have sent moonshee to hunt for camels in Cutchee. The Khan of Khelat's vizier is frightened by my threats against him and his brother for their secret intercourse with Beja: terror is in their durbar and they have sent a vakeel to deprecate my anger. My answer is that if the vizier is, as he says, our devoted friend, he will send me 600 camels, which I will pay for, and receive him into such favour that he shall have a jaghire in Scinde. This and fear will win the scoundrel, and if so I shall take credit for extricating myself from a very serious difficulty. An easy job was never expected by me, but this is all difficulties. Yet I will do the trick.

"Ali Moorad is up and all my operations shall now be changed. Instead of moving in two columns under Simpson and myself, due east, Ali shall, from the south, pass over the high range from Gundooe to join Simpson at Deyrah, and from thence they shall advance in one column by the north of the high range: thus I shall cover more ground. It is a great point that his highness has obeyed my order to move on Gundooe; at Zooree Khushta he was on my communications, and I feared he would plunder my convoys and lay it on the robbers. These chaps are quite 'up to snuff' and doing the *Kaffirs* would be a delightful joke for them: my fear of them is considerable. Ali Moorad is honest enough, but a barbarian is a barbarian.

"February 3rd.—The pot boils! Abdoolah Khan, the Kaharee, tells me, and I believe it though a Kaharee rascal says it, that Beja and all the chiefs are at Mundoo, twenty miles off, and dying of hunger, and that many expire daily: in that I am master. Good military movements are destruction to such warriors, and I am now realizing what I have all my life maintained against a strange but universal idea, namely, that 'undisciplined men of the hills are an overmatch for regular soldiers!' It is nonsense, one of the idiot fallacies of the multitude. Come, I will wait, let them fast; in four days they will be secure, and then Beja have at you. Aye! but there are his women and children and be hanged to them! I must get them out of the way even at the cost of his escape.

"Captain Malet, agent with Ali Moorad, is just come with an offer from Beja to surrender. Answer. Yes, if the whole tribe of Doomkees come to my camp, lay down arms and promise to emigrate to a district on the left bank of the Indus under the guarantee of Ali Moorad: if not they shall be pursued with fire and sword, and the hunted Doomkees, now prisoners, shall be hanged. The last threat will shew them I am serious, though of course only a threat. If Beja does come in I do think pride may be indulged for my campaign, for it is a very difficult one. I shall take Beja into pay, and employ him against the Bhoogtees; these fellows are as bad as Whigs and Tories, they will do anything for money, as those do for place. Very anxious I am about this surrender. I do not like to destroy the tribe because of their women and children; and it is horrible to exterminate except in self-defence: to save is better than to destroy. Ali Moorad is confident that they will accept my terms: then happy shall I be, and this mountain of danger will be gloriously removed; and usefully, for my hope is to be able to tame all these devils and turn them into peaceful cultivators of Scinde. The frontier will not then be disturbed for fifty years if the governor has a grain of sense.

"February 4th.—The fortifying of Lallee pass getting on: it will secure my communications and procure camels for me. Yes! Camels! for I have told the Khan of Khelat that I mean to stay at Deyrah six months, and the vakeel has seen the Lallee works and will confirm the belief: hence, seeing they cannot get rid of me they will be terrified, and my demands for camels will be attended to. It will also facilitate Beja's surrender, for he never dreamed of my sticking in this pass, like a bone in his throat. The lurking rascals killed a poor camel man 800 yards in rear of my tent last night; but one of our patrols caught five of them in a nullah and shot three, the others escaped wounded. The camel man's comrade had his arm cut off; the weapon went through both bones and entered his side: the Belooch sword is terrible. I am bringing up 300 cavalry from the south plain, to enable Simpson to ravage the plain of Deyrah: he has reached that place. Meanwhile Fitzgerald is gone with the camel corps for a night attack on Tallar, where some robbers are; he will then continue his march on Shapoor to bring up supplies.

"Malet writes that Ali Moorad says he is sure of Beja. I am not, just because his boasting highness says he is. I would not believe a barbarian's word, except when knocked out of his mouth by such a kick as would make half his tongue come forth with the sentence. No! no! dear Ali Moorad! Yesterday you asked six days to get an answer, you got these six, and now you ask eight! Wherefore I shall urge my march upon your friend two days sooner, which is as '*remarkable*' as '*the Planxty Step that cost the mother a crown.*' These two more days to settle a plain question looks as if Ali was secretly giving Beja provisions. I will look sharp, and if he is detected I will pull Malet and John Curling out of his camp, and send a volley of grape shot into his tent in exchange. This danger has just occurred to my mind. I will keep cavalry in his front, yet doubt his daring such a prank. Jupiter Ammon! If he does, I

will blow him and his myrmidons to atoms. He dares not! Well, I will keep him in such a position that he cannot escape me if false.

"February 6th.—Waiting for provisions, this delay is bad. Simpson in the dismals, so am I, but that won't feed us. Twelve days' supply has come up, and on the 8th I will abandon these passes and skirt the hills by the plain of Muth until we reach Dooz Kushta, from whence a good road it is said leads to Deyrah: cutting thus the pass altogether I save a cavalry post, have 200 more horsemen at my disposal, and no defile in my rear.

"February 7th.—March to-morrow. My line across their territory must be preserved, but I could not sooner make this move from want of prog; nor had I knowledge before of the route in advance of Deyrah towards which I am advancing. It is said the robbers are absolutely starving and ready to give up; but they are so tricky that my faith is withheld until the thing is done. If it is true it will terminate a war, than which a more difficult one cannot well be. I shall then take my work easy, and spare my declining health. I am weak and unable to stand long, and great cares weigh me down.

"8th.—Marched for Sebree and Rassed, and past Ali Moorad's wild camp. He entreats me not to advance, as it will frighten the chiefs and make them disperse; my consent to halt until the 14th has therefore been given. Is this right? On one side there is hope of a glorious bloodless termination; on the other danger of some scheme to gain time: but even then I am as strong as ever, and something must be risked to save blood. At Sebree I will wait.

"9th.—Yesterday evening our dâk and a sergeant with twelve men were cut off, and six men killed. My belief is that Ali Moorad's Boordees did this, because the killed men are of the 6th Irregular Cavalry who killed many Boordees in McKenzie's action. At the time this news came McMurdo had gone in a dangerous direction with only twelve men,

wherefore I galloped with my escort to his aid. We met two of his men, one having a horse wounded. McMurdo had attacked a small party, which fled, but when returning with captured cattle through the pass he was assailed by a matchlock fire from the rocks. He retired and thus drew the enemy towards him on low but rough ground, and was just going to charge when another band came up in his rear; then he made a flank movement and the bands joined; whereupon he charged, seized the pass, sent the men we met to seek aid, and ordered two others to drive the booty through, while he again charged, drove the enemy back and came off safely. This affair was very gallant, and the success entirely owing to McMurdo's intrepidity; for on the first discharge his men flew about frightened, and he was going to shoot one, but finally they rallied and behaved admirably: they were men of my Scinde Horse escort. The cattle they brought in sold high, and I gave them the money."

Here, while awaiting the result of Ali Moorad's negociations, which finally failed and produced a new system of operations, the general gave Lord Ellenborough the following review of all that had passed, which, though necessarily repeating some facts, puts the whole operation in such a clear light, and adds so many interesting particulars, that compressed extracts will be well introduced: extracts only however, for it ranged over the whole policy of Scinde and India, and was a most remarkable document.

"Lord Ellenborough. February 9th, Sebree.—On the 13th of January my campaign opened. I had a week before taken advantage of the sickness in the 78th to write a letter to the Khan of Khelat, saying my troops were too sickly to take the field till next cold season; but the hill men should not escape, as Wullee Chandia and Ali Moorad would march against them. This letter I caused to fall into Beja's hands, and knowing he had friends in the Khelat durbar, sent a duplicate there that Beja might have the same story two ways: the trick succeeded. Wullee Chandia went ahead

againt Poolagee, Jacob followed by forced marches and reached Rojan the same moment that I reached Khangur. But I found many of Jacob's horses had died of fatigue and thirst, and so, having notice that the enemy occupied Shapoor, it entered my head that if Wullee was true he would that night attack Poolagee; and Jacob, no longer able to reach that place in time, might be sent against Shapoor instead of my marching there myself. The enemy would thus be driven eastward, while I moved upon Ooch, a watering-place in the desert.

"Well. If Wullee entered Poolagee and Jacob assailed Shapoor, it followed, that unless Jacob was beaten the enemy would fly to the nearest watering-place eastward, that is to Ooch, which was forty miles off and there was no road, all being loose sand and after a shower the best guide is lost: nevertheless in half an hour after reaching Khangur Captain Salter started with cavalry and guns to Ooch; and my orders went to Jacob to attack Shapoor that night. Salter had not been gone an hour when intelligence came that many chiefs and a strong force were at Ooch; whereupon, fearing Salter being overpowered I set off after him with two guns and 200 cavalry though they had already come sixteen miles: however we made the additional march of forty miles just before daybreak. Being a little tired with riding and incessant thought from daybreak on the 15th till daybreak on the 16th, I fell asleep on my horse and was awaked by his stopping: then I found that the advanced guard, with which I was, saw lights not far off, but when we looked for the cavalry and guns they were lost! This was very awkward, for we were but fifty men in a desert, close to a numerous enemy. Still we hoped to find Salter. Day broke, McMurdo rode to the top of a sand cliff and returned to me, saying he saw Beloochees firing in the plain below. I drew up our handful of troopers, in whose pluck it must be confess d I had not much confidence, but thought they would stick by the '*sahebs*' of the

staff. Having removed out of matchlock fire from the sand cliff we awaited adventures, and at that instant our errant guns and main body came round another hillock of sand! to my no small satisfaction, for fifty tired men and horses were not in a state to give battle to many hundreds of good swordsmen quite fresh.

"Officers were instantly sent out to ascertain what the shooting before us was, and they found it was from Salter's force. He had gallantly engaged and defeated the enemy in the night, and the firing was between his videttes and single robbers, who were lurking about to get back their cattle. He had captured more than three thousand, and double that number would have been taken but for the fatigue of this very rare march with guns over a sandy desert! Soon a horseman came at speed to say Shapoor had also been surprized. My letter had deceived them at both places; they thought when they saw our men coming on that they were the Chandikas, and fought until the vigour of the attack told them who they had to deal with. I immediately remounted and reached Shapoor that evening, tired enough: I thought I should never wake again.

"After a few days my infantry came up, and I thought that by pushing the cavalry to Lheree and Poolagee, on the west, the tribes would be enclosed in their hills and driven eastwards as I wished: but instead of moving up the Teyaga valley to the most northern of their hills, which were menaced by their enemies the Murrees, they moved south of all, along the edge of the desert. When I found they had abandoned Tonge I marched by Ooch and Zooree-Khushta: the infantry of the Bundlecund Legion were coming up, but I could not wait and left orders for them to proceed under General Simpson to Poolagee, turn there and move eastward up the valley of the Teyaga, while I forced the pass of Lallee in front of Zuranee. That pass was abandoned to me, and also the Jummuk pass beyond it. My conviction then was, and now I am sure of it, that the enemy thought I would

heedlessly thread both passes to join Simpson and march upon Deyrah, when he would have seized these passes with five or six thousand men and cut me off from my magazines, and cavalry. I might have regained them by force, but if I failed all my infantry would be lost.

"My plan was however not to fight, but to starve the tribes by occupying lines across their country which they could not force: hence my camp was at once fixed between the passes and occupying both, and in this camp we halted until we had gathered above 6000 head of cattle altogether. I then moved in advance, but during my halt two things of importance had occurred. First our camel men, hired at Shikarpoor, took fright when we entered the passes and deserted with five hundred camels: the government camels were then nearly exhausted, my supplies were thus stopped, and there was little in camp from the rapidity of our previous marches! Amongst many expedients to remedy this heavy blow I dismounted half the camel corps, and in one march Fitzgerald brought up 44,000 lbs. of flour from Shapoor! I am still in great difficulty, but have taken very active measures to relieve myself. Twelve days' provisions are still in camp, and more coming up, and there is six weeks' supply at Shapoor, which on emergency can be brought up by dismounting half the cavalry and the camel corps: at the worst two forced marches would take me to Shapoor, but my expectation is to get 600 camels from Dadur.

"The second occurrence was that four chiefs, viz. Beja Khan Doomkee; Deriah Khan Jackranee; Islam Khan Bhoogtee, and another great hill chief little known, called Ali Sha Khosa, have sent terms to ask for surrender. This is very opportune; my own camels are failing, and the enemy has been allowed, contrary to the pretended orders of the Mooltan government, to enter the Mooltan territory. This makes me feel now very generously inclined to do what under other circumstances I might refuse. Still I do feel

inclined to treat these men according to their own feelings rather than mine. Robbers they are, but have been made so by circumstances, and had I been a Doomkee I should have been as great a robber as Beja Khan! My offer to him therefore has been, to lay down his arms at the head of his tribe in my camp, and then live in Ali Moorad's territory on the left of the Indus in quietude. To the Jackranees I have offered ground in our territory, also on the left bank; but if they won't go, extermination! To the Bhoogtees, to swear on the Koran and write what they swear therein, never again to plunder our frontier, and to acknowledge allegiance to the Khan of Khelat: I think their chief will send his son as hostage to Ali Moorad. This was proposed by Ali with some object not clear to me, so I refused to notice it; but I hear the Bhoogtee will refuse fealty to the Khan, in which case he shall be excused if he sends his son as a hostage. Yet, if the Khan sends me 600 camels I will make Islam Bhoogtee bow before him.

"The Murrees have not acted against me, but have not helped as they promised. They shall therefore give up the four guns they took from Clarke and Clibborn and have put up in a mosque as trophies. I have now turned their strong defiles of Noofusk and Sartoof, and we command a good cannon road from Deyrah to Kahun, their capital; they are therefore in dreadful alarm, and have sent their women forty miles to the northward. My new line across the Bhoogtee country is in the sketch I send, and there is a mark half-way between this place and Deyrah, where two hundred cavalry will be on the 12th with orders to scour those valleys; this day also, four companies, sent towards that point to scour the ravines between us, have killed four robbers and brought in 500 cattle. Four other companies go to-morrow to scour the rocks and valleys between this camp and Hunter's, for I left him with a detachment in the passes. Meanwhile all the tribes in front are suffering from eating only flesh, for their grain depôts were captured

at Lheree, Poolagee, Shapoor and Ooch: it is a war in all ways detestable, but my hope is to end it with less bloodshed than could be expected. We have lost but one officer, Azim Khan of the 6th Cavalry, a very noble soldier. His death was very fine. He had been mortally wounded in Salter's charge, and hearing of his state I went to see the dying soldier and tried to give him hopes. General, said the hero, I am easy, I have done my duty, I am a soldier and if fate demands my life I cannot die better. Your visit to me is a great honour. He was perfectly composed and fearless, and his death took place almost immediately; an affecting and a glorious one, but it tries the heart of a commander to see such men expire. Accursed be they who, in the House of Commons, accused me of murders!

"Ali Moorad is positive that one thousand Doomkees will lay down their arms on the 14th, and the general opinion is so amongst all ranks. How these general opinions arise in a camp cannot be said, but they are generally correct in the main: if so here, my return to Scinde shall be rapid to put an end to expence. Napoleon says that war amongst deserts is the most difficult of any; and really it is exceedingly embarrassing. To get supplies is difficult; to move is difficult; to find a road is difficult: in short it is a chain of difficulties that no other country presents; and we have here the agreeable addition of mountains and rocks, all barren and wild, and full of passes: desert behind, rocks before! Well, it teaches a man his trade, though with me too late, for I grow perceptibly weaker, principally from extreme anxiety lest I should blunder.

"Since your lordship left India I have had to endure much petty annoyance from Sir G. Arthur's government, and but for Sir H. Hardinge should have had a great deal more. I am sure that if any other person had succeeded you I should have been driven out of Scinde by the Bombay people. Ali Moorad behaves very well. He at first

tried, of course, to upset me with Hardinge. He concluded he would upset all your lordship's men, but was sadly taken aback to find his secret vakeel was sent away from Calcutta. He has a fine body of troops here, and the people sent to trace the slayers of the dâk party free his men from blame. These *Puggees*, so they are called, are very clever, they will trace footsteps for days with certainty.

"I am puzzled how to treat the Khan of Khelat. Brown tells me he is a handsome young man, with the most engaging dignified manners. He said. You killed my father and took all my treasure, therefore I am weak and my sirdars do as they please. He is in fact a prisoner, and if I give him money he will be a milch cow: no good can come of that. My wish is to pay for him a body of troops with English officers for a certain number of years: his revenue will then be large, for the rich countries about Bagh, Lheree, and Gundava, now laid waste by the robber tribes, will when the latter plundering confederation is broken up by my present enterprise become one sheet of cultivation. I have frightened his sirdars; his vizier's brother played tricks and got this warning. 'In six weeks I can and will take any man that offends me between this and Candahar, hence if you Mohamed Ameer do not behave well you shall be hanged a your friend Nowbut was, even though you fled to Bokara.' The effect was that the Khan himself, who had hitherto kept aloof, offered to meet me whenever it was my pleasure to appoint; and he added all sorts of offers to co-operate against his rebel subjects in these hills."

This letter, which in its extent embraced an immense variety of subjects, political and military, and grasped the whole government of India, was certainly a remarkable instance of mental vigour, being written in camp in the midst of very perplexing and vexing negociations demanding the nicest judgment. It was written also under the pressure of sickness, fatigue, and age overtasked. Yet he is found at the same time soliciting the Jam of Beila for fruit trees to

plant at Kurrachee, and strange to say, composing doggrel verses upon Beja Khan, which, though of no poetical value, possess verve and point enough to shew his mastery of mind and vivacity amidst the difficulties and dangers of his position. Written when expecting Beja to come down on his army, they expressed also that fierceness of spirit which made him so terrible in battle, against his milder nature.

"Come on stout Beja, to the strife!
Nor you nor I will spare a life!
Unhonoured war! of mercy reft,
And hopes alone in victory left!
Barbarians, whom no pity ties,
The victor kills, the beaten dies!
So be it Beja! Stand or run,
We shan't both see the setting sun!
If you beat me, a corpse I'll lie!
If I take you, I'll hang you high!
For you, shall be no burial rites
Swinging in air you'll feed the kites!

"I feel no less poetical than merciful! However, I really do mean to hang Beja if he plays foul."

FIFTEENTH EPOCH.

FOURTH PERIOD.

THE negociations with the chiefs only led to a renewal of operations, more difficult and dangerous than those already executed; yet the first part had been very remarkable. The marches across the desart to surprize the enemy would alone have won the applause of a nation, if the general had not been obnoxious to faction: and the hardiness and spirit of the soldiers were astonishing. Jacob's column marched fifty miles, Salter's forty miles, through deep sand; and through that sand also worked for forty miles a body of the Scinde police under Lieutenant Smallpage, so entirely had they been imbued with the highest military qualities; so pushed forward also in the cause of civilization, for these men had been brought up as robbers themselves. The general's own column marched fifty-six miles; he was in the saddle for thirty hours, the last two in a violent land storm of the most oppressive nature. Less hardihood, less military genius, has in other times called forth the orator's burning words and a nation's gratitude: but when was faction anything but base?

"Journal.—While awaiting the result of the negociations I will explain the cause of my halt for ten days between the Jummuk and Lallee passes. The terrible robber tribes of Doomkees, Bhoogtees and Jackranees were feared in all the surrounding countries, and had been so for centuries; but they were not on good terms with the Sikhs, and my hope was, that my own request and the demand of the political agent at Lahore, Major Broadfoot, made at my desire, that the Lahore government should preserve neutrality would be

effectual. Moreover the entrance of thousands of these robbers into the Sikh territories, pursued by a British army, was a thing for the Sikh inhabitants to fear, and therefore I believed they would oppose it.

Islam Khan has married a daughter of the Keytrian, Hadjee Khan, whose territory is northwards, touching the Mooltan frontier, and Hadjee told Islam he would receive him if in distress but not his tribe. Of course, with this fear of the British, he would not receive the other two tribes, and hence my conviction was that they could not escape me; this reconciled me to halting, but want of provisions was the cause: arrangements had been made to form a principal magazine at Shapoor, and to forward supplies from thence to the active columns. The first convoys rapidly followed up the more rapid marches of the troops to Shapoor, and that magazine was well stored for two months when we moved to the Lallee and Jummuk passes. But suddenly the robbers shewed themselves on our line of convoys, and Beja sent threatening messages to the contractors and camel drivers, causing a panic in the rear, which was augmented by a belief that the army was sure to be defeated in the hills. General and troops it was said would be destroyed; Shikarpoor would be plundered, and vengeance fall on all who had assisted in the war against Beja Khan: and this belief was also industriously inculcated by the Bombay clique and the newspapers. The contractors would not then fulfil their contracts, saying they could not get camels; the camel men refused to enter the hills, saying they dared not: the officer commanding at Shikarpoor menaced them, and held out promises of greater gain, but in vain, and in one night all the camel men went off with their animals, just when the rapid marches had outstripped supply: thus all was stopped!

"I was not well able to see a way through this difficulty: and the dangers were. 1°. Checking my rapidity of operations, for which all my previous preparations had been made.

2°. This check would induce surrounding nations to think the British had again failed, as they had before done in the hills at Seebee, at Moostung, at Noofusk, at Sartoof, and at Khaheree: for six hundred years it was said no force had entered the hills and returned unscathed, and the tribes being thus unconquered were by all Asiatic nations deemed unconquerable. 3°. This opinion might easily turn the Murrees and the troops of Khelat against us; and then a flame of war would have been kindled in all the hill ranges, for the Cabool massacre was a source of pride with these nations: there was a burning zeal to repeat it, and from all the mountain tops keen eyes were bent upon the British force. This danger did not alarm me, I knew my troops too well, and was forearmed against it as a probable occurrence; but my object and hope was to attain success without bloodshed.

"Worse than this check however was to be apprehended. It might be necessary to go back even to Shapoor for sustenance, and there is no saying what misfortunes want of carriage will entail on an Indian army: success may be within its grasp and yet be lost in a moment. Had I retreated, a shout of victory would have pealed along the Cutchee Hills to Seebee, would have reverberated in the Bolan rocks and echoed along the Hala range to Sehwan:—and then a wild storm of swords shields and matchlocks would have swept the plains. Again: if the spies are deceived about the Keytrian chief's refusal to receive the tribes the line of operations would have been much lengthened, and with little time for action, which from the heat cannot be maintained beyond the 1st of April in the desert. My troops are full of fight, but young; and when did young soldiers like halting and half rations? The camp gossip also was bad. *Beja Khan could not be caught; the thing was impossible.* And truly the rocky passes and strongholds presented by the defiles furnished excuses for such language. But my great fear was, that downcast

spirits as to what appeared a wildgoose chase might produce sickness: some cases did occur. A last, though least source of disquietude, was the swarming of the robbers round the camp in small bands, killing stragglers. Against all these evils I made head as I could, resolving not to retreat happen what would until the last gasp: when every advantage was gained it would have been hard to fail merely from want of carriage; a thing that ought never to happen, and never would with an Indian army if a baggage corps such as I have projected were established in every presidency. I am now awaiting events.

"4th of February.—Can there be treason going on? Are they getting a force from Mooltan? If so we shall thrash them, for I have 800 European infantry, 500 Sepoys, 10 guns, 600 cavalry here, and 1000 more at Shapoor in reserve. No! There can be no treason; but if there be I will make another Meeanee. Ali Moorad must be an absolute idiot if he is a traitor; if he is staunch his two thousand men are of my army: my opinion is that the enemy has some intrigue with the Mooltan people for leave to go into their territory, and if refused they will surrender.

"12th.—Ali Moorad still confident that Beja will surrender. I took out the troops to-day and studied my ground. It will do: should twenty thousand attack me, we shall beat them! So come on Beja!

"Feb. 13th.—Hunter's camp has joined mine from the passes, and Simpson is in a strong post at Deyrah. 2 o'clock. The chiefs are coming, and have sent their kinsmen to feel the way at Ali Moorad's camp. Now if I give orders, as I ought, to cut their throats the chiefs will decline further attentions, but if received decently the grandees will follow. The kinsmen have done their bidding, and my answer was, Come all together or not at all. Give us one day longer. Not an hour! to-morrow I march, and mercy has gone back with my heavy baggage to Shapoor.

"14th.—The kinsmen say the chiefs did not understand they were to come in personally, and have gone back to tell them. However my word shall be kept, and to-morrow I will march in pursuance of it to *Douze Kushta*, the most eastern entrance to their rocks: I have given them a longer day though, as the kinsmen say the distance would preclude their appearing sooner. If I could ascertain exactly where they are, I would this night surprize them instead of giving more law.

"15th.—Still here. The kinsmen were ready to surrender in the names of their chiefs, but were by me flatly refused. This put them in terror and they are gone off, but with my promise to wait until the 19th at Douze Kushta, because I heard that Beja was sick, and that his wife was dead, and I would not press on his affliction. My word that *with God's blessing* I would march this day has however been kept; for God would not let me march as I intended: such heavy rain fell that our tents could not be carried, and perforce we remain here to-day and to-morrow. Of this I am glad, for it will facilitate the surrender of the chiefs. Then why did I not order a halt? Because, if my promise to march had been voluntarily broken there would have been no end to the barbarians' tricks and negociations. They would have painted pictures in their vivid Eastern imaginations; such as that I could not march from want of camels, or of provisions, or an order from the governor-general, or that Ali Moorad overruled me, and so talked themselves into longer resistance. Ali Moorad has said he also will march to Douze Kushta, despite of my orders to the contrary: he has now got a letter that will, it is hoped, make him comprehend who is master here. His delay in moving on Gundooe when I was at Zuranee, enabled the chiefs to escape eastward with their families, and so prolonged the contest. He now pretends to cross my march and interfere with my operations! If he does not obey and is found encamped by the water at Douze Kushta, a six-pound shot shall go through his tent;

for a word and a blow is my rule with barbarians, and I insist on gratitude for not following their own custom and striking the blow first.

"February 16th.—Last evening we were again gasping for water, when down came from the hills, through the middle of our camp, a river some sixty yards broad and two feet deep! I expected this *Fiumara*, knowing them of old in Portugal, Spain, Italy and Greece. The soldiers were delighted, and a miracle could have been made of this by riding towards the mountain awaiting the torrent, and then galloping back at the head of the rushing stream from the pass! How many phenomena there are in this country admitting of a miraculous gloss! In the desert, Ali Bey, my orderly, brought me a handful of manna, saying, Look sir, this is a miracle, it is on the bushes, it is food! it comes from God! Down from Heaven! Ali was quite right: it does come from God, it is food and it is a miracle—but one that God works all the days of the year. All that comes to feed man is miraculous; reading and writing are miraculous; it is a miracle that we are born, one that we live, one that we die. Whence we come we know not; what we do we know not; what is around us we know not. Merciful God! what are we?

"But we have a part to perform in this drama! yes! so has the bug that bites us! Which has the most important part of the two? We both act by the direction of our nature, and who shall presume to decide? the bug may produce a sleepless night for the body, and to the ingenious mind thus kept wakeful some great invention may occur. Who is the originator? The bug which sucks blood, or the man who unwillingly lies awake under the operation of bug grazing. Yet the invention may overturn the order of things, perhaps enable us to reach the moon! Oh! vain and miserable man! Take a beautiful horse and place it alongside of a fat red-nosed bumboat woman of Portsmouth: woman is divine! but if this be our divinity what is her

adorer, man? Is not the beautiful horse at her side more divine? more beautiful, more clean, more gentle, more innocent? Look at the elegantly-formed gnat that stings her: is he not more divine with his light glistening wings? But he bites! Yes! And ask a bullock what she does. Now put her beside a luxurious bishop. Where is the difference? He is full of wine, as she is of gin: is the vine a finer plant than the juniper? She dresses her own beef-steak, obtained by her labour: his is dressed by a skilful cook, and paid for by others' labour! Oh! vain miserable man! 'we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us!' Well, I am only laughing at the absurdities of the vanity which claims superiority in the eyes of God.

"February 17th.—The second anniversary of Meeanee, and I am again in the field! Am I doomed to war and blood? Well, this is at least a righteous war, but so was that against Pottinger's friends the Ameers. This day two years what heaps of dead were around me! How many friends were dying! The shrieks from the hospital tent where men were suffering amputation! Peace be with all, for all behaved nobly—those who died and those who survived that terrible conflict. I am still awaiting the robber chiefs, and it is curious that the name of the place, Douze Kushta, means the thief's death in the Belooch tongue. I have been on horseback from four o'clock in the morning until two of the afternoon, and without food: it is not every man of sixty-three who can do that, and work afterwards.

"February 18th. — Salter, just come from Deyrah, confirms my secret intelligence that no surrender was intended; but Ali Moorad has made me lose six days; and himself too, for I believe he was deceived as well as me by his quartermaster-general Kummal Khan, a black crooked-faced smiling old knave who shall be paid off some day. This place is covered with petrifactions of sea shells, and a sea crab of great size has been found. Iron and sulphur extend all over these hills, very beautiful specimens. Being

close to the Indus this might be turned to account by enterprize: but India belongs to the 'Honourable Company of Merchants trading to the East,' which has as much idea of good government as it has of honesty: agents of the devil to make men miserable.

"Nothing of the chiefs yet! I have now done all that is possible to prevent their being slaughtered, and this night I will march in search of them with an edged sword; the soldiers will not give them quarter, nor will they ask for it: they are brave men, but will when spared, if occasion offers, kill the man who spares them. However they shall be tamed, if caught, by hard work and the comforts produced by labour, good food, good houses; and if the present men cannot be broken to civilization their children may: it is worth the trial. How impatient I feel! it is a want of sound sense. Which is worst, impatience or dawdling? both mark weakness of mind, dawdling the most so."

Patient as Issachar while he had hope of peace; when that vanished, he was again the Lion of Judah.

"Shore, 20th.—Beja did not come, so I marched, hoping to surprize him here but failed, because, contrary to the strictest orders some fellows lighted a fire and we were discovered. However we have taken 150 camels' load of baggage and much wheat. I have been twenty-two hours in the saddle, and am sadly annoyed at missing the robbers.

"February 21st.—Slept thirteen hours without turning a hair! One robber chief, Ali Shere, has come in. He is quite a lad: his district, Bushoree, being in the midst of the others he could not come before. He shall have some employment in Scinde, for it is idle to punish vice unless you give food to virtue: the latter may be its own reward, but will scarcely be so accepted by a tribe of robbers with empty bellies. To chastise these knaves is but half my work, and the most disagreeable half. I want to reclaim them, which is very hard to do, and none in this camp but my three sons-in-law believe it possible. Yet there are here

clever and good men. They doubt the native character, and perhaps they are right: yet much nonsense is talked about the 'native character;' it is human character, modified by political and religious influences for centuries. In a long military life I have been intimately acquainted with many nations, English, Irish, Scotch, French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Italians, Greeks, Turks, American Negroes, and East Indians—Hindoo and Mussulman. The human character has therefore been to me as a much-read book. This is an advantage attending military life which has not been noticed; our acquaintance with many nations, principally the military and peasantry of each, enables us to see the different characters of each, because there is a great similarity of military laws and customs, and therefore the military man detects the national character with ease under that disguise.

"The constant study of human nature enforced by military life gives the old soldier more knowledge than other professions do; for the more liberty a man has to follow his own way the less he knows of mankind. He may be shrewd and know much, but liberty makes him a prince, he does what he likes and that is death to a knowledge of human nature. The soldier is always under control; he must study man, and long habit gives him tact to discover the true character. Now this enables me to be sure that the Sepoys of India are like other soldiers, with some difference of religion and customs. As a recruit he is vaunting and eager to fight, so are Europeans; as a veteran he is cool and daring, so are Europeans; both are vain of being soldiers, both will run away at times, and both will fight desperately when well drilled. He has been for ages a slave, and therefore a liar. So have Europeans been, but as they grew free told more truth, and so will the Sepoy: thus I can believe some of our native officers, I cannot believe a man in Ali Moorad's camp. If we look to causes for variety of character we can generally trace those varieties to government and climate, not to difference of race. Let children of many races be brought up

together in a country foreign to all and they will all be as the men of that country are.

"Toosoo, February 22nd.—Left Shore this morning, but dare not venture through the great Goojroo pass in my front. It is about twenty miles long, with perpendicular sides of rock—a long stone trough! Flanking parties could not move at top because of the numerous narrow deep cross clefts; and for twelve miles no water could be sent up to them: yet without such parties the enemy would kill us with stones. We are encamped near to, but north of Meerza-ke-Gurree, and my chance is now to decoy Beja into his final refuge at Trukkee, a place the robbers and all Asiatics imagine impregnable. We must now find out where Trukkee is! We are in the dark. I have one good guide, who says it is two marches from Deyrah, where we shall be to-morrow. The last day's march was through a terrible country, armies have been destroyed here, and no wonder; but I have hold of the pass into the plain of Deyrah, and would not let it go for all India! I also hold the defile of Goojroo: Ali Moorad has that of Lootee. Hunter has moved back on the Lallee and Jummuk passes, while my march is on Deyrah. We have thus complete possession of this country, and now I must make the Murrees say whether they will accept it from me.

"Deyrah, 23rd.—This is a beautiful and fertile plain, a rich soil and fine stream of pure water, with a strong mud fort flanked by eight round towers: it is the robber's haunt and denotes his trade, for there is not any cultivation except just round the fort. This vale, by nature rich, is a waste. There is grass, running water, wood, and the finest air I ever breathed; nature has been prodigal, and the place could, and should be made by me if my mastery were real, one mass of luxuriant produce. Oh! it is grievous to see it the lair of a robber, with his fort enclosing mud huts like Irish cabins to hold his women and his plunder!

"The Murrees have sent to say they are coming to salaam:

they are in terror. So here am I receiving homage as a conqueror from the very tribe that defeated our troops and took our guns four years ago, when the politicals those precious inventions of Lord Auckland ruled. They were invented by Whigs to put down the military, and down they did put them in the Tezeen valley! there fifteen thousand skeletons, victims of Lord Auckland and Sir William McNaughten, are grinning with ghastly mirth at the Affghan hills! Here lie the bones of Clarke's detachment within sight of my tent, and hard by is Noofusk, with its near neighbour Sartoof, the scene of Clibborn's defeat; and both, like the Tezeen valley, are drenched with the blood of our soldiers, whitened with their bones, landmarks of our shame and dishonoured arms. Well, I have in some measure wiped out these stains: the colours of England float over my tent in defiance of the rugged passes through which they were then dragged in the dirt. Honour however be to the memory of the noble soldier Clarke! He fell with his men gallantly fighting, a sacrifice to the incapacity of Lord Auckland for governing a great empire. Let me be understood literally: governing a great empire. The opinion, said to have been propagated by Sir A. Burns, is rife, namely, that his good feelings and good sense were opposed to the war, but his counsellors, especially Sir W. McNaughten, overruled his judgment.

"February 25th.—I am like a galvanized body. My mind makes desperate efforts and spurs the body to convulsive exertions, and then both sink. To complain would look like want of firmness, but the overwhelming weakness of my limbs is beyond description. I am growing uneasy also about provisions; we have been on half rations for a week and in two days shall have none: these Bengal commissaries, of whom I have heard so much, appear not very good, and these last few days' operations have been rapid and perplexing."

They were not only rapid and perplexing but of the

highest order as to military decision and calculation. In the Administration of Scinde they are explained in detail, with drawings of the wild defiles.

"We had no knowledge of the enemy's positions, nor of the country: he had spies everywhere and we could get none; all persons were terrified, and that as much from the efforts of the villainous newspapers as from fear of Beja: even my own servant, who has been with me ever since my landing in India, was I firmly believe a spy: he was faithful in other respects, but reported everything I said to some one; perhaps Outram, or some friend of his in Bombay. Well, be that as it may, I could get no spies; but being confident that the tribes were driven together among the eastern rocks, and having an intimation that they were at Shore twenty-one miles off on the edge of the Mazaree Sikhs' district, I resolved to surprize them; and my force was fit for the exertion, I having then reduced my baggage to the smallest quantity that was possible consistent with health; perhaps below what any Indian army ever voluntarily marched with before.

"It was said that the robbers were encamped absolutely within the Sikh frontier, and I reflected on the inconvenience of assailing them on neutral ground; but as those neutrals had broken faith by admitting them, and the country was so wild and savage that the exact line would be hard to ascertain I resolved to march. Accident prevented the surprize, and finding myself in the midst of terrible mountain rocks I took a detachment to explore Goojroo, a desperate pass. Riding in it a mile I sent officers with parties to the summits on either hand, who saw the enemy's camp a few miles off. My first thought was to dash through at them; but my troops had been twenty-two hours in movement, it was nearly dark, and the danger of being destroyed in the pass decided me to halt for the night. Moreover, I then knew for the first time exactly where the enemy was; that he could retreat no further and would

likely push for Deyrah to regain his rocks; or that he would throw himself into Trukkee, a celebrated stronghold, its site unknown to me. My position was very critical.

Expecting battle all my troops and Ali Moorad's had been concentrated at Shore; and my design, failing of a battle, was to entice Beja to enter Trukkee rather than he should move westward, where however Jacob was still posted with guns and cavalry to bar progress. But Beja being beyond the Goojroo defile northward, could get before me to Deyrah westward, and my business was to forestal him. Wherefore, leaving the Bundlecund legion at Shore under a resolute soldier, Captain Beatson, I sent Ali Moorad to the Lootee pass behind Beatson, and ordered General Hunter back to the Jummuk defiles, which, leading to Deyrah, are secured by the fort I had constructed there. Meanwhile I moved in person direct upon Deyrah, to baffle the enemy in effecting either of two courses open to him. One was the turning of my left by Deyrah and forcing the Jummuk pass before Hunter could arrive: the other, moving down the Teyaga valley and breaking through Jacob's posts; these were desperate measures for him to attempt, but he was in a desperate state and so to be watched.

"My new dispositions were calculated to meet all these possible events; but my communication with Shapoor was now very long; not less than one hundred miles of very difficult and dangerous ground; and yet all my supplies, it might be even water, were to come from thence by camels, and there were well-mounted bands of robbers lurking to cut them off. It was to secure this line that Hunter was sent to the Jummuk pass, for he was there to meet the convoys, turn them back by that pass, and so enable them to gain Deyrah, thus shortening the line of communication, which he was also to guard. I was very anxious for his arrival, but he lost a day. We are now so placed, that if the enemy attempts to descend into the plain of Deyrah we shall attack him when in a confused enormous mass of men

women children, cattle and baggage. This would be a dreadful slaughter, and I had avoided such an attack before on the 18th of January. Beja was then moving from Tonge across my front, but I would not fall on him, wishing to give time for the women and children to escape into the hill: thus I lost my blow for their sakes. These poor creatures however have never believed that we spare life: some children found here, have regularly asked every day *When are we to be killed?* The poor little things thought the good food given to them daily, and which they enjoyed exceedingly, was preparatory to their being killed, and of course eaten by the Kaffirs! I have them close to my tent, and have found two of their own women to look after them, and they are as merry as grigs.

"I long for rest to my mind: to get up and feel that there is no work, and that there will be no neglect of duty. Now every moment that the traces feel slack the whip of conscience cuts to the bone, and convulsive exertions follow. I do not make the most of my tools either, for all my life the idea of making soldiers do what I did not do myself has been odious to me, and hence my own weakness is the measure of exertion. As a young man I would not ride on a march, and often carried a weakly man's musquet, sometimes two. Young officers always ride now, and heap their own comforts upon the horse-keeper who runs on foot at their horse's tail. Such men may be very good fellows but they are incapable of leading men; a commission puts them at the head of men, but they do not lead them; nor will they ever distinguish themselves in history: it is an ignorance of human nature which is a veto on their ever being great men. They are not perhaps worse than men of other days, but those men of other days did not distinguish themselves: I mean those who preferred comfort to military spirit.

"This love of ease appears more general now than formerly: there are very few Spartans in India. Their bodies

are less hardy, they cannot make war without the necessaries of life, and to a man who indulges in luxuries those luxuries become necessaries: he is then unfit for war. The herd of young men appear to think being what they call *gentlemanly* is fine; and they think to be gentlemanly they should drink a certain quantity of wine, and as much beer as they can hold; that they should be insolent to black servants and have all comforts in great order. This is the officer of all ages, but not the one who makes a great commander. Their talk now is all about promotion, but they never seem to think it necessary to answer the question Sir John Moore put to his young cousin, Simpson of the 43rd, who asked him for promotion. 'I am desirous of serving you, but tell me what you have done that gives you a claim to promotion over others? First distinguish yourself as a good officer and then you may claim promotion at my hands;' this is the real secret.

"There are two essential qualities necessary to make a soldier—courage and zeal: and rather would I see a man without the first than the second. Position, discipline, a hundred things may remedy a failure of courage; but want of zeal is a floorer: it is at one jump to reach the point where age and long service places worn-out men. To this point it is absolutely disgusting to see a man arrive at twenty-five, nay, some at sixteen! There are boys in this camp who require and have more luxuries than myself, who am 63 and governor of Scinde! The want of beer and wine is absolute misfortune to them. These men, or boys, are unfit for war, the essence of which is endurance; and not only that but a pride and glory in privation, and a contempt for comfort as effeminate and disgraceful. The private soldier cannot have luxuries, and if he sees his officer despise them he does the same: but if his officers sacrifice everything to enjoyment, he is not a fool and holds that officer in contempt. Every reprimand he receives from the gentlemanly Sybarite disgusts him, not only with the fop but with the service.

"Regimental officers should not be allowed horses on the field, or to ride on a march; it is offensive to the men, and ought to be so to the pride of the officer himself. Sir John Moore forbid it: Frederick the Great and Napoleon did not allow it. The Duke of Wellington did permit it, but I believe he repented; for he said, after two years' experience in Spain, that it deprived him of 10,000 cavalry on account of their forage. It is therefore probable he was not satisfied with his plan, but could not easily do away with his order. No service but ours permits it, and we shall in time allow sergeants and corporals to ride, and then privates; and so return to the dark ages when all were cavalry. This is the course of human nature. One man is allowed to ride though his duty does not require it, why should not another?"

The sagacity of these remarks has recently been illustrated. General Bentinck, when before the Sebastopol Committee, is reported to have said, that he thought it would be a wise œconomy to allow every officer to have a waggon! Being in the Crimea he had caught the spirit of the ancient Scythians, who always went to war with their families in waggons.

"February 26th.—Provisions have arrived and all is right. I shall now occupy Tomb, and stop up the valley of the Illiasse. A vakeel has come with a letter from Islam Khan Bhoogtee; no one can read its contents, but the vakeel tells us the robbers are starving and desire to surrender. The letter is gone to Ali Moorad's camp to be decyphered, and I have fed the poor messenger, whose appetite confirmed his story of starvation. Thus by perseverance the robbers are brought to their last shift. To-morrow the Murrees will arrive, and if they will accept Deyrah I shall advance: indeed that shall be at any rate, for my provisions being up, the net may be drawn tighter until it becomes one of bayonets. The robbers have but two courses open. To wait and give battle at Partur, where they are now encamped, and which can be reached only by a difficult road or rather

crack in the rocks north of this place; or to throw themselves into Trukkee, famous all over Central Asia.

"Let me now review my past operations. I begun by cooping the enemy up in their hills, cutting them off from water, and making *dours* to catch their cattle as they stole down at night to drink. Then guarding the plains along the foot of the hills east and west with cavalry, I drew a line of infantry and guns across the hills, north and south, and sent small parties to scour the ravines, pick up cattle and kill the lurking fellows who infested our camp. For a time I halted then to let my operations tell, and to get up my own supplies; but when they arrived I moved my chain twenty miles in advance eastward, brought up my right against Shore and Goojroo, and immediately afterwards took post here at Deyrah, thus forming a new loop towards the north and enclosing the enemy. If he is not in that loop he has given me the slip somehow, but this I doubt: if he has he deserves to escape for his ingenuity and boldness. But where can he escape to? I have only to retrace my steps westward, knowing now every inch of the ground, whereas before, when coming eastward, my advance was in the dark: now every step also brings me nearer my magazines and increases my force by the detachments on the line of communication. Hence my pursuit will be rapid, and Beja will find Jacob and Jamison in his front: he will therefore be lost.

"The gist of my operations is patience, slow consuming time is my weapon, the robber's food is limited, mine now inexhaustible. He lives on his capital, I on my interest; he writhes in agony, I am on a bed of roses: that is, ever since we discovered that he had been refused entrance into the Mazzaree and Keytrian countries, the one on the east the other on the north, while we are on the south and west. Were this war to do again, with my present exact local knowledge it should be finished in three weeks, and indeed would have been so without that knowledge, had I

dared to follow my first plan of advancing from the east as well as the west, to join here at Deyrah. Even as matters were it would have been finished at once had Ali Moorad been true to time; but he delayed for the Moharum feast, and having gorged himself sick remained still. I am now hauling my strong net closer, and the fishes leap and dance but cannot get out: yet I shall feel no confidence till all are ashore. To-morrow night we will push the enemy close, and be a little more active than lately; but dash is not the spirit of this war amongst the rocks. The newspapers say I am following a '*Will-o'-the-Wisp.*' We shall see. It is my nature always to think something has been forgotten, but here, after much thinking, nothing occurs to me. I wish my brother William was here with me.

"February 27th.—Heard from Ali Moorad. I wish the vainglorious fellow were away, he does more harm than good, and his camp is as full of traitors as he is full of folly: but he means well. He and Beatson have got their orders to move by the Goojroo passes upon Partur while I march through the rocks northward, to unite and fall on the enemy at that place or on the Marwar plain, whichever the enemy occupies.

"Feb. 28th.—On the 24th I had ascertained that Trukkee was in this neighbourhood, and felt sure that the robbers would finally go there, where they could be shut up; the exact locality was not known, but I would not allow any detachments, or single men, to go in the direction lest it should prevent the enemy doing what he wished. Meanwhile all was prepared for the march northward on Partur, when this evening, while alone at dinner, a trooper came in at full gallop saying the enemy had attacked a convoy within three miles of the camp, and the escort was engaged. Out I sallied with my guard, ordering a regiment of irregular cavalry to follow, feeling assured the robbers had at last got into Trukkee and that the game was safe. There were some fifty robber cavalry before us,

who retreated and were foolishly attacked by my staff officers before I could restrain them: half would have been cut down if the enemy had faced about, for all were riding loosely. My anger was great, it was altogether improper, and in this instance especially; for my object was to entice the enemy to stop and shew what sort of men, of arms and horses were before me, and to know if their people would come out to support them: in fine by letting them alone to ascertain what they were. Suddenly they disappeared in a chasm amongst the rocks, and my guide exclaimed Trukkee! though he had before said it was two marches off.

"The cool quiet manner in which these robber horsemen vanished in the cleft convinced me that Trukkee was indeed there: wherefore placing the cavalry at the entrance to guard it, I returned to the camp and sent three hundred infantry to support them for the night, resolved to march there with the whole army at daylight. On reaching my tent I found a spy, who told me all the tribes, led by Beja and marching from Partur, had entered Trukkee by a northern entrance, and that they had three thousand men. Instantly I sent a swift camel-rider with orders to Beatson and Ali Moorad to force a march over the Marwar plain, and block that northern entrance; I also despatched the camel corps, taking on their animals three hundred hardy veterans of the 13th. Thus in a short time Trukkee, one of the strongest holds in the world, will be beleaguered to the no small surprize of the enemy, who does not believe we can get to the northern entrance. I find here also the Murree chiefs, who confirm my spy's story.

"Trukkee, March 1st.—I am tired with ascending a high rock to examine the robbers' position, and a devil of a one it is, yet I think to work them out. If we get in upon them there will be terrible slaughter. I hope to God their women and children are not there.

"March 2nd.—Examined the grand entrance, and see no better way of attacking them than by escalading the rock, and

all the Europeans have volunteered; but I have selected Fitzgerald and 250 men; it will be a stiff job I fear.

"March 3rd.—No news yet of Beatson and Ali Moorad being at the north entrance; until they are I cannot attack. Having carefully examined the rocks, it appears that I must get on to their summits far to our left also and then work on till the pass is surrounded. Lo! the enemy cry *peccavi.* An ambassador is come. Such is the fruit of good military operations. I knew they would be gradually melted if the neutral powers were true, and they have been. And now fear of the '*Sheitan-ka-Bhaee*' is great. Glory be to the Prophet.

"March 4th.—Beja Khan Doomkee, Islam Khan Bhoogtee, Deriah Khan Jackranee, Hussein Khan, and another chief of small tribes, came to my tent with the Koran on their heads and fear in their hearts. Beja is a very fine looking old man of great size. Islam is also a handsome man. I think I never saw a set of bigger fellows. Deriah is not so, but has a good countenance and is called a good man. My terms were explicitly laid down, and they went back to consult their tribes, who apparently are not disposed to accept them, for they have sent new proposals. Their real leader, Mundoo Khan, is the bearer, but I refused even to listen.

"March 5th.—Deriah has come in, the ice is broken.

"6th.—The other chiefs refuse, because Captain Postans betrayed Beja: yet the latter knows my character. Now then for a sharp attack from all my posts, and I have sent 300 men to open my communication by Tomb, westward of Trukkee, with Ali Moorad and Beatson, who have attained the northern entrance by great exertion. At daylight small parties shall force the defiles and pursue with fire and sword all they come across, and those who have not surrendered will bite the dust before to-morrow night. My hope is that the women and children may not suffer: I have done all I can to save them hitherto, but can no longer

endanger the expedition; and as all our people are anxious to save them they are not in much danger from us.

"March 7th.—To-night I expect to hear of Beja's being killed or captured: dead or alive I must have the old fox. All this difficulty is owing to Captain Postans; it shall be reported to the governor-general and Postans may defend himself."

Captain Postans was one of those whose talk was about the injustice done to the patriarchal Ameers!

"March 8th.—Not a word of Beja yet! His brother Mundoo and both their families are captured, and my parties pursue him in all directions. We have heard firing to the westward; it must be Hamilton's horse, or Frushard; this suspense is disagreeable. Every horseman of my camp, escort and all, have gone in pursuit! The camel corps owes Beja a grudge and if Fitzgerald overtakes him he is a dead man: that will not displease me, the old villain has been the cause of the war.

"March 9th.—Beja has been captured, the campaign is ended! Great has been my anxiety and labour in this difficult warfare. I know not if I shall get credit, but think it has been well done. However the play is over and Hardinge and the public must decide on my work. I have done my best and want to hang up my sword and live quietly. To be in a public position is not my desire, I am dead tired of the scoundrels who abuse me; and of those who use me to abuse me. I want nothing but to live quietly and die quietly."

This wish was tost on the winds, but prophetic was the anticipation that fair fame would be denied to an exploit, which Napoleon or Wellington might have envied for its surpassing skill and hardihood. His dispatch, garbled in India, was at first suppressed by Lord Ripon; and when Lord Ellenborough forced him, in the House of Lords, to acknowledge and publish it, it was so done as to prevent the public even noticing this feat of arms, though immea-

surably more difficult, and immeasurably more beneficial than that of Ghusnee, for which a peerage had been so recently given. Lord Ripon said he had *forgotten it!* No! he had not forgotten it; he had obeyed his masters the directors. It is dangerous for nations to have the soldier's gallant spirit thus damped by small capacities revelling in the ignorance and insolence of office. Meanwhile the ill-used man was with conscientious energy, straining every nerve, sacrificing health and risking life itself when danger from war was over, to save the purse of the ungrateful Company he served. He was ill, sinking under fatigue, and the plain of Deyrah was delightful, with purest air and limpid water: a beautiful and curious country. There he could have rested in content, avoiding fatigue, heat and business for a time to recover health: yet the moment he had secured his captives his orders were issued for the march back over the desart, to save the Company's government from expence!

What Lord Ripon's real motives were will be seen by the following extracts from a private letter.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—Lord Ripon has written to me a very silly letter about your publishing extracts from my private letters, which he says—'have attracted a great deal of attention, and no small degree of uneasiness has manifested itself in Leadenhall Street.'"

These extracts were only used to repel the falsehoods daily promulgated to run Sir C. Napier down in public opinion; and were necessarily therefore distasteful to the directors.

"Lord Ripon says 'I am quite sure I shall be asked, whether I believe that you have been cognizant of, or in any way concerned in the publication of these private letters, and it is therefore of importance that I should know how the fact stands, at as early a period as possible.' I have told him there is nothing injudicious in anything you have published from my letters. That I am sorry Her Majesty's

government should be *embarrassed* by anything said by me and published by you, and I would desire you not to publish any criticism on the Indian government. I was very angry at first, and was going to tell him I would not submit to be brought to book by the Leadenhall men, and they had better get another governor: but recollected that as I am their servant while here, they had a right to call on me not to publish strictures on their government: therefore I did not send my letter in that form, but maintained that you had published nothing injudicious.

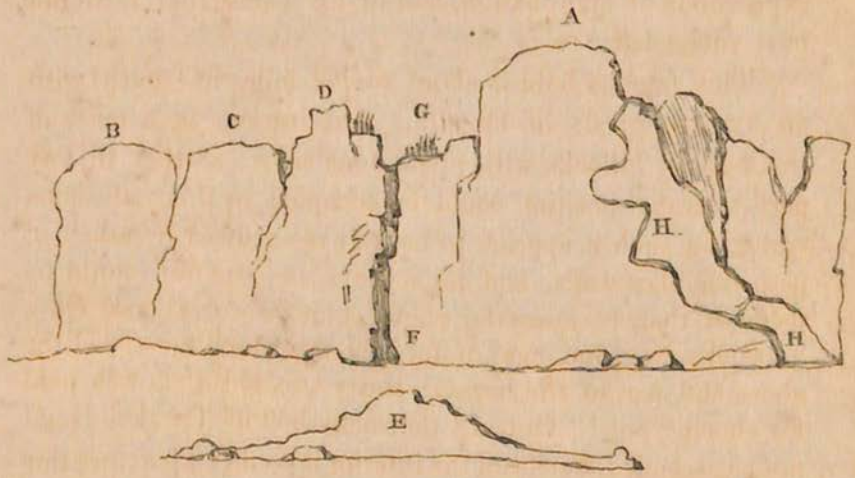
"My own opinion is that he is sore about your mention of Adam's business. However I know the Leaden *head* people are touchy about the matter; they know the rottenness of their system and dread an exposition. Whether they will displace me God knows, they may please themselves."

The victor's description of Trukkee shall now shew the character of his campaign, and the projected plan for storming the entrance drew from the Duke of Wellington strong expressions of approbation, and of his belief that it would have succeeded.

"This famous hold is about twelve miles in length, with an average of six in breadth. The interior is a mass of small rocky hillocks with precipitous sides; so that in any part a strong position could be occupied in this enormous crater, for such it appears to be. It is enclosed by a belt of perpendicular walls, and no minute examination could be made of that, because the whole country around was, for a great distance, one mass of loose stones which destroyed the shoes and feet of the horses: thirty-two shillings was paid for shoeing one! Outside, the rocky belt of Trukkee could not be ascended, but from the interior it could: wherefore this great rude natural bason could only be entered by the passes, or rather passages, for the rocks met overhead: they are splits in the well. This was the southern side. On the northern the inside is precipitous, the outside accessible; and when Beatson's men got up there, they saw the enemy trying

to move from one part to another by swinging their cattle down rocks and hauling them up others with ropes, shewing the rough nature of the ground. There was abundance of water inside, and a mineral spring, hot yet good for drinking, issued from the southern entrance; but it was not for us, being commanded by the enemy's fire from the overhanging rocks. The supply of water for my troops was therefore difficult, so it was with provisions; and as for shoes, the men and horses had marched day and night over rocks. Hence, without any of those terrible hardships which destroy whole armies at once, the force which operated in the Cutchee hills had as much of troubles and of pains as could well be without destruction; and the cheerful spirit with which all was borne sufficiently indicated that they were resolved to encounter any danger or difficulty.

"My plan for storming this natural fortress, if Deriah Khan's surrender had not disconcerted the defence, was thus.



The entrance F is approached by crossing a rocky valley parallel to the high rocks of the bason, and itself difficult to get into from the loose stones heaped about. It was perhaps 800 yards wide, and the screen of rocks forming it, in oppo-

sition to the Trukkee precipices, is, though lower than them, about 600 feet high. These two walls of rock run parallel to each other for about twenty-five miles westward, but the Trukkee rocks are prolonged eastward to Shore, presenting altogether fifty miles of crags.

"In the narrow valley a mortar battery and one of field guns were to be placed at E. The last to play on the entrance F, the mortars to throw shells upon G, which would drive away the men perched on landing-places to cast down rocks: these shells would also have cast down stones, and some have fallen into the entrance before bursting. The infantry in line were to have formed on the left of E, firing at the enemy along the crest of the heights B C D: but not a man was to go or be seen to the right of the battery. A detachment was also to have gone early far to the left, to climb the rocks there if possible, as a diversion; and if it could get up was to work a way along the crest towards us. Meanwhile the real storming party of volunteers under Fitzgerald was to lie perdu on our right, awaiting orders. The party on the left was to shew first, making much display; it was to skirmish, retire, breakfast, dine, and shew every disposition of intending mischief, while our artillery was being drawn ostentatiously through the chasm in the outward screen of rocks and placed at E in battery. Towards evening the infantry were to form out of matchlock range. Now the hill A, at first occupied by the enemy, had been secretly watched by myself, Simpson, and our staff, for several nights, and we observed that the fire there burned at first all night; but, as I expected, the enemy being undisciplined soon got tired of sending a picquet up there every night in the cold, and after some nights the fire was not seen: the time for storming was then come, and the orders were issued. First the guns mortars and infantry were to open fire with all possible violence, the design being that the direct noise and reverberation of sound, and the smoke and din, should attract the enemy's whole attention to the en-

trance F, and prevent his hearing or observing the ascent of Fitzgerald and his volunteers at H H.

"No one unaccustomed to the reverberation of musketry against even a small sloping height can conceive how great it becomes against perpendicular rocks; it would have been deafening there, the valley would have been filled with smoke, and then the stormers would have been launched against A. They were too far off to be disclosed by the momentary flashes of the guns, and the stones they might roll down by their ascent would have been unheard. Every man was to have been sworn to silence, even when wounded; and they would have kept their oaths, as the danger of discovery was strongly impressed on them. If discovered they were to push up strongly and fight; if not observed, to light a fire and then attack, reserves being ready to support them; and at that period the entrance F was to be stormed or not according to circumstances: that is, if Fitzgerald gained the top and could hold his footing the whole force was to file up after him. If he was beaten, F was to be stormed before the failure could become known along the enemy's line and give him heart.

"That this storming would be difficult and sanguinary I knew well, but to attempt it was necessary and my troops were men capable of anything: the whole European regiments were eager to go at A in broad day, and while the enemy were on the top! My intent was not to *order* the storm of F, but to let the soldiers advance voluntarily, firing; for I judged their natural ardour and the excitement of noise smoke and combat would get up their blood, and they would by degrees approach and finally dash into the chasm of their own accord. Meanwhile the attack was to have been aided by the diversion on the left, and by the simultaneous assault of Ali Moorad and Beatson on the northern entrance: not a false attack, but one with a will, led by three hundred volunteers of the 13th, Jellalabad men, the veterans of Sale and Dennie! who could have turned them back? who stand

before them in fair battle! Let me give a proof of their metal.

"When Beatson first reached the northern entrance he pushed in, but a sergeant and ten men of the 13th got on the wrong side of a small ravine, and came to the foot of a rocky platform crowned by the enemy, and where the ravine suddenly deepened to a frightful chasm. The sergeant saw his officer and the main body beyond, gesticulating because they saw the enemy above; they were beckoning to retreat, he thought it was to go on, and at once the stern veterans climbed the rock. As they leaped on to the platform the enemy, eighty in number, fell on them sword in hand, and the fight was desperate. Seventeen hill men were slain, six of the soldiers, and the rest, wounded and overborne, were dashed over the edge and rolled down. Such are British soldiers! Where mortal man can stand in fight they will. Every man of these had a medal, two of them had three on their breasts! They died gloriously but uselessly on that sad cliff in the Cutchee hills: never was the Douranee order so honoured! Their deaths have cast a glorious halo round that order."

These were the deeds Lord Ripon forgot! but the names of these gallant men are recorded in the History of the Scinde Administration, and their enemies, more susceptible of generous emotions, thus testified to their heroism. Amongst the tribes, when a warrior dies with noted bravery a red or green string is tied round the wrist of the corpse, the red being of most honour: here, before casting the bodies of the slain down from the platform, they tied a red string on both wrists!

"Fitzgerald was sent with his men, after the surrender, up the hill he was to have stormed, to ascertain the time it would have taken. On reaching the top, where he remained during the night, every man's bayonet had a bright flame on the point. A like appearance had also been observed going from Ooch to Shapoor; men and horses were then filled

with electricity in the sand storm we encountered; the sand adhered to the horses' eyes and nearly blinded them, the officers' hair stood up, and as there was little wind we concluded the sand was raised by an electric influence. None of us had ever before witnessed a sand storm so extraordinary: the feelings were affected by it, and everybody much distressed. Dust storms are things of daily occurrence in these countries, but such a storm as that of the 16th January no one had before known of.

"Journal, March 10th.—I ought to have hanged Beja: but when a man surrenders at discretion, my own dear brother, Satan himself, could not hang him unless for some peculiarly atrocious act, brought home personally and recent. Had they killed their women every man should have been bayonetted.

"Poolagee, 15th.—Issued from the wild Bhoogtee and Doomkee rocks into the vast plain here, naturally fertile but destroyed by the robbers. Met Jacob, who tells me that the rejoicing in these plains at the capture of Beja and putting down the robbers is great and general. Poor people, they will now thrive, and should do so if I were really the master: but I strike in manacles and run in fetters. Were I the real king they call me, how short should be the time before this vast plain was one mass of grain! But I am free only to do harm. My authority fails me, the rules of the government cannot be broken, and cannot be perfect: and I have not good tools to work with.

"I have examined the mud fort here. Alas! there should have been no failure; one well-led attack would have gone in bodily: it is not a wall but the shell of a wall, about six inches thick; the men might have loopholed it with their bayonets and shot down all within; they might have jumped over and closed with the enemy. Why Fitzgerald did not accept the responsibility of making a second attack is strange. Fate overruled! His doing so would have prevented this expedition of mine, which was to be, and there-

fore Tait's success was not to be: no mortal could prevent my being the '*Sheitan ka Bhaee*' amongst the Cutchee rocks.

"Shapoor, 16th.—This day two months I left this place. A war terminated in two months is not bad! The young Khan of Khelat is here to meet me—a nice lad enough, but not of calibre for the exigencies of his position I fear: however one cannot judge well through an interpreter. I have given him a letter to the chiefs of Candahar, advising them not to attack him, as he is our ally and it would displease me. He says it will save him, they will not dare to offend me: they do not know how little power I have now or they would disregard me! I have ordered Shapoor to be placed in a state of defence, to support the Khan, and the Kaharees whom I have restored to Poolagee. Its garrison will also take the robbers in reverse if the *débris* of the tribes attempt mischief, as no doubt they will. In my heart I swore when in Greece to put down banditti there if God permitted, and in Scinde I repeated that oath. The Spirit of Good refused permission in Greece, here He has permitted it; and as if some outward power moved events all my minutest projects have come to pass. Errors, neglect, and sound calculations, all have turned out right in the end! Can I then feel proud of my ability? No! it is a power unseen, though to me evident, that has guided me!' When I have condemned myself for going to the left instead of the right, it has suddenly answered that the left was the way to go; have I not then a right to say the unseen power is evident: I have been guided either by the Good Spirit or the bad? Yet why say the bad? Do I not pray from the heart's depth to do good and help the poor? Am I not reckless of the rich and contemn them? Do I seek for riches? or high command? No! No! No!

"A forecast of events comes over me, a thousand thoughts collect and bring conviction in an unaccountable manner. Lo! an example! Some days ago a conviction came that

the robbers would go into Trukkee: it was not reason, there were as many reasons against as for, but a sort of spirit told me so. On the 28th February my mind was engrossed with my intended movement northward, which was ordered for the 1st of March: while ruminating a man came hastily to say my convoy was attacked. My thoughts were then intent on how to force the enemy to my purpose in the north, whether by skill, or by riding upon them; but suddenly a voice seemed to repeat Trukkee! Trukkee! it had done so before. They cannot be so mad as to go there, I internally repeated. They are, replied the spirit! What else but a spirit could it be? I walked about irresolutely. Beware! beware! said the warning voice, and suddenly, ere my thoughts could settle, I called out almost involuntarily, Bring my horse! and in ten minutes we were cantering towards the scene of combat. My staff attacked the retiring enemy. Trukkee, said my guide. *The game is mine*, re-echoed the internal voice. My heart was wrath with McMurdo for pursuing the robbers like a recruit; I thought he had done me mischief, yet still the voice whispered *The game is yours*. It was not my mind that spoke. I am a child in the hands of God!

"Shapoor, 17th.—Still here, settling little plans of a little policy, with my little Khan of Khelat.

"18th.—Oh, the dawdling of Eastern diplomacy! I find the fall of Trukkee spreads my fame all over Asia.

"Jugun, 21st.—On the march I, as usual, got into a jaw with the soldiers. Those glorious men who fell at the northern entrance of Trukkee have not had justice, but they shall by God!

"Sukkur, 23rd.—The *Napier* and *Meeanee*, steamers, waiting for me. Spoke yesterday with the brave men who escaped with life from the Trukkee precipice, where their six glorious comrades died; I am not quite pleased with their officer: a gallant Sepoy of the camel corps went up with our men and fought nobly.

"March 24th.—Anniversary of the fight at Hydrabad. Red Rover went down the river yesterday, or he should have had an extra feed of oats. We have however here to feed, *Flibberty Gibbet* who was in the battle, and Fitzgerald's white horse *Glowworm*; Pelley's horse died in the Bhoogtee hills. I give a dinner also, so there are a goodly company of bipeds and quadrupeds going to eat in honour of the fight. I have asked Ali Moorad also, in honour of a battle which hurled his kinsman to the ground. No, I did not do this, he asked himself and he did right. He well knows that all his friends, all his family, all of his religion, all Asia, will regard it as part and parcel of a deception on Europeans.

"25th.—Sat up last night. Dinner disagreeable. Old Hunter chose to compare the relative value of Sepoys and British troops, and I soon saw how little any of my company could reason on human nature. They could not make out the difference between courage and muscular force in troops; or that the force of armies depends upon many things. We English do not study war as a science. An army's strength depends on the physical force of the soldier, and on his physical courage separate from his force; on his moral courage, on his discipline; which last is in my belief capable of winning campaigns in face of superiority in all the other points, except moral courage.

"I could not persuade them that in courage one nation is equal to another. Oh no! because Europeans are the strongest they must be the bravest. That I deny. The strongest men will generally win, but all nations exhibit courage in the highest degree, though all do not exhibit it in conjunction with muscular strength so much as the Englishman and Yankee. This springs from moral causes, and without entering more into this deep study, my advice to these gentry is to study the matter better or they will never command troops well."

The journal of the hill campaign terminates here, and as

the extracts from his long letter to Lord Ellenborough furnished a pithy closing illustration for the first part of the operations, so a like one to his brother William shall here end the second portion.

"Tomb, March.—My energy fails. I know not if others think so, but I feel it, and '*no mistake*.' I do not tire of thinking over matters of importance, but of the pest of the details and correspondence about trifles. It is not real work, it is a mass of common details and constant cavils from Bombay at everything that gives them the slightest excuse. Hardinge has given them one or two slaps in the face. They sent him, more than once, their false versions of matters, meaning to get me into a scrape without communicating with me; but they were thus answered—'The governor-general in council cannot see why this has not been submitted to the governor of Scinde. Returned to be forwarded for his excellency's decision!' These are not perhaps the exact words used, but nearly so. They are id at these things done in Hardinge's quiet way, and I el safe with him. His support has also saved me from being driven from Scinde by the head-quarters.

"Ali Moorad has behaved well. His presence was a bore because he would not obey orders, and his camp was full of traitors; but he was infinitely less mischievous than I expected, and true himself. I have now the correct measure of his character. Good, natural, well-meaning, full of vanity, energetic to do what he likes, not clever and easily guided. He is wild to go to London, and they won't let him, why I know not. Islam Bhoogtee has fled with a few followers, and is wandering: all the other chiefs are my captives. Had I not broken this coalition of robber tribes it is hard to say where it would have ended; for all these countries are filled with gentlemen, who maintain from one to four hundred followers well armed and mounted. They wander about seeking service, and accept food and the right to plunder an enemy in war. They flock wherever

war is, and their enemy is always the man they can plunder: the chief only in whose service they enter is exempt. Beja's renown was great, and having plundered our frontier successfully last summer, he would have been far more dangerous next summer; for he would be joined by these roving knights. He would then have threatened Shikarpoor, and, if there happened to be an epidemic at the time would massacre a sick garrison. We should then see strange things, and a second Cabool, even on a small scale, would do more damage than can well be conceived.

"I have told Lord Fitzroy that my conviction is the duke will approve of my doings; for well he knows what an army of robbers is, and these chaps are a very bold race. Five days ago twenty of them on foot met twenty-five Scinde horsemen in the desert, they fired their matchlocks, drew their swords and charged the horsemen; a hot fight followed, the cavalry offered quarter, it was refused and all the robbers died under shield, side by side: not a man flinched. In another action, a hill robber fought desperately when fast on the bayonet of a European soldier. A second, three days ago, being run through with a bayonet wrenched the Englishman's musquet from him, and drawing the bayonet from his own body severely wounded the owner and then dropped dead. The English soldier survives. He and two more are still alive of the nine who attacked the rocky platform, where they killed more than their own number: gallant fellows! each had two medals: the thought of it vexes me sadly.

"The sulphur mine is not worked. Merchants take long to consider before they make an investment. A company undertook to send out wine and beer direct from France and England, and a year and a half have elapsed without a single bottle having yet arrived though the sale is certain. Now, if swill and guzzle take such time and caution you may judge that a mine will take years. The salt discovered requires no working, it lies in beds on the surface several

feet thick. These things must be left to time. The Archimedean screw of potter's work for raising water I did not try, as the common Persian wheel is cheaper. We have got two pumps out from England, and they are up, but I have not yet heard if they answer. At Kurrachee I have succeeded in getting gardens made. Major Blenkins, my commissary, is one of those Robinson Crusoe fellows gifted with the power of turning a wilderness into a paradise. His operations are magical. He arrived at Hydrabad after the battle of Meeanee, and before Dubba was fought his house was built, and all domestic animals that ever entered Noah's ark were in his compound. In two months more he had a magnificent garden which supplied the whole army with vegetables.

"When I reached Kurrachee I found all my orders for forming and improving a garden there had been neglected, though the means were at hand. I brought Blenkins down from Hydrabad. In one month his house was built, and a piece of land, before filled with weeds though called 'the government garden,' was by him instantly filled with camp followers at work. The government of Bombay were persuaded to allow sixty rupees a month, and the garden now pays eight hundred rupees a month, furnishing quantities of every kind of vegetable: for one rupee you may buy 18lbs. weight of esculents! This is magic. The garden, my girls write, is perfectly beautiful and the fashionable evening promenade, full of trees in avenues which already give shade, so rapidly have they grown in that astonishing soil, for all this has been done in six months! Blenkins is making it a scientific garden as well as a useful one, and finds he can produce various things which they cannot grow at Bombay. He is going, under my direction, to make a large farm, and I propose to have some of my robber prisoners there to teach them: at the end of a year, when they have acquired a taste for vegetables, they shall have houses and gardens;

and then they will no longer sigh after the desert. At least their children will not.

"When I first landed at Kurrachee, there was bad bread and bad meat, and not a vegetable could be had: a board of medical men reported that six out of every seven men of the 22nd Regiment were infected with scurvy; yet the government of Bombay was feeding them with salt provisions, for fear meat should spoil! I wrote instantly to Sir George Arthur for vegetables and lime-juice, which he poured in promptly and so saved the regiment. At that time also the troops had to wade from ships under a burning sun to the shore, up to their middle in mud! Yet we had been four years in possession! Now I have made a pier, which, when finished, will be two miles long, and already everybody lands from boats at once. To bring the river Mullaree into the place, from about fourteen miles' distance, is another object; the water of Kurrachee is not good; for this I have not yet got leave from Calcutta, though eight months have passed since my plans and estimates, the latter only £12,000, went in. If allowed to do this it will make Kurrachee delightful, and I will give Blenkins fountains in his gardens, and everybody shall be comfortable as to water. The slowness of Indian work is past endurance. Want of engineers, want of artificers, want of government sanction floors me. Blenkins' garden however has destroyed scurvy, there is not now in my belief a case in Scinde."

He could never obtain even an answer to his letters about the water, and finally cholera came to send thousands of souls to the judgment seat, testifying to the neglect that had destroyed them!

"I wish I could give you more information, but the enormous mass of papers in great disorder, accumulated while in these rocks, prevents my getting at what I want." —This letter was written in the hills, immediately after the

fall of Trukkee.—"The negociations with these robbers only kept me from civil business for a few days, and already the pile of trials is about two feet high on my table! I dare say not less than thirty cases, some being from 50 to 90 sheets of foolscap, and life or death involved in many!

"I am likely, thanks to that wise man Lord Ripon, to have a fight about my letters to you, in which case the directors will probably supersede me; for they are, like all civil rulers, extremely violent and unjust. However so indifferent is it to me whether I go or remain, that left to myself it would be a toss up: yet if the coming heat is borne pretty well, to remain for my five years would be agreeable. Three have already passed; in two years more my lamp will be very low, and it may as well flicker in England as here. Bodily strength I still have. Take to-day. I was up at two o'clock in the morning, the march was twenty-two miles and we did not get to the end before twelve o'clock; I then slept under a tree till the baggage arrived, and it was half-past two before my breakfast was ready. People here say that you have set Buist mad with rage: I don't read him.

"Sir Robert Sale told me I ought to have had my whole pay as general and governor in batta the other day; but they gave me only that of general: the first would have been seven thousand pounds, the last is only four thousand, which appears to me plenty I confess. Sale said I ought to memorialize, but that did not meet my notions, though had the money been offered I would have taken it. I have just heard from Bombay that your book is setting the enemy mad there: it has touched their livers worse than the sun. That is right, 'very moderate' writing is not to my taste: it is writing which will not call facts by their names; it takes the starch out of men's deeds and leaves the world in doubt whether they did right or wrong, or whether they did anything at all! Our father was abused for using strong language; everybody is at the moment, but not afterwards if borne out by facts—if otherwise, such language is dis-

creditable in proportion to its strength. You say I know 'enough of silly government men.' Don't I! but it is not very hard to bear, and there is no help: it is like a disease, and must be borne as one.

"Hardinge has not taken the slightest notice of my dispatch about the surprize at Ooch, though written two months ago! It was a formal public letter to the governor-general in council, and I also wrote a private one a day after: that night I could do no more from fatigue. Our movements are not in the Gazette, and all has passed as if nothing had taken place! This is curious, but I see Lady Emily Hardinge is ill, and I fear, poor fellow, that his business pressing on him, together with anxiety about his wife, is getting into arrears. I hope the government will approve of what has been done. If not I shall be sorry, but maintain that I am right."

SIXTEENTH EPOCH.

FIRST PERIOD.

THE confederacy of the hill tribes was now at an end, but absolute security for the Scindian frontier was not expected by the conqueror. Islam Bhoogtee had escaped from Trukkee with some hundreds of followers, and there were straggling bands that never entered that stronghold. Rejected by the Sikhs, and by the tribes which had not engaged in the war, these men, the general foresaw, would ultimately be compelled by want to recommence depredations in Scinde. Therefore it was he garrisoned Shapoor and distributed his cavalry under different officers so as to enable them to meet, or at the worst to intercept the marauders on their road from any foray. How he disposed of the captive tribes and chiefs may be seen in the History of the Scindian Administration, and will be occasionally touched upon in his letters and journal.

Having by his great enterprize secured Scinde from external disturbance, he again bent all his energies to its internal advancement; but he was no longer the governor for good he had been under Lord Ellenborough. Crosses and vexations and insults he had now to sustain from men, and hard visitations from nature, for his was a life originally destined to terrible struggles. His power was waning; the support he had a right to expect diminished; the enmity of the directors augmented, and the machinations of the Bombay clique were multiplied in proportion to the encouragement received from England: The abusive language of the press became absolutely frantic; and Outram was now having a book composed—

he was too illiterate to write it himself, but obtained, it is said on good authority, the aid of Mr. Willoughby the secretary, who to avoid detection as to his complicity, employed an amanuensis in his own family to transcribe his contributions and revisions. The work had however but a poor effect, being filled with false assertions, misquotations, and even forged quotations.

"Journal, March 26th. Sukkur.—I am working about an exchange of territory with Ali Moorad, and I was not before aware how easily men in authority can on these occasions enrich themselves. Ali himself has given his own servant, Sheik Ali Hussein, sixty thousand pounds for negociating with me about the turban! You had nothing to do with that negociation said Brown to the Sheik. No! but I went between! So carrying messages, about six times, cost Ali Moorad six lacs! Brown and I could therefore have feathered our nests well, and nobody could have produced proof of our rascality. Well, much as I object to the politicals of Lord Auckland I do believe they were all clean-handed honorable men; they squandered the public money in a most abominable manner but took no bribes. What civil servants would do in such situations I cannot say; but believe that generally they are honest on this point, though they all squander the public money. —— is said to have taken presents; so did —— and ——; and —— did the same notoriously: but these recipients of improper gains, female and male, are so spoken of as to mark them for exceptions, and shew that honesty is the rule: my belief is that bribery is not more common in India than in England."

The Sattara parliamentary papers go strongly to contradict this favourable opinion, so far as Bombay was concerned.

"27th.—Letter from Hardinge. He is pleased with our hill campaign: this is satisfactory to me. He asks my leave to emasculate my reply to the secret committee's minute upon Cutch: he may do as he likes. I was

angry at their dirty attack on Lord Ellenborough, and gave the writers, who were only the directors nominally, what they deserved: it was certainly composed by Outram's faction at Bombay; and if I am not mistaken much, by Mr. L——, for it is just like his wishy-washy nonsense. However fat a eunuch Hardinge may make of my paper it will still floor their arguments.

"28th.—These robbers will be more difficult to deal with in peace than in war! but I shall manage them yet. Hardinge indicates war in the Punjaub next cool season. I shall not like to go there; my strength is gone, and the idea of making war in a litter like Marshal Saxe is hateful. Another campaign on horseback I might achieve perhaps; but it is not fair to the soldiers to put a man at their head who can no longer dismount to lead them up a hill sword in hand. That is not a general's duty say your wiseacres. No! to do it is not, but he ought to be able to do so. However God decides these things, not men. If I am destined to lead an army again strength will perhaps come, and if I go as far as I can and then drop what better end can be wished for?

"29th.—Worked out a draft treaty for exchange of territory with Ali Moorad, and hope the governor-general will confirm it; our respective possessions will thus be separated and unbroken. This treaty may be said to complete my conquest and settlement of Scinde, and my work may now be left to a successor; who will be an ass if he does not carry on the government with a flowing sail. I would stake my life on the tranquillity of the country for fifty years to come if common prudence is exercised. I mean serious disturbance; for that the rascals of the hills will always have little pic-nics we must expect: but no bands of thousands with sword and shield will fret the border again, as was the case before I quelled them.

"Hydrabad, April 4th.—Bad passage. Had up two villains of jaghirdars, took their immense jaghires from

them, left them in irons, ordered their servant to be flogged, and will hang their five friends. This will cool them in the neighbourhood of Succurunda for some time. I have also inflicted a heavy fine on these villains, and I think they will not forget the Sheitan-ka-Bhaee. My intention was to have strung up these two jaghirdars at once, but as five men must be hanged the effect will be sufficient and my wish is not to take more lives than are actually necessary: they deserve hanging however; and I will break down their system of robbery and murder though it cost a hecatomb of merciless scoundrels. I fear I shall never tame my captives; the life of a robber is too pleasant to be abandoned; but if they get hanged their children will be more manageable. I must however be succeeded by a fellow who will follow up the work, and not be bullied by being called Sheitan-ka-Bhaee, and all the other names heaped upon me. All else going on pretty well here; but the works of the entrenched camp, made by the engineer, are not to be compared to those made by Fitzgerald at Larkaana. The engineers of India seem to me more of builders than military engineers: and they get on slowly. However, Scott and Maxwell and Peate are very active clever men; and perhaps I lay to their slowness what really belongs to their workmen: Scott used to go half mad with those fellows. Waddington would be a capital engineer for Methusalah: he is however a first-rate soldier, and few would suit me better for a siege, being clever resolute and up to his work, which he finally does beautifully; so does Scott, who is a trump: he is a nephew of Sir Walter Scott. Indeed, when I come to analyse, my remarks are not just: the laziness of their workmen not the engineers' slowness should certainly be blamed. Scott has no slowness; Maxwell is all energy, and so is Peate: yet work goes on like a tortoise. Well, patience is the remedy. I have lost Baker: he is very clever and very active, it is a great loss for Scinde.

"8th, Kurrachee.—Working at Ali Moorad's treaty. It

is I believe the first treaty ever made in India that took the poor people into consideration: it is made to protect them from tyranny. God knows whether Hardinge will ratify it; he ought, and will if he consults his own feelings, but my fear is that his civil councillors will upset it.

"April 21st.—This day I gave my daughter Emily to her cousin William. How life floats on, and approaches the great fall! I am in the rapids now! I hear the roar, the final scene comes on apace: I can meet it like other men I suppose. Both my beloved daughters are now married; two good and true soldiers have them and my mind is easy for their future.

"Captain Kennedy, April 21st.—This day I gave away Emily to William. They are both good, and I trust religious, without which there is no good, and no power to sustain the blight of this life, which strikes on all more or less.

"I got down the robbers without bloodshed. This was glorious, and delightful to me; and now my hope is to do some good in this fine country. Would that I could but get your agricultural schools to work here. The difficulties are I fear not to be yet surmounted. 1°. Very wild men. 2°. Mahometan religion. 3°. Language. The religion I would not touch, but they would not mix with us: it is not conversion they fear but *contamination*. The language is the worst obstacle: many dialects are spoken in Scinde, but neither Persian nor Hindostanee by the poor, or even the rich. I am giving all who will cultivate fresh land two years rent free, and leases for 14 and 20 years. I have also drafted a treaty with Ali Moorad, one article of which he greatly resists: it provides that no man who flies for protection from one state to the other shall be given up, except for murder or for treason; and then the state so claiming a culprit shall send proofs of delinquency satisfactory to the state under whose protection he is. It also provides that any man may settle in either state at pleasure. Ali says his country will then be a desert. My answer is, 'Treat your

labourers as I treat mine and they won't come to me.' I think it will very likely ruin Ali, and many others, for the tide of immigration is setting strongly into Scinde. Several independent tribes have begged me to take them under our government.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—Remember in your work to mention Lieut. Marston 25th Native Infantry. At Meeanee I was alone, in front of his regiment, when a Belooch came over the edge of the bank, ten paces from me: he looked around wildly, but seeing me came on; not fast, yet with long strides. My hand having been broken, I could not cope with such a customer, but held half my reins with great torture in the broken hand, designing to give Red Rover a chuck that should put his head between me and the coming blow. The Belooch was only four paces from me when Marston, on foot, passed my right side and received the swordsman's blow on his shoulder-strap; it went deep into the brass scales, and the Belooch caught the counter blow on his shield, which was beaten down; the next instant the bayonet of a soldier went nearly to the hilt in his side, and my attention to the general fight engrossed me too much for further observation. I might have defended myself, but crippled as I was, I believe Marston saved my life. He slew three other men that day, but not this man; at least the bayonet shared with his sword. Mention him, for the man who saves his general's life in battle has a claim to notice in history. How kind my intentions were towards Red Rover, poor beast!

"You ask about the slaughter. I do not exaggerate in saying that at Meeanee there were spots where the dead were in heaps, the centre of each being four bodies at least, piled above the ground. The greatest scene of destruction I ever saw before was the lane going up to Hougumont; but I assure you it was nothing to the bed of the Fullaillee: it was horrible. When they found they could not force our line their courage fell and their rushes over the edge of the bank

became less frequent, while our men pushed more boldly to the edge; then the Beloochees cut at their legs, but the soldiers growing more cool and expert as the battle went on, stepped back to reload, and putting the muzzles of their musquets just over the edge let fly into the mass. Covered by their shields the Beloochees fell over each other, and wounded men remained beneath the dead, glad of the protection. Those who attempted to run were shot down as they ascended the opposite bank; so that from that part not one man, in my belief, escaped. The soldiers bayonetted all that had life on the top of the heaps as we passed in pursuit, and all below were smothered.

"The Shikargah must also have had numbers of dead, from the hammering with grape it sustained for at least two hours, and from Tew's fire. The numbers carried away and those who died of wounds cannot be counted; but all the Beloochees said, and still maintain, that eight thousand were killed and wounded. I said six thousand in my dispatch. Scarcely have I met a man, rich or poor, who does not say he lost part of his family in the great battle. These Easterns are tall, but have more delicate bodies. Our musquet-balls probably crushed their smaller bones, and men fell who, had they been Frenchmen would have danced out of action with 'Oh Ciel,' 'Oh Mon Dieu,' and other pleasant exclamations: the Asiatic, who has only great height is smashed by such a shot. These facts I give you for your work, as accounting for the great slaughter. There are many other things that would be useful to you, but it is impossible for me to find time to look out the papers. You shall however have all our movements before Meeanee and after Dubba.

"The same, April 24th.—I hope Hardinge will be staunch about my treaty with Ali Moorad, for it is only half-work to put down robbers and back up tyranny in ourselves and others. The Indian system seems to be the crushing of the native plebeian and supporting the aris-

tocrat, who reason and facts tell us is our deadly enemy. He always must be, for we step into his place; he descends in the scale of society and we stand on his head. The ryot is ruined by us, though willing to be our friend. Yet he is the man to whom we must trust for keeping India, and the only one who can take it from us if we ill use him, for he then joins his hated natural chief! The peril attending strangers and conquerors of one hundred and eighty millions of people cannot be wholly put aside. Yet English and Indians may be amalgamated by just and equal laws, until we are no longer strangers; then, having power, we shall never be attacked before all distinctions are worn out by inter-marriages and blended habits of life: the great operations of nations work changes which man cannot or at least does not command. The final result of our Indian conquests no man can predict; but if we take the people by the hand we may count on ruling India for ages. Justice, rigid justice, even severe justice, will work miracles: it has its basis in the desire of man for protection against cruelty, and cannot be shaken: India is safe if so ruled. But such deeds are done as make me wonder that we hold it a year! Well I will leave my *wild theories*, as old Indians would call them, and answer your letter.

"Hardinge writes to me in delight at your book—first part of the Conquest; but he wants me to write a letter explaining my meaning to the civil servants, in regard to my letter which you have therein printed. This I will *not* do. I did not mean my letter for publication, because unable to fix upon any fact with proof; but I maintain what I said. '*Certain civil servants.*' '*These men.*' '*General opinion,*' are words which should clear me from the accusation of attacking the whole of the governing powers of India. However they have one and all taken it upon themselves, and I suppose will get me removed. They are welcome! I will not explain away one word. What I have said I have said, and repeat it; repeat '*the it*' as Cobbett says. Now

the it, is what you have published, and refers only to the guilty, not to the good, and it is the guilty who are furious of course. I am able to meet and manage their fury; but the Bombay fellows can paralyze my operations here, for we depend on them for everything. Outram's friend Willoughby is secretary, and I am told keeps Sir G. Arthur in his pocket: this may or may not be true, but everybody says so. Buist also is his friend, and is all day long at his house it is said, and I have traced one or two lines in the Bombay Times against me, word for word with those in a letter of his to me; only in the letter it was as a question which prevented its being an attack. Then the heads of departments, and that soft little silky man, Lieut.-Colonel Melville, brother to the Melville who rules the Indian House; if you bring all these upon me it will be difficult to hold Scinde. Buist is I am told, anxious beyond measure to make up with me: he is afraid of you.

"I have put new people and friends into Poolagee, Oolagee, Minote and Bushoree, on the frontier, besides my garrison at Shapoor, to overawe the fragments of robbers, for I expect some partial *rollicking*. I have however just heard, that some robbers who would not surrender have come over the desert with their families to join those captured and settled by me: they having now seen that we keep faith. Captain Postans had ruined our reputation by his conduct towards Beja, and I have laid all the papers of that affair before Hardinge for Postans' answer. He was a political, turned out by Lord Ellenborough, and may be good or bad; but I am here to uphold the honour of our arms, and determined not to let wrong-doing be passed over. Postans' conduct had great weight with me in pardoning the giant Beja: it gave me much trouble, and the robbers' confidence in my faith could hardly overcome their distrust from Postans' conduct, but Ali Moorad was useful in removing the difficulty.

"A curious fact is known. The robbers left faithful ser-

vants with their families when they manned the rocks to fight at Trukkee, giving this order. 'Cut the throats of the women and children if the day goes against us, unless you can see the general himself; then spare, for he has treated the women of the Ameers with all respect and will do so with ours.' True or false this story comes from natives and is an earnest of feeling towards us, for it is certain they directed that their families should be destroyed if attacked by Ali Moorad.

"You and I agree about the Whigs, and Sir Charles Styles writes to me thus. 'I fear I am not a good Whig, and think they should be only let into office once in fifty years, to hold for seven.' My answer was 'for three,' just to gain ground for impeaching them. I have tried to explain to Lord Ripon, who is evidently nervous about Scinde, the causes, there are several, of the loss experienced by the 78th Regiment. Their officers are furious if you say the men drink; but I know they do, and hard too. It was the fashion to say no man could stand Scinde four years, yet here am I at sixty-three, strong for my age and with trials enough: but my brain and liver are not overheated by wine and spirits, and attacks of fever do not hold me fast. The natives get fevers and violently, but recover because they do not drink.

"Your views about executions are exactly mine. I feel indeed very low and distressed at putting so many men to death: it makes me dislike public employment; but it must be done or we should be one sheet of blood which the inundation of the Indus could alone rival. It is wonderful how the poor people rejoice at my success over Beja and his associates. The Bengal Sepoys call me a spirit, not a man, the papers say, a *Deota:* what that exactly signifies I do not know, but it does no harm amongst these wild fellows, it frightens them. I am working now to alleviate the taxation on the poor; and also preparing for a Punjaub war, by forcing on the organization of my baggage corps.

"I send you a copy of my real dispatch about the hill

campaign, but you must only print what Hardinge has printed: he has curtailed it for good reasons no doubt. However it is a paper to shew you the whole thing. The Jackrances are as yet going on well along the frontier, they were settled as cultivators on the tenure of repelling all forays by the robbers who still remain at large. The Bhoogtees of Meer Hussein's tribe there will be trouble with. He is himself a prisoner without any conditions, and he ought to have been hanged; for he it was who betrayed both Clibborn and Clarke: the Murrees told me all about those affairs. He says plumply his tribe shan't work, so I put him in chains and told him he shall remain chained until they do work, and if they rob he and they shall be hanged. Meanwhile I have heard that Islam and his Bhoogtees, who escaped us, being pushed for food plundered the Mazarees, who pursued them, retook the spoil and slew 120 Bhoogtees. Islam then assailed the Murrees, who slew a hundred of them: this added to those I brought away and those we killed has nearly destroyed the tribe.

"Sir H. Hardinge, April.—As to my letter, which William published, I of course never dreamed of its being published: but I stand by what I said. I heard the general opinion of those I met on my arrival in India, expressing just what I have stated. And as regards *certain persons*, who they were I do not know, and of course should not have repeated this opinion had I imagined my letter would ever have seen the light; though I believed then and believe still the fact to be as stated. But not as regards the '*whole civil service*.' Good God! I must be mad to suppose that a whole body of men could act so; yet I am perfectly satisfied that some did, and that treachery was practised towards Lord Ellenborough. Well, it was to these *some* I referred: *certain persons* was my expression. As to the *wasteful expenditure*, it was well known and spoken of by everybody I met at Bombay; and when I came to Scinde, I myself, on receiving from Major Outram the political department at Sukkur, re-

duced the expence in one day by sixty thousand rupees per annum; and could beneficially have reduced it still more. I can also shew, that my contingent bill averaged from twenty to thirty rupees; whereas those of my predecessor—Outram, were, I believe, not seldom less than as many hundreds, if not thousands! Was not that a *wasteful expenditure of the public money?* And I have heard of one hundred and fifty dozens of claret being ordered up to Affghanistan for one political, at government's expence! These things I imagine gave the tone to the *general opinion.* It is true, that though Ross Bell was a civilian Outram was a military man; so was Pottinger; so was Burnes, for whom the claret was sent up, to shew off before a people who do not drink wine! but they were all acting as civil servants. I dare say they spent the money believing they were acting right: but that does not make the system less ruinous to the state.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, May 7th.—The Bombay Times is trying two things. One is to make out that I attributed the deaths in the 78th to drunkenness, which is a lie; the second, that in my dinner speech, in which I called Buist the '*blatant Buist*' amidst great applause, and which speech he has not got; that I disclosed the whole plan and arrangement of a Punjaub war—which is another lie."

This lie proved a most pernicious one for the public and was doubtless so intended. The false version of Sir C. Napier's speech in the Bombay Times was read by the Sikhs, and more than one writer has affirmed that it roused that people to hostilities, as thinking the English were going to attack them!

"What I said was, The fame of the robber tribes successes against us last summer, and the hope of plundering Scinde, would have swelled their number to an army, and a very large one; so that next year we might have forty or fifty thousand of those men encamped in the hills along our western frontiers. Now suppose, that despite of the peaceful policy pursued by the governor-general, which God prosper!

still there is danger of a war in the north, as every one may see; and if such were to befall, it would be impossible for us to march northward to assist the grand army while we had such an enemy as the robbers on our frontiers. I dare say Buist will be listened to in Leaden*head* Street, and that I shall get some worrying letter of inquiries. This India is filled with idle men, whose occupation is to attack through a licentious press every public man: not for what he has done but for what they invent. I must however say that the *Gentleman's Gazette* has justified its title, and the *Agra Uckbar* has also behaved well.

"What you say about death punishment coincides with my views, as indeed all your opinions do. I do not shrink, and the question is easily settled in Scinde. I am one who think it cannot be abolished in any country without producing greater suffering and greater injury to society than by its use. After many years' reflection, my opinion is that to control nature by doctrines is bad: the murderer in prison for life, or even for many years, becomes an object of pity to the mass of men: the crime is forgotten and the culprit becomes a martyr. Society, no doubt, has the right of taking its own measures to disable him for mischief; it has a right to take life or leave it; but it is doubtful how far we have the right to preserve it in misery. Be it so however. After ten or fifteen years he is repentant, a worn-out good man but a miserable one! The feelings of men free him from his prison, but the doctrine holds him fast till death and human nature revolts. I do not mean however that executions should be as they were in England, when a man was hanged almost for sneezing. My conscience is clear as a ruler, but I do not like being a judge! I would rather live a private man; yet being here I must do what is necessary, and these ruffians can only be put down by severity. Even Deriah Khan Jackranee, who has for years expressed his hatred of the robber life and at once closed with my offer, and whose countenance tells of

natural goodness, tries every villainous fraud and lie and trick to rob us: and he does rob his own men!

"I am occupied in forming a baggage corps of camels. In the hills a large valley was quite choked with baggage on the 22nd of February. We had marched at daylight for Deyrah, and the baggage followed a guard which went forward to secure a difficult pass. I remained on horseback from 4 A.M. until 2 P.M. before the baggage had passed me, and from my place to the camp, a valley of three miles, was so jammed that hardly could an order get sent to the troops; and the cavalry, with a battery, were forced to take another route! Such fixes are formidable close to an enemy. With a well-regulated baggage corps I could have cleared that defile four or five hours sooner. Had an attack been made, and one was expected, the confusion would have been very dangerous. My organization is this. An elephant is to carry a large flag by day, and by night a large lantern, fixed in a howdah. Each company is to have a camel with its own smaller flag of its own colour, and a lantern of some colour; and all the trappings of all the animals of each company are to be of one colour, that of their flag. The drivers are so to be dressed also if I find no inconvenience as to transfers which may possibly be.

"This forming of baggage in regiments will make it more wieldy; and by arming and drilling the drivers, and giving every camel its driver instead of one man to three animals which is now the practice, I shall get rid of the great baggage guards; one man will lead two camels, the other man will flank them, and both will load and unload. I also attach five elephants to apply their force to baggage or guns as necessity demands. My general order of march, where possible, is to have the baggage on the reverse flank. With this new organization the lumber may go to any place, and form a living redoubt defended by the drivers against the wild cavalry of the country, which sweeps round you like a storm and settles on your rear. Their infantry

indeed do the same, for in the hills we lost above thirty people, cut to pieces the moment they passed our sentries.

"You shall have details of our revenue, but ask Lord Ellenborough about publishing them or you will involve me still more with the directors; their jealousy at anything being made known is inconceivable, and I am bothered enough without more quarrels. Buist republished your book in his paper, and by that act of open piracy hurt the sale.

"May 12th.—I am working to ameliorate the labouring man's condition; and if I succeed, it will attract population from the neighbouring countries, increasing revenue and diminishing imposts. Kurrachee has already enlarged so that the walls no longer contain the town; streets are springing up outside: this is much in two years. We shall do a great deal in the civil administration this summer, but it is for all that very slow work, because I am afraid to remove an unjust tax until it can be supplanted by a just one: a new one, even though just, may give umbrage to these wild people; they would rather bear a heavy unjust one that 'had always been' than a light one if new. I am writing for you a paper on the state of these people when we took the country, but have no quiet time; all I do indeed is without quiet.

"In the late operations the patience of the troops and of the camp followers was really admirable. In one hunt after *wug*, as the Belochees call plunder, two hundred of that beautiful regiment the 2nd Europeans, marched incessantly for fifteen hours over such ground as I suppose the world cannot match for ravines, except in places where it is impossible to march at all. This is a section.

The bottom of these splits are some two or three yards

wide, full of rocks, and the table land covered with boulders: all the horses lost their shoes in them, numbers were lamed and many died. The splits were from two to three hundred feet deep, and when the party came back the men were dead beat, and all without shoes; yet all laughing and delighted, for the *wug* was sold in camp and the money distributed amongst them on the spot: no prize agents! The officers gave their shares to the men. If we have a Punjaub war I hope to have that regiment again: it and the 86th Queen's, which is in magnificent order, would make a hole in a Sikh line of battle. Did I tell you the 22nd were not all Irish, only half exactly." He had said all were, and the error crept into the History of the Conquest. "This like all my letters has been written by fits and starts, and probably has ten times as much words as matter: you have all the rubbish as it comes up."

At this time a memorial against Sir C. Napier by certain civil servants of Bombay was being hawked about, and great menaces made as to its ultimate effect.

"A night's sleep on the civilians' memorial has brought me to laugh at it, and it will be laughed at in England; though here in a small society much connected by marriages, and with a press at command, they make a great fuss: however all I said is true, fuss or no fuss. If I am called upon to prove my words they shall have some vexation; for my first demand shall be for a list of their salaries, and their contingent bills, and all that will be most inconvenient to be made known. I will bring forth the cost of Captain Postans' house, a political agent, some fifty thousand rupees; and Outram's extravagant furniture for his very expensive house. I will have the pay and allowances of other governors compared with mine; and their perquisites also: I having none. When it comes to details they won't like the hot potato in their mouths.

"June 4th.—The civilians at Calcutta are also in arms, and Brown and I are struck with the *little* things done:

every small detail is cavilled at, but I take no notice as there is no change in Hardinge. Jack Ramsay tells John he was in a society of civilians who were abusing you and me, and adduced the matchlock bet at Poonah as a proof of what *liars* we were. Now I have you said Ramsay. I saw the whole affair, and heard Captain St. John say he had lost the bet, and saw him pay: this was a floorer. Your book sits, as a writer in the Gentleman's Gazette says, 'Like a nightmare on the editors of papers as they doze in the editorial chairs.' *The* letter is the only part that has not done well; but I have told Lord Ripon that I owe an apology to the jackals for comparing them to the *certain civil servants:* jackals are good beasts that only seek their lawful prey.

"A number of prisoners, criminals, here pleaded starvation in excuse for robbery, wherefore I sent queries to all collectors as to the comparative prices of labour and of food. Their reports are clever, and shew that the robbing gentry starve from idleness, and rob from habit. As to revenue we have placed £100,000 in the public treasury since we took Scinde, after paying all the expence of civil government and police. This will cover much more than the barracks yet built have cost; and I have officially offered to hold Scinde with 5000 troops, which was the number assigned by Lord Auckland for holding Kurrachee and Sukkur only before the conquest. This however is without reference to a Punjaub war. Hardinge must then determine my force: he never mentions the subject to me, but I shall to him. If I enter Mooltan I ought to have at least fifteen thousand men: odds like those at Meeanee must not be the rule, or great mischief will befall. Meanwhile all our frontier is quiet, not a robber to be got for love or money; Cutchee is getting into cultivation again, and will it is said be one vast sheet of grain, adding two and a-half lacs to the Khan of Khelat's revenue. My settled captive robbers are working hard on their lands, and are said to be all delighted.

except Beja, who is sulky, and complained that Ali Moorad watched him too closely. Ali answered thus. 'To catch you cost me two lacs; to let you escape would cost me more.' The Murrees, who refused to have the Jackranee country when I offered it, write that they have fought the Bhoogtees again and killed sixty, taking much spoil: if half this be true the ancient proud Bhoogtees are *gone coons*. Troops are being collected on the Sutlege in great numbers, so I suppose Hardinge means to attack; but it may be only a protective force.

"My beautiful sword from Lord Ellenborough is come; a magnificent blade and straight, such as the Wahabees used; so moonshee Ali Acbar says, and he counts himself a *dab* in these things: a straight Damascus blade such as this is a very rare weapon.

"The robber chiefs would as you say have gone into Mooltan, if I had not been beforehand in writing to the Mazzarees, menacing them if they received the fugitives. The Mooltan man wrote to me, saying one Mazzaree tribe were Sikhs and he had ordered them to aid us with provision and bar entrance to the robbers; that the other tribes were guards of Beja, worse robbers than him, and the more I killed of them the better: but they were the very men I wanted to be my friends, for their country was barren and rugged, and to have invaded then would have enormously extended my line of communication. By good fortune the Bhoogtees had not long before plundered them; and that, with fear of my vengeance which I always keep in vivid colours before the barbarians' eyes, made them send chiefs to me as hostages for their loyalty. The Mooltan or River Mazzarees also kept true, but some rich Hindoo merchants brought the enemy supplies, selling at a cent. per cent.; at Goojroo we captured their goods and shot the owners—fighting however: this made the *spec.* too hazardous to be continued. The principal man behaved boldly. Our first volley killed all their horses, the men tried to escape up the

side of a defile, but our people came on them: the chief would not run, but stalked away with the stately Belooch lounge, until shot after shot brought him down. I was sorry for him, yet could not avoid giving the order to kill all who did not surrender.

"It is reported that the Kaharees have aided the Bhoogtees under Islam against the Murrees; if true, but I doubt it, they shall be visited with a rod of iron: they are so hated by surrounding tribes that to withdraw my protection would be a signal for their destruction; the Murrees alone would be my slaves for ever to let them kill all the Kaharees. — Interrupted by plans for establishing a sheep farm; we have mountains hard by for summer, and plains for winter, and I have sent for Merino sheep to Bombay—they are to be had there. My two indefatigable improvers, Blenkins, and McLeod the collector of customs, are beginning this farm; Guinea grass and lucern are flourishing already, and in another year forage will be plentiful at Kurrachee, though it has hitherto all come to us from Cutch at a great expence: money going out for what we ought to abound in. Did I tell you that in this country of monsoons there are no wind-mills! We are getting two up and expect them to pay us eight or ten thousand pounds a year.

"Outram lately quarrelled with the Bombay government, by resisting orders and saying they wanted to make a Meeanee slaughter in the Mahratta country: they recalled him, but Colonel Ovans being captured they left Outram; and when Ovans was liberated Outram *volunteered* to assist in this second *Meeanee slaughter* at the head of a light corps, first making the amende to government. Ovans then resigned, and Outram was put in his place with a large salary and the direction for the war. So much for his principles: all right if he had not volunteered. This I know from Sir George Arthur to be the true story; but the papers try to cover him, saying he had no quarrel with government.

The Bombay Times bullies about it, and Willoughby writes for the Bombay Times; and as he is Outram's bosom friend is likely to be the author of most of the attacks on me. I detected him in one, though he does not think so: he is remarkably smooth-tongued, and in concert with Outram is getting up a book against me.

"Henry Napier.—Constant riding in the hill campaign has lamed me, one of my ankles has given way. I was not in much danger from stray robbers. Ali Beg, my *guardsman*, with four Scinde horsemen always keep close to me. I could never ask the birds how they fared in a wood without Ali and his men, carbine in hand, protecting me. No fellow approaches me with a petition but Ali Beg closes half between us on guard; some fellow *may* do me a mischief, but his *death is dight*. There is great fear of my *Moguls*, pronouncing it *Mogulaes*, the accent on the first syllable.

"Journal, June 10th.—The robbers are all taking kindly to their agriculture. I was quite right: man does not like a state of warfare, he tires of mischief. All is quiet in Scinde: but there are forty-eight princes of the Talpoor family living with Ali Moorad; they have all come in from Rojan; driven away I suspect by the Sikhs of that part, who were alarmed at my progress among the hills. Ali, from vainglory, nothing else, has received them. These men will, if I am obliged to march against Mooltan, make an insurrection in Scinde, which may be dangerous or not according to the quantity of brains in the man I leave in command.

"The Court of Directors has shewn its usual folly and supreme ignorance of government, in allowing these dethroned princes to return. They, the directors, have my opinion on this matter, and having given it I wash my hands of all culpability unless I neglect to watch these people, which assuredly will not be the case: even as a cat watches mice will I watch them. Treason however sets watchfulness at fault nine times out of ten, and I must ding into the ears of

these fools the danger they incur. '*Put down insurrection*,' yes! but the thing is not to let it get up; to put down costs the lives of brave men on both sides. But when did civil rulers care for the lives of soldiers? Never in all history."

The Crimea has borne fearful testimony to this truth. An army consigned by vain-glorious incapable ministers to misery and death, with a heartless flippancy and self-laudation sickening to the souls of honest men——the excuse being, that after a long peace war had found them unready! It did not find Florence Nightingale unready, and sublime in force and feeling was the poor sick soldier's expression of gratitude—"*May she go to Heaven before she dies.*"

"Civil rulers, especially republicans, have always been sanguinary and wasteful; they talk of war's evils, but always wage it without care or scruple: and they create the necessity for it. This is however human nature. The military ruler takes at least into consideration his own personal suffering and danger in war; whereas the civilian makes war by proxy: his comforts are undisturbed. Lord Auckland sent men to destruction without personal discomfort, and won a coronet by the destruction of an army. The Whigs, false as usual to England's honour and the welfare of the poor alike, made him an earl: and the Tories were silent! If such reckless scorn of disaster and disgrace is to be glossed over, treated with what the Italians call '*riguardo*,' adieu ambition, that glorious 'fault of heroes and of gods.' Adieu patriotism and welcome obscurity, for if wrong is to be lauded what is praise worth?

"11th.—Young Harding of the 22nd Regiment, who was so wounded at Meeanee, is come. I got Simpson to appoint him his A.D.C., and every one thought, as our communication by sea was stopped ere Harding knew of his good fortune, that he would not come till after the monsoon. I knew my man better, and here he is, in defiance of sun, jungle fever, everything! I am delighted with him.

"June 21st.—Letter from Lord Ellenborough, in answer to mine written after the surrender of Trukkee. He seems delighted, and tells me of the duke having expressed himself very strongly on hearing of the surprises at Ooch and Shapoor. Lord E. says, I shewed your first letter and shall shew your last to the duke. He told me he was charmed with what you had done; with your zeal and energy, and that of the officers under you. You have put the right spirit into them.——So he goes on."

It must be recalled to memory that these eulogiums from a statesman just come from governing India, and from the Duke of Wellington, were bestowed upon operations which Lord Ripon thought so insignificant that he "*really forgot to publish the dispatch!*"

"Lord Ellenborough says with regard to the Punjaub:—The state of preparation imposed is ruinously expensive. I said to Hardinge a year ago—'*your finances will declare war whether you like it or not.*'

"I have had a sharp attack of liver. I had one last year just after setting off towards the hills. More abuse in the newspapers. Sir C. Metcalfe seems to me to have sought popularity. What *people* do these papers represent? None! they are mere organs of vituperation. With a few exceptions the editors are men whose vileness has driven them from good society. One was driven from the church for some tricks with a child; another was broke for stealing a pearl, and for cowardice. It is plausibly asked, Why mind what such rascals say? But if society, by sustaining and countenancing such papers, evince a belief in what they publish, then we must care. Suppose a set of rascals burn, by force, *deserter* or *thief* on a man's shoulder or cheek, would he not be annoyed to be so falsely exhibited to the world? Would he not publish the truth? We cannot. The rascal editors assert the grossest lies, and you can't get them contradicted. I have been called 'Traitor, murderer, thief,

coward, liar, perjurer, tyrant, epicure,'—and half the good people of India believe every word. How can I enter into a controversy on my own character with such miserable wretches as Buist of the Bombay Times, or Cope of the Delhi Gazette?"—since arrested for thieving. "When we are dead, myself and my brother William may be discovered to have been honourable men; but in the interim we are branded by these fellows, and their worthy coadjutor, Fonblanque of the Examiner in England.

"The English journalists generally have the decency to state facts and reason on them according to the bent of their politics; but these Indian ruffians, for they are neither more nor less, invent the most atrocious falsehoods, and then pour forth abuse as if the things had really been done which they have asserted. Take one of a hundred instances. The Delhi Gazette and Bombay Times distinctly state as a known fact, that a medical board represented to me the danger of sending the 78th Regiment to Sukkur; and that with murderous wilfulness I refused to listen to them. This is simply a fabrication of the editor's, and without a shadow of foundation in truth. This is freedom of the press!

"July 7th.—The Mazzarees from Rojan on the Indus, have made an incursion to Kusmore, which belongs to Scinde. It will not do to be '*patient Grizzle*' with these barbarians. I have therefore sent Major Corsellis with 400 men in steamers to Kusmore, with orders to thrash these Sikhs if they again violate our territory. I kept clear of their ground, but will not quail under their insolence. Reported this to Hardinge, and hope he will approve; if not it will be vexing, because I am certainly right. I want much to know his opinion about the coming war; he has sent for all my bridge boats, all my pontoons, yet tells me nothing. Now, if I am to co-operate he ought to make arrangements in time. God send that he don't

treat the Punjaubees too lightly! I do not see why Hardinge, who has all the arsenals in India at command, should take my pontoon train; I got it from Bombay and shall want it even more than he; for all the rivers come together where I shall have to act, if I act at all.

"10th.—The Mazzarees are gathering: they dare not do this unless pushed on by the Sikhs, but if so they will come on. Corsellis, an excellent officer, will hold his own; if not I shall soon be with him to trounce these Sikhs. I could meet them in Scinde with 8000 men, but could not quit Scinde with so many: yet still with enough to trounce them.

"13th.—I have just got a copy of the Bombay civil servants' memoir to the Court of Directors, praying of them to call on me to answer for William's book! This is excellent, and the directors will doubtless make themselves as ridiculous as their civil servants! The old story is easily told. Lord Ellenborough turned Outram, a little man, out of office. The little man is the dear friend of Willoughby, secretary to the governor of Bombay, a fat, oily, cunning man, leader of the Bombay clique against Lord Ellenborough. Outram was cried up by this clique as a ninth wonder; and I having been put in his place was run down as an idiot. Lord Ellenborough had therefore turned out the greatest man in India, for war or politics, to put a noodle in his place. I was obliged in self-defence, after the battles, to shew what a vain ignorant little body their idol was. At first my folly was pitied, but soon I was considered a mischievous ass that must be put down. The Bombay Times is dependent on the Bombay goverment; it is Willoughby's paper, and was set at me headlong. Lord E. was then recalled, and the first part of my brother's work, the Conquest of Scinde, came out with my private letter: this gave a cry for Outram's party, which is a largish one, because his creditors desired to get a good

salary for him: they have got Sattara for him, and I dare say will finally get me out of Scinde, for all at Bombay is foulness and intrigue."

It will have been seen from the foregoing extracts that Charles Napier's thoughts were intent upon two main objects, namely, the advancement of Scindian prosperity and the coming Punjaub war. Two public letters selected from many of the same nature shall now disclose his activity in pursuit of the first, and the long forethought with which he prepared for the second; a forethought by which all his military operations were distinguished: no general was ever more cautious in devising or more rapid and daring in execution.

"Sir H. Hardinge, June.—I am now able to send you a correct sketch of the ground between Sukkur and Shikarpoor. You perceive that the Indus, when at the flood, entered by the north and swept along the line marking the limits of the inundation between Sukkur and Shikarpoor; and that it made a lake about three miles broad and twenty miles long. But from each side it branched out through nullahs even to Sukkur and Shikarpoor; and observe also that the southern part of this expanse of water rested on ground below the low water, or cold weather level of the Indus. Therefore, when the inundation abated the lake remained—it had no exit; but the smaller nullahs, having a higher elevation, returned their waters into this basin, while those which had a lower level remained full until the sun dried up the whole grand quagmire! Then came fevers, and as the wind blew fever raged. Last autumn it began S. and S.E. and Shikarpoor was all fever! at the end of September and October the weather grew cold, the wind was N.E. and Sukkur, till then healthy, became full of fever.

"That most able officer, Captain Baker, made the map I send you; but after his departure two things occurred. First the river made a fierce attack upon the bank, and

threatened to take a new course, running between Shikarpoor and Sukkur. Second, one of Baker's assistants had mistaken some of his levels, and the deluge of water that poured in was so great, that Captain Scott, who is a worthy successor of Baker, found our new road would not give passage over the flood without great additional expence. I therefore decided upon what has now I hope been completed, namely, to form an immense dam—shewn in the map by a red stripe, to cut off the river altogether, and thus secure the country between Sukkur and Shikarpoor. Next winter I mean to examine that piece of ground marked with a cross, and think I can reclaim it: a bad spot, but to leeward, so it is not very dangerous unless the wind blows from the north, which in the unhealthy season does not happen. Such are our plans for combating the Indus.

"The same, June.—There are various reports flying about, or, as they say, *lots of gup in the jungle.* Amongst others that the Mooltan folks have come down from Rojan on the Indus, and occupied some of our territory at Kusmore. I shall know in a few days, but do not give much credit to the report. The moment I hear I shall send an express to you, stating the facts. I now want to ask your orders in case of a war; and it will perhaps be as well, to save time, that I state my views of my position.

"1°. I assume that you would wish me to create a diversion towards Mooltan, conforming to the movements of your left wing.

2°. To do this I propose to divide my force in two portions, leaving six thousand in Scinde and marching with ten thousand. I should form my magazines at the *Ooch* which is near the confluence of the Chenaub and Sutlege, and would then move the chief part of my force to Bhawalpoor. There I would form an expence magazine, and then march in two columns upon Mooltan; they would be within

reach of each other, and unite about Shoojuabad, which must be taken.

"3°. The siege train would go in the steamers, protected by the left column, moving along the left bank of the Chenaub.

"4°. If the Nawab of Bhawalpoor proves staunch I could evacuate that place and occupy Shoojuabad.

"5°. Mooltan should then be attacked and I hope taken.

"6°. With Mooltan and Shoojuabad, or Bhawalpoor for my base of operations, I could advance in whatever direction you pleased, for Mooltan is in the centre of a circle, the five rivers being radii.

"7°. At three hundred miles from your head-quarters I could not expect to receive very detailed instructions, especially as the line would be through an enemy's country; but you would probably give me general instructions to execute as I best could; and those instructions, I imagine, would be to co-operate with your left wing. On this point I think it would be well to give me orders at once in case of any outbreak of the Sikhs.

"8°. I now want you to decide upon this question—With what force ought I to enter the Mooltan territory? It is three hundred miles from Sukkur to Mooltan: a long line of operations! I must leave a garrison at Ooch, and one at Shoojuabad; possibly one also at Bhawalpoor: deduct these garrisons, and the men killed and wounded in capturing Shoojuabad and Mooltan, and what would remain out of 10,000 men? Say 6000, and we know what paper men are! the truth would be 5000, but say 6000: would this be a sufficient force to enter the field with? You alone can decide that.

"9°. I have not now force enough in Scinde to take ten thousand men. I have by last return nearly fourteen thousand rank and file, with eight hundred sick; and in November we shall have a very heavy sick list. In 1813 it

was above seven thousand. In 1844 it was above three thousand. What next November will produce I know not, but it will be far more than now: assuredly not under 2000 men in hospital. I cannot therefore calculate on more than eleven thousand men, and it will be necessary to send reinforcements from Bombay if I move. I am ready to hold Scinde even with 5000 men, but calculate that to be its garrison in peace. If a Punjaub war rages, I think six thousand is the least, viz. 2000, Kurrachee; 1000, Hydrabad; 2000, Shikarpoor; 1000, Sukkur. I do not say that with a smaller garrison we are to lose Scinde: on the contrary, I think it will be perfectly quiet, but it would be imprudent to have a less garrison when war was going on; when Shere Mohamed is in the enemy's ranks, and 48 princes of the dethroned dynasty at Kyrpoor.

"10°. Leaving 5000 men in Scinde gives me but 6000 on paper in November, but at the end of that month, for in the beginning of November you may double the sick list. Say I march with six thousand; from that must be taken the garrisons of Ooch and Shoojuabad, saying nothing of Bhawalpoor: these cannot be less than a regiment, or 600 each. Say nothing of our loss in storming Shoojuabad, which I hear is fortified; 4800 men are left to besiege such a strong place as Mooltan! All this is but an approximate calculation, but forms the groundwork of operations. Now for a little local calculation regarding details.

"11°. First, in this climate we must look out with sharp eyes for epidemics; but as these affect both armies let us leave that as a balance, though to do so is dangerous. In the next place the Sikhs, like all other barbarians, are strong men and very dangerous behind walls. The style of fighting amongst all these nations is the same; and their arms are the same, which is the best proof that their mode of fighting is the same: they are all fatalists also, more or less: Sikh, Hindoo, Mahometan, all refuse quarter and expect no mercy.

At Maharajpoor quarter was indeed given; but our Sepoys there fought with relatives: it was a special case. I have been three years in Scinde, eighteen months of which in the field under canvas, and think I know enough of their method of making war to say, that though we shall manage the Punjaubees in the open field, when it comes to storming a breach the resistance will be desperate. The men I have had to deal with were full of personal courage and bodily strength. In the field these failed before musquetry, but on the breach these qualities reassume their full vigour; for discipline is then no longer opposed to undiscipline, but man to man.

"12°. If I judge correctly of their courage, it would appear that 4800 men would be a very small force with which to undertake the siege of Mooltan. The walls are said to be from forty to fifty feet high, and I know that to make a breach in their walls is very difficult: at Emaum Ghur we tried in vain to effect it with 24lb. howitzers. Shot and shell went clean through without shaking the wall in the slightest degree.

"13°. Such are the difficulties to be prepared for, and the best preparation is the discussion of them; and I think, if my arguments are just, that you will enable me to march with at least ten thousand men, if I am to march at all. However, I need not tell you that I am ready to march with a corporal's guard if you think it enough! The fate of India may at any moment hang upon your sword; and it is the duty of your distant lieutenants to tell you what they want, and what they think they can do. My plan is always to consider every possible difficulty well, and then to work heart and hand to overcome them: it is only when not foreseen and not prepared for that difficulties become really fearful and insurmountable.

"If there be no war in the Punjaub I can spare four regiments with ease from Scinde at Christmas, viz. two regiments

of cavalry and two of infantry, or even more: but if there be a Punjaub war, I can spare none; and if we are to take a part in it I shall require four more regiments. These are the best views I can give of my position; if they are erroneous you can set me right."

SIXTEENTH EPOCH.

SECOND PERIOD.

THE further progress of government enmity towards Sir Charles Napier is now to be traced. His offences were great. He had, contrary to the predictions of faction in power, first conquered and then successfully governed a great province without plundering it: and what was worse, had not allowed others to plunder.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, July 3.—Boone has given a copy of your book to the Bombay Times, and no other has reached India. The editor boasts that he got it before publication. If Boone does not clear up this, I for one will never darken his doors again. I have enquired about a safe lawyer at Bombay to prosecute Buist for thus pirating your work, but am told your power of attorney is necessary."

No copy was given. One had been stolen, and Buist's piracy was a result; and it might be supposed such a literary offence would have debarred his being elected a member of a great scientific association. Not so. Captain H. Napier made the facts known to the Royal Society, of which he was a member, and in the face of them that learned body adopted the pirate as an associate!

"Hardinge is going to take his council to the N. W. which pleases me, as it will annoy them: but it will be the movement of an army. The Bombay civilians' round robin against me has failed; the exposure of salaries &c., menaced by me was disagreeable: the potato was too hot to bite. Outram and Willoughby are getting up a book; they only

waited for the second part of yours: they have it now. The Bombay Times is certainly Willoughby's paper. Conway of the 22nd says the defence of the Residency was his, not Outram's: he has made Outram's testimonial committee take that action from the inscriptions on their presentation sword, where it had been placed amongst Outram's exploits! I never knew of this dispute until a few days ago when my friend, young Harding of the 22nd, told me positively that he *never saw Outram during the fight until he, Harding, got on board the steamer!* Now Harding was the last man that quitted the Residency, and is a noble fellow. At Meeanee he dashed to the edge of the Belooch bank, received two sword cuts on the legs, fell, rose again, turned to cheer on his men and was shot in the back and through the lungs, the ball coming out at his elbow! Then he fell again, close to my horse. He is a very clever fellow as well as a very bold one, and is positive as to the Residency. Outram had made me understand that *he* had done every thing at the Residency."

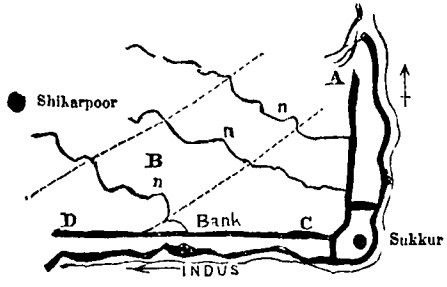
By this fact Outram may be measured exactly. The sword in question was one presented to him by his Bombay friends: but in Captain Conway they found a man of cool resolution who soon stripped the jackdaw!

The general again speaks.

"Nearly all the scattered bands of the hills have come in, and the whole of my captives are happy, and working hard at making canals. The Murrees told me Clarke's death was heroic: he slew seven of their warriors ere he fell, and they tied strings on his wrists: they do so on one wrist when a warrior dies bravely, but they tied them on both his! I have sent the Murrees lots of gunpowder, and their old Chief, Deen Mohamed, will get on well with me. They offered me one of Clibborn's guns, but I said no, all or none; they are monuments of your bravery, if you like to sell them do so, if to keep them do so. They had fortified their passes when I was on the hills, and when I sent moonshee on

an embassy to them he found both defiles defended: but they forgot that I knew of a road to Kahun, their capital, which turned both.

"If I go into Mooltan I think to take a thousand Murrees, but these tribes are all so wild. All these matters give one anxiety and trouble; and for whom? A set of men who do nothing but abuse me! I well know that if I had suffered a defeat, or even a check on the hills, Ali Moorad's army and the Court of Directors, would both have been down upon me at once; and a very well-appointed army Ali's was. If I had good masters, or no master, I could make the Bhoogtee hills a valuable province; but as matters are the preliminary correspondence alone would put me in the grave. My plan would be to quarter two Sepoy regiments in the Deyrah plain, giving them the land and forming a military colony of picked men and officers: in ten years it would be a beautiful garden. Trukkee is full of white marble, and excellent water is to be had with good arrangement. Water in these countries is gold! The hills are full of various minerals, and for all produce there is a close and ready run to the Indus.



"I have just finished a great work. During the inundation every year the Indus passed in at A to the plain B. But between D and C the levels are below the bed of the river: hence the water lodges in B, and in all the nullahs, n. n. n. B is about three miles broad and twenty-five long: the

dotted lines mark the extent of inundation, and the nullahs add five or six miles on either side of stayed water.

"When the inundation subsides all this expanse is left still under water, which soon putrifies under the sun during August, but becomes dry towards the end of November. When the wind blows from the S.E. Shikarpoor becomes sickly: when from the N.W. Sukkur becomes sickly. My design, therefore, founded on the reports of Scott and Baker, Company's engineers, was to cut off the Indus from B, and since March Scott has done it by a bank A, C, D, some thirty miles long. I await the result, for by this time the inundation is at its height. Loss of revenue will ensue certainly, for two years or three; but health will be gained for the troops; and also for the villages which cover the vast plain thus cut off, and which will suffer some loss of produce before the inhabitants will dig wells to supply the want of inundation: they are very angry, because they laugh at the idea of health gained by human means—with them all is fate. There is no doubt of the whole track becoming healthy, or I have made a great mistake. To remedy the want of inundation I have ordered sluice-gates to let small quantities of water in for cultivation, which will not make a marsh. These two cantonments were becoming so deadly that some greater remedy was absolutely necessary, and this is mine. The rich proprietors threaten to cut the bank, but I have placed cavalry guards and we shall see: the work fed all the poor folks—labour and high wages.

"All here are wild to see that part of your book which Mr. Boone has *favoured* the Bombay Times with. I hear the editor is trying to set the troops against me, but he won't succeed. His remarks on your book I have not read, but I have read in his paper your account of the two battles, and felt as if I was again in the action. You have given the soldiers of each presidency their due and all are pleased——— stopped to laugh! McMurdo was reading the battles and got into such a state of excitement, that

hearing some workmen outside who were raising a beam give a cheer, he thought it was the shout of battle and rushed out like a madman. I am getting very weak; my carcass drags down my mind like a large stone tied to the tail of a kite. The duke at seventy-three has more strength than I have; his body and mind seem to have made a compact for work: mine are like cat and dog.

"July 12th.—Among the captured hill chiefs was Toork Ali. He had been our bitter foe, but when some women, taken in the caves near Ooch, were sent by me on camels to a holy man, his wife was one and he was so touched, though how he knew it we are ignorant, that he was the first who surrendered. He was a robber, and now mark the love of the Ameers, the 'Patriarchs' for their women, from the description of a whip found in Nusseer's zenana avowedly to flog the women of those fallen princes. The whip-handle is one foot and half an inch long, covered with brass wire for two inches at each end, and silvered wire in the middle. At each end is an ivory knob, and there are two lashes, each one foot five inches and three quarters, exclusive of tassels at the end of each lash. The lashes are made of plaited wire five-eighths of an inch in circumference, and capable of inflicting a terrible flagellation.

"Journal, July 21th.—The whole style of the civil and military correspondence in India is bad and vulgar, and not business-like. Instead of pith, half a sheet is filled with titles and references and dates, where a Horse Guards' letter would at once touch the subject; and when you wade through this stuff you come to nothing comprehensible at last, and you have then to refer to other letters for explanation of the one in your hand. Society in India is not above a third-rate English town, so far as manners go, though with more enlarged knowledge perhaps. Amongst the civilians, with many exceptions however, there is an aping of greatness, leaving out that which marks the really high-born

gentleman and lady, kindness and politeness to those below them.

"July 28th.—A long letter from Lord Ellenborough, and one from Lord Fitzroy by order of the duke, both very flattering and begging me not to resign, as William tells them, they say, he advises me to do. He advises no such thing. He was indignant at Lord Ripon, and had he not made Lord Ripon publish the dispatch I would have resigned.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, August 2nd.—A message from the duke saying he heard from Lord Ellenborough that you had advised me to resign, because I had not been sufficiently rewarded for my services. Lord Ellenborough writes in the same strain: I send you my answer to both. The duke also wrote to Gough about officers writing *loose opinions;* of course this meant my letter which you published. He said it embarrassed Her Majesty's government as regards the officers' interest. This I believe refers to the refusal of the directors to let me be commander in chief at Bombay, but no names are mentioned. The memorial of the civil servants is gone home. The object is to get me recalled, and therefore I will not go. If an order removes me it cannot be helped, but nothing they can do shall make me lose temper or resign, or do anything they want of that nature. I cannot get the Batta as governor. I did make a return as advised by the paymaster here; but if I asked it would be refused and give them a laugh against me. I ask nothing, but what comes I take. The most perfect coolness and caution is the only safeguard against the directors, who do as they like. They wish to make me resign, but I am the Queen's servant, obey my orders and give no hold.

"The civil servants are in official matters moving heaven and earth to thwart me at Calcutta and Bombay: my work therefore becomes more laborious; for where there were formerly no letters there are now dozens. Of this they

will tire in time, it is a temporary effervescence, and my pay goes on, though not so well earned, but that is their loss not mine. The English government are friendly to me, the duke says so in as many words, and I will furnish no excuse for them to change an opinion thus guaranteed by the duke. They cannot get rid of me, unless I lose temper, which I will not do till I want to go home: then what I say will tell, for I am in position. They want me to answer for your book to crush me, but I see what they are at. You have laid on your blister, let it draw. They can take no vengeance on you, but I am in their power, and if they could get my name into the firm it would be just wha they want:—hence my reply is, All right, but I am not answerable for my brother's book, what control have I over him?

"Their power is immense, and Lord Ripon will be with them, he is their pack-ass; still I do not think they can do much: I am too passive for them, and his conduct arises from imbecility as much as anything else. I have written a violent letter to him, but will not send it as he has now published the dispatch and said he was to blame. Why do you think I am ill used by the Queen's government? I only complain of the rascally clique at Bombay. I have had no ill usage from government, and a peerage I would rather not have. If we are refused the prize money we are all ill treated alike; nothing in that personal to me, therefore make no fight about me. Lord Ellenborough has been ill treated, and I would rather see him without the earldom than not supported."

This letter demands some explanatory remarks. Lord Ellenborough misconceived the purport of General W. Napier's letter to him. It was simply that Sir C. Napier would do well to decline serving governments which evidently meant to cast him off when his genius had secured success: and this view was just. For at the time, Lord Fitzroy Somerset told the writer, on the part of the duke, that the

latter "wished the second part of the Conquest of Scinde should not be published, as it embarrassed him in fighting Sir C. Napier's battles with the directors!" The book was then out, but in any case should not have been withheld; for it treated of actions that needed no private protection: actions which belonged to the nation not to the directors. But the work was doubtless offensive to them in the extreme, and the fact marked their character as a body; seeing that their anger was aroused by glorious service in the field for England, though it did not immediately conduce to the profit of their nepotism. A high indisputable authority, well acquainted with their proceedings at the time, said, that "*it had set them dancing mad.*"

But was the Duke of Wellington's assertion, that the Queen's government were friendly towards the conqueror of Scinde well founded? Let this after fact, added to the withholding of Parliament thanks and the scanty honour conferred, be the comment. At a dinner given on the opening of the King's College Hospital, Sir Robert Peel, eulogising the British army, instanced in proof of its sustained merit the then recent battles on the Sutlege, naming as distinguished supporters of its fame a string of names, descending from the governor-general to an aide-de-camp, Captain Wood: but he did not recollect the name of Sir C. Napier to add to them! He, it would appear, was not one of those who had upheld the ancient glory of England! Yet it shall now soon be shewn that when that war on the Sutlege was menacing disaster, the man forgotten at the feast, was called for by the army as a sure leader in the fray!

As to the publication of the Conquest of Scinde, Sir C. Napier was not even cognizant of it being undertaken until the first part was nearly ready for the press: it was commenced to meet the infamous attempts then making to ruin him in public estimation, and was not even spontaneous on the part of the writer, who was pushed to it by the urgent remonstrances of a common friend. In fine, it was

as much an act of self-defence for the general as his conquest was one for India: both imperative. At this very time Outram published a letter, addressed to General W. Napier, libellous in the extreme as regarded Sir Charles: and he was being aided by Willoughby, secretary to the Bombay council, in the concoction of a book which accused Sir C. Napier of falsehood to his government; of malversation; of gross nepotism; of ignorance in his command that would disgrace a subaltern; of the murder of the 78th soldiers. And when thus infamously libelled by an officer under his command he will be found appealing to authority for protection, the answer being to appoint the offender to a lucrative post!

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Aug. 4th.—I have just got Outram's printed letter, which shall be answered by applying for a court-martial upon him. I told you Arthur had annoyed me about a commissariat officer; but I am now pretty certain that Sir George was himself deceived about the matter. However Sir H. Hardinge has twice or thrice overturned, most justly, the decisions of the governor in council at Bombay about this very officer. Sir George is said to be ruled by Willoughby; of this I know not, and if it be true God only knows how far he may go; but he is generally fair, and has given me such sound support on great occasions that I must acknowledge obligations to him. As to Outram calling me a correspondent of the Bombay Times, here is the fact. When the papers were calling my march to Emaum Ghur a *wild goose chase*, I was justly fearful, that as my character was unknown in India they would shake the confidence of the troops under me.

"Nott, after Hykulzie, had in his first anger, exclaimed, 'God defend me from Bombay troops and Horse Guards generals.' Now Nott was a man of great mind, and General England's defeat bore his exclamation out strongly. The desert march was incomprehensible to unmilitary minds, and there was therefore fear of the spirit of the

troops suffering: in my army also were regiments which had been defeated, exclusive of the Cabool and Ghusnee disgrace. Hence, being acquainted with Dr. Kennedy, Willoughby's brother-in-law, a gentleman of talent who had command of the Bombay Times, I wrote to him the reason for my march. Outram ought to be broke, but probably will be protected. I am sick of self; but remember in your answer to Outram, if you write any, that I have sent in charges against him. I have told Hardinge that if a general in command is to be libelled with impunity by a captain, we must command with duelling pistols in our girdle: nevertheless he will no doubt be supported, and every discontented rascal will be encouraged to libel his commander.

"I lately wrote to the governor-general about the flotilla, the officers of which were quarrelling with General Hunter. I, and my friend Powel, who commands it, agreed that as we should not quarrel the matter had better drop: accordingly my letter was never sent. It was however copied in the secretary's office, and yesterday appeared in the Bombay Times at full length! This is, I think, proof of the press being in league with subordinate officials; the editor bribes the clerks. The original letter is in my desk, it was never sent, never of course received, and therefore is a forgery.

"The directors are now aiming blows at me by injuring officers who are useful and favourites with me; this is detestably mean and shameful: I give you names, but you must not mention them or absolute ruin would follow. I was going to remonstrate on one gross case, but the person entreated me not, as certain destruction to him would be the result. There are no tricks too low for Outram and his clique. Apropos! Boone did not send your book to the Bombay Times; the one designed for me was stolen and went there, and I am yet without one! Being a king, I cannot hear truths, nor can my princes, John and William and Montagu McMurdo; but we are told that Outram's

letter has given the utmost disgust. My sugar-cane plants from Egypt, with which I designed to establish sugar culture in Scinde, have been stopped at Bombay until they rotted! This is their style of warfare!

"I fear Lord Ellenborough is sadly shackled by personal feelings of long association; and the more noble a man's feelings are, the more difficult he finds it to deal with such cases. I grow to care less for men every day. I even feel contempt for myself, that I do not give up my post and shoot one of these scoundrels, retiring from all public employment with only one regret, namely, that I had not shot a dozen of them. Outram is a base wretch and as such I will yet treat him."

He did so in after times, and found him a shrinking opponent.

"Hardinge, who is all kindness, only delayed noticing my first hill campaign dispatch to get my second, which he felt sure was coming: his notice of the whole was done loyally. He is good and true; but cannot be expected to manage his men like Lord Ellenborough, whose mastery appeared in every letter: the one has to learn, the other was able to teach. I will now speak more of these things in a letter which may be, and I hope will be read by the respectable Bombay clique. I can prove that a letter of seventy pages from Lord Ellenborough, was picked up after the Shannon was wrecked; and a person seeing it contained important matter, for the cover was gone, brought it to Willoughby, who said, give it me, and then put it in his pocket instead of instantly sealing it up.

"Hardinge tells me he will put me in point of pay on the same footing as the lieutenant-governor of the North-Western Provinces. I have told him I am quite satisfied, but of course willing to take anything voluntarily given by government, which is the best judge how it chooses to pay its servants: were I Hardinge, I would not raise the Scinde salary but pull down all the others. However, after being

so ill-used by the Indian public, and members of the Company in England, I feel no compunction at being highly paid in Scinde, where European life ebbs apace.

"After much thought I cannot believe that the duke and Peel are false, tracing no symptoms of it. Ripon is an imbecile, and I put my foot in it when I accepted his offered reconciliation. I have no faith in Graham, thinking him weak and silly, although with plausibility enough to humbug the herd for awhile. But to Peel, the duke, and Hardinge, I look with perfect confidence: you seem to do the same. I am sure the duke is honest in saying he is holding me up against the directors, and I am glad you feel the same confidence in him that I do: he is honest as he is grand, and will die so. Peel is too able a man to play foul; but fancy for a moment what a precipice he is riding on, with wily whigs on one side trying to push him over, and tories hanging about him like chains! He is honest, but he must hold his path of policy steadily. Wellington sits on a throne of glory, and the world cannot shake him; but Peel is only on the rise, and surrounded by treacherous people. I am afraid however that he prevented Lord Ellenborough bringing forward the question of his recall, and that appears to me wrong. It is cautious, and perhaps wise, but it is not grand; and when finally all comes out, and all will in time come out, Peel will be accused by history of timidity and fear of the Leadenhall folks. Tell the duke if you have any more correspondence with him, that I never wanted higher rewards than those given: others said so, but you know that I never did."

The following extracts give the pith of Sir C. Napier's appeal against Outram's libel.

"The Governor-general, August 3rd.—Captain Outram, brevet Lieut.-Colonel in the service of the hon. Company, has published a libel reflecting on my character as governor of Scinde; and has added the monstrous accusation that I caused the destruction of the 78th regiment. I have not,

either by word or deed, publicly or privately, given to this officer any cause for hostility. His libel professes to be an answer to a work published by my brother, Major-General Napier. Now I, in Asia, am assuredly not answerable for what another man publishes in Europe. I may consider such a publication to be good or bad, eloquent and true, or vulgar and false; but I cannot be responsible for it. Not only was General Napier's book written at such a distance as to be beyond the reach of consultation; but it has only been read by me within forty-eight hours, and the work altogether contains a mass of matter on which I was previously but imperfectly informed.

"My whole conduct as regards Lieut.-Colonel Outram is explained in the two Parliamentary books on Scinde. It was direct, open, official and public. In short, I can only attribute this officer's hostility to me, and the untruths which he states, to that malicious blind vindictiveness which we frequently see arise from disappointed self-sufficiency acting on feeble intellects. I had preserved an army, and the Parliamentary books contain the proofs that had I attended to the advice of Lieut.-Colonel Outram that army would have been annihilated. I therefore, formally demand through your excellency in council the protection of Her Majesty's government, and that of the hon. Court of Directors against the libels of Lieut.-Colonel Outram.

"It is impossible for any man to command a military force, if a captain in the army, of which that force forms a portion, is thus openly and foully to traduce and hold up such general officer to the scorn and contempt of the troops under his orders.

"I do not complain right hon. sir of the effect of Lieut.-Colonel Outram's publication on the troops generally, because they know me too well for such falsehoods to do much harm, or produce any other result than contempt for the writer. Yet in particular cases it may do much mischief; for what are the poor Highlanders to think, when in their

barracks at Poonah they read the gross falsehoods adduced, as having been uttered by me to the disparagement of their noble regiment! and when Lieut.-Colonel Outram tells them in print that their general is more ignorant than any subaltern of five years' standing under his command; and that he recklessly destroyed their comrades!

"Lord Fitzroy Somerset, August.—William has never advised me to resign the government of Scinde; on the contrary no one has been more anxious for me to remain. He was angry at my dispatch from the hills not being at once published, and he appears to have thought that government had determined to suppress it. With that idea his feelings were exactly what mine would have been. But the dispatch being published, he offered me no advice, as the motive no longer existed. Lord Ripon, personally, appears to have meditated the suppression of my dispatch, but no one else. I understand he says he *forgot it*. The excuse does not appear more gratifying than the fact.

"With regard to rewards for my services, pray assure the duke of my perfect sincerity, when I say that at no time did it enter my imagination that I had not been amply rewarded for any service I had or could perform. The affection of friends, or the enthusiasm of soldiers, may cause some to think more of what a man does than he himself thinks, and this I believe has been the case in the present instance; but my own feeling has been that I have been amply rewarded. His grace's speech when the vote of thanks passed in the House of Lords was to me reward enough for ten times any service I ever did! I repeat it my dear Lord Fitzroy, that I consider myself amply rewarded; and neither wife nor daughter, nor friend, nor any human being ever heard me say otherwise. I never thought of receiving any other: William will tell you this.

"Assure the duke that nothing but loss of health can make me quit my command while my services are approved of by Her Majesty's government. And loss of health shall

not if the duke tells me to remain. I do not mean to run away from climate more than I would from any other enemy; only if I should be wounded by it severely I am sure the government would not compel me to die here. Thank God! I am not ill now, and am able to do any work I have to do; not the less so for the kindness of his grace's message, and your own flattering expressions; for really the crowds of rascals who attack me in India, and have done so from the first, seem likely to persuade me I am a knave! So many crimes do they accuse me of that at times I fancy myself the little old woman whose petticoats were cut short! I have not yet *begun to cry*, but William has made *them* do so, and the vagabonds are writhing under his lash, and roaring lustily.. My silence worries them too; for I have never in a single instance put pen to paper in my own defence, except in one case:—that of the zenana, which concerned my companions more than myself.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—Your conversation with the duke made me laugh; God knows what I said in my journal; however he must take things as they come, if he chooses to read what I write to you."

The duke, having read extracts from Sir C. Napier's journal of the hill campaign, desired to have all that could be given of his correspondence. "But there are many queer rough things in his correspondence your grace." *So much the better, that is what I want*, was the reply.

"Yesterday I received two hostile chiefs, one being beyond our frontier; but he says I am his king. He stickled hard for a life due to him by the other tribe. If I would let him have one *Noomree* to kill, their accounts would be square. To this the Noomree chief said no! He had no objection to give a life if due to the *Chota* tribe, but none was due; the Chotas were even in debt a wound from a sword. They were very ferocious, but were brought to agree that four chiefs on each side, with my moonshee, Ali Acbar as president, should agree to a written treaty.

These hostile chiefs finally came before me and made a friendship, but protested that it was only from respect to the Padishaw they did so. I gave each a scarf of honour, and the Chota took leave as sulky as a bear: the Noomree, being our subject, remained and chatted, telling me in confidence, he would if I consented destroy his new friend in no time. They are both Noomrees, a Chota branch and Bulfoot branch, which last is the eldest and therefore called Noomree. The Chota man is the other's nephew, but that does not bar throat-cutting. They both pretend great anger at my making up the quarrel; but as I hanged a Loondee two days before they thought it best not to have a *blood-fuel* with me.

"This Loondee, whose tribe had a *fuel* without just cause with the Rhinds, met a poor fellow of the Lhugarees travelling with his wife daughter and son-in-law; the Loondees were eight in number, and he said, oh! here is a Rhind, I will kill him. I am not a Rhind but a poor Lhugaree, though I live in a Rhind village. Oh said the other Loondees, he is a poor devil of a Lhugaree don't hurt him. He is not a Lhugaree but a Rhind said my friend, and immediately shot down the old man and cut him up with his sword. I hanged him for three reasons. 1°. He carried arms. 2°. He killed a man cruelly without a just cause of quarrel. 3°. He gave that man's tribe the right of having the life of a Loondee. So I gave his to them without their asking, and the account is square. Had I not, the Lhugarees would certainly have taken the life of an innocent Loondee.

"I have hanged four atrocious murderers this month; this Loondee was the least so, but he had no claim to a Rhind's life; for the original cause was that a Rhind being hired as a guard to a traveller soon after Meeanee, was attacked by Loondees, and fell covered with wounds, having first killed a Loondee in self-defence. He did not die, and the Loondees, my ruffian excepted, claimed no life. However I

am getting them into order gradually, they find the English rule just; all the women are pleased, and women, though ill-used, have great influence. This plodding through trials is great labour, but gives me some knowledge of the people, and I find them very noble-minded, that is the Mahomedans: the Hindoos are vile compared to them. The Hindoos have been crushed, and are sly, cheating, cruel and base, so far as my judgment goes; and it is the Mussulmans who have made them so. Their nature is not bad, and they will improve under equal protection, being clever and industrious. In these last qualities the Parsees beat us all in India, and seem to me very like the Greeks. Rich, active, daring, they are made for merchants. As to principle, they have as few scruples as our own merchants, though more than the Americans.

"I am a treasure for the Indian editors. My *persecution* of a native apothecary, a half-caste, is now the theme of abuse. This monster being on board the Zenobia attempted to outrage a sergeant's wife when she was in the last stage of cholera. He was tried, but the two men who caught him died of cholera before the court could be assembled. Her husband is in the 28th, and if the villain gets near the regiment he will find them worse than me. Yes! I will continue to *persecute* the monster, who is quite a fitting hero and saint for the Bombay Times.

"My opinion is that we shall now soon be able to make an immense reduction of taxation, but it is a serious matter. Is it not too bad that my time should be occupied by such a fellow as Outram, when there is so much good work to do? I am better, but I was very weak and thought my hour was coming fast about a fortnight ago. I have sent a Belooch child's sword home for the Prince of Wales: it is a curious and pretty thing, and in shape and furniture perfectly Beloochee."

The home government seem to have demanded an explanation from Outram. There were some in the govern-

ment who wished to call him to account, but they were overborne by others: one of the ministers at the time said to the writer of this, *your brother's enemies are legion.* Now Sir Charles Napier's appeal against Outram shews, that in no manner had he assailed that person save by the official exposition of his conduct when called for by the government; but it suited the cunning of his enemies to mix him up with the publication of the Conquest of Scinde, and to say that gave to Outram a right of reply. The fallacy is obvious. Sir Charles had nothing to say to the publication of the Conquest; and that work did not assail Outram beyond the historical bounds set by the Parliamentary papers: it therefore gave no right whatever to Outram to assail Sir C. Napier personally; still less could it give a right to publish wilful falsehoods injurious both to the general and to the service. Yet the directors rewarded this breach of discipline, of decency, and of truth; and the home government permitted, if it did not absolutely applaud the proceeding.

"Journal, August.—I am quiet, not from humility I am ashamed to say, but from feeling so strong, so thoroughly honest that I defy all India and England to boot! What have I to fear? Nothing! I have been scrupulously honest in every transaction, even to thought: if there is a charge on my conscience it is for being so angry and vindictive as these people make me for an hour or two. This is wrong, and I will try to crush my anger: but as to fear, Pooh! I have done all that I thought right, and so far been successful; if the government turns foully treacherous, what can it do to a man who wants nothing beyond a house and food; who is honest and stern; who has provided honestly for his children, and taught them religion and honour? I laugh the whole world to scorn! I love, and am loved by those I love. My brother William has recorded my victories, and fame is mine, though I care little about it: so let death come when it will.

"I know I am like all others mortal; I do not expect to live for ever; and the clock has given its tick; it will soon strike, and in such a state of mind who can bend me or break me? I am a rock. I have won victories, conquered a great kingdom and ruled it, and work with heart and soul for the happiness of the poor. I have a wife and children, brothers and sisters and friends, and a grandson to carry down my lineage. A bad fellow I am in many ways, but I feel no intentional wickedness on my conscience, and have a sincere conviction of mercy. My worst sin is the wish to shoot Outram as he deserves, for he is base to the last degree; but that feeling never lasts with me against any man for more than a week. It is however good and wise to be thought revengeful; it prevents evil, and need never be so at heart. Never have I wronged woman in my life. I have kissed away many a tear but never caused one.

"August 10th.—Sixty-three complete this day: the hour comes on sharp now, and the battle where all fall. Well, I go to good company where my best beloved are gone. I suppose we shall all meet; if not we sleep and are at peace. All will be love, as all will be peace.

"August 15th.—Napoleon's birthday: he too is gone and may be met with hereafter. I am at war with half India: were it the whole I would not care! I laugh them all to scorn. Nothing have I done misbecoming an honest man, and all their malice cannot make me out a knave! My conscience is pure enough to defy the world, and I do defy it: had I done a single act of dishonour I should tremble!

"Aug. 19th.—Letter from William who advises me to do exactly what I have done—cast him and his history overboard, and refuse to answer for his writing. They are sore as skinned eels, writhing and furious.

"August 29th.—What am I accused of? Three main facts. 1°. I carried into effect the orders of the governor-general as to military operations. 2°. I wrote a private

letter, saying the general opinion was that certain civil servants were ruining India. This was published by my brother without my knowledge, or intent; yet certain civil servants were ruining India, and such was the general opinion and generally expressed. 3°. I wrote a letter, also published by my brother, saying that raw spirits were a mortal preparation for malaria! This is the sum total of my crimes, and on these facts every sort of falsehood is built up and torrents of personal abuse poured upon me! It gives me little care, but let a cosmopolite, let even a Yankee, full of free press and license, say where is the advantage to the public that a man holding a place amongst the rulers of the land should be so abused; not for wrong-doing, not for mischievous opinions that he holds or promulgates, not for failures, for I have been singularly successful; no, for none of these things, but in wanton malice without cause? Is this just? is it right or wrong?

"Ought I not to have defence? Can I defend myself against a set of anonymous ruffians? Ought not editors to be made by government to prove the truth of their assertions or suffer for their lies? As glorious old Cobbett, for a glorious man he was with all his alleged faults, said, truth or falsehood should be the test of libel. Then I could prove to India and England that I have served both with clean hands, clear conscience, and with an honour so pure that my motto, '*sans tache*,' should be given if I had it not. My sons and daughters and nephews may blush with anger at my treatment, but never for shame at my deeds. They do redden with anger, I wish they did not, fearing it will get them into quarrels with fellows like Outram, who alone has had the pluck to put his name to falsehoods. The others had at least the shame to conceal themselves while acting infamously; but the *Chevalier sans peur* DE *reproche*, as William justly christened him, has not done so. So ends my philosophy.

"August 30.—The native regiments here want to re-

main, which the Bombay people don't understand at all, and I won't tell them. There are however two reasons. I give just double leave of absence; they give five men leave and I give ten. Again, my men are never allowed to be on duty more than one day in the week, except in presence of an enemy—their soldiers have but one or two nights in bed! The soldiers know well that I am always watching to save them; and I have always four or five hundred men with their families: this weakens my army numerically, but gives it moral force; and if we had war two-thirds of those absent chaps would reach me before a battle, for they are full of military pride. If volunteering was allowed I could run off with all the Bombay troops. What put this first into my head was, that when two or three regiments went away crippled by fever I thought they would spread terror through the Presidency: and they did so with officers. Hence, turning in mind a remedy, I thought of letting four or five hundred healthy men go home, who would scatter good accounts of Scinde; and they did so with great effect for the Sepoys have all saved much money. Then I diddled the jackals, who desired to raise a military cry against Scinde as a place of death:—Golgotha was their word.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, September.—Take a sample of gratitude. Mr. Edward Townsend who is now secretary to the Bombay government, made two calls on my wife in the Mahableshwar hills, just after Meeance. The first was to tell her that Anne"—Mrs. Richard Napier—"was his mother's dearest friend and had got him his place from Lord Clare; that he, 'owed everything to your husband's family Lady Napier, and I can never feel sufficiently grateful.' Soon after came the report that we had been cut off to a man, and that I was killed. Mr. Edward Townsend hastened to give my wife the agreeable news. The three girls who, having heard it were in agony, placed themselves between her and all visitors but were thus addressed by him, *I suppose you know your father is killed and the whole army de-*

stroyed. So ended visit the second! Now this Mr. Edward Townsend has been one of the first to sign the memorial against me. A great many have refused to sign it, and it has been got up entirely by Outram's clique. Mr. Townsend might therefore have avoided this: had it been general he might have felt bound to go with the others, and if he had written to say so, whatever I might think, no fault could be found. This marks the kind of men I have to deal with: and I must have constant official correspondence with Mr. E. Townsend!

"Scinde suffers from the incessant attacks made openly and in the dark upon me: they take up my time. This is one way. A European soldier was murdered at Sukkur and I instantly ordered a court-martial; before the proceedings could come down to me, the adjutant-general Lumley, in terms disagreeable though not absolutely impertinent, says his excellency the commander in chief has seen in the returns that a man has been murdered, and demands what steps have been taken? Now, why was Gough—but it was *not* him—to suppose I allowed my soldiers to be murdered without taking proper steps? To write thus to an ensign might be excusable. The report made to me of the fact, my orders, the trial and return of proceedings, could not by any possibility have been completed here before the 30th of July: yet, on the 15th of August I got this letter! so impatient are they to know if I permit my soldiers to be murdered with impunity! All this is from hostile feeling. A Mr. Currie, one of Hardinge's grand secretaries, plays the same game in a way that makes me think he has a syllable too much in his name; but my resolution is to lose temper at nothing; and though thoroughly disgusted, to do my best for Scinde and let events work their way. With patience to bear I shall beat all enemies.

"There is no material error in your book; those who were present at the fights all agree as to its portraiture, and wonder how you who were not there could give so

just a description. The Bombay Times in his last issue says that Beja Khan is *at this moment plundering the whole frontier at the head of his tribe!* And that I did *nothing in the hills!* Will India believe his lies? and what can exceed this? Beja is however a prisoner with his whole tribe, and the robbers are quietly cultivating the lands I placed them on. Three did rob the other day: one was killed, one escaped; one remained prisoner and my intent was to hang him, but the officers who captured him tried and sentenced him to perpetual imprisonment; and as my wish is to encourage humane feelings with the officers I did not revise their sentence, telling them why. The robber fought gallantly, he knocked over the soldiers and was only taken when desperately wounded. Be assured these civil servants shall not bully me; my only real vexation is that I can use neither pen nor sword in my own defence just now: Hardinge has forbidden me to answer Outram in the papers. I never meant to do so till the government shewed what its intentions are as to protecting me, and I feel perfect confidence in Hardinge here, and the duke in England. It is scarcely possible for government to let me go by the board in this way; but no man in power can be trusted: their way would have been another puzzle for Solomon!

"The same, September 24.—I am trying a curious experiment. I have launched Deriah Khan Jackranee against the Bhoogtees, his late allies. I expected a good deal of plundering this summer by hungry people from the hills: however not one robbery has occurred, and the season for depredations has passed away. Lately indeed seventy of the Jackranees' cattle were driven into the desert, beyond our frontier, by nine Bhoogtees, and I allowed the Jackrances at their own request to go after the Bhoogtees, supporting them with cavalry, but forbidding my men to enter the hills. A '*blood fuel*' will then begin, and my uneasiness lest the Jackranees should return to their old life be at an end. When I first allowed them to settle near the frontier I felt

sure the Bhoogtees would come down for plunder and produce this retaliation; and as many of the best Jackranees are employed and paid by me in different posts I think the frontier job is now nearly settled; and already all Cutchee is covered with grain and cattle. The robbers are down, and if the Court of Directors so love the trade of tyranny and debauchery and cruelty as to set up the Ameers again it is not my fault.

"Old Indians say '*There is no respect for you in India without magnificence and show!*' A greater fallacy does not exist. Trumpery and humbug are our enemies in India, as they were and are the enemies of the barbaric princes. Such folly ruined them and will ruin us; for if we continue to imitate the Eastern style our officers will deteriorate, and the native officers will take the empire from us. A radical reform of the Indian army and an increase of European officers is absolutely necessary. Some years hence, for they will not increase the officers, my words will prove prophetic. The Sepoy now has no European officers to look to, no captain I mean: he is devoted to us as yet, but we take no pains to preserve his attachment. It is no concern of mine, I shall be dead before what I foresee will take place; but it will take place. I would give this opinion in writing if it would do the Company any good; but it will not, for everything I say or do is looked upon as war against them, and I will not play Cassandra for the directors to jeer and laugh.

"Now take a fact. On the 10th instant six Sepoys deserted with arms and ammunition; no Indian officer '*ever heard of such a thing before!*' That is a step in the march of mischief. The commander, foolish and cowed, did not report till the 11th; he could not believe it and thought they had gone shooting, an irregularity which had before occurred. The police tracked, and seeing the men at a distance changed their own clothes to join them as travellers; they thus passed the frontier and went twenty miles beyond, when an opportunity offered for seizing the deserters' arms

and securing their persons, which was done though the police were only equal in number. Now for the fact: the men left a letter to be opened and read to the Brigadier Douglas, under curses on the finder if he failed to do so. It contained a statement of oppressions by the native adjutant, native captain and native sergeant major, and finished thus, 'We bid adieu to colonel —— and to our European officers, who were always kind and good to us; we love and honour them, but they do not know what goes on; we are not allowed to complain. We are high caste men, our oppressors are low caste, and we will not bear the gross abuse they heap upon us, and on our wives who are good and respectable women.'

"One or two very young officers tried to interfere with the native adjutant in this case, but the colonel stupidly took part with the native officer: the same thing had happened with Colonel Moseley when the 64th Regt. mutinied. Thus we find native officers taking the command out of the Europeans' hands. Now certainly, in both instances they angered the men; but suppose a good and clever native, of whom there are plenty, does the same thing and has the whole corps with him? Suppose he shews them what useless negligent people the Europeans are? Suppose he points out some corps with a knave and tyrant, and says, behold what they are! Then where is your hold of India? Here two young subalterns showed sense; but where were the mass of Sepoys to look for protection? No man had a captain, the establishment is only paid for ten companies: could the thing have happened if the regiment had ten, or even six captains with them?

"Experience tells us that young men naturally are glad to avoid the details of a company, which they do not understand and see shifted about from one to another. The native officer is ready to take those details in his hands, and this recent desertion is a decided result, the like of which will on a larger scale again happen. The European officer

is loved by the Sepoy, for he is honourable and just generally; he is the man to lead him in battle, and therefore the man to keep them in discipline:—he is capable of making the Indian army march to Moscow, but he must have fair play. Courage, zeal, ability, and a white face he has; but he must also have experience, which can only be given by keeping him with his regiment, not by giving charge of two companies to an ensign, who was the month before in vulgar fractions at Addiscombe! That youth may lead them in a storm, but he cannot command them in a battle; much less in a gay cantonment with women, balls and races: saying nothing of beer, which I dare not now speak of! I have in some remarks on military law, and their new article of war sent to me for my opinion, told them all this. I said, give ten captains, if not give five, but call them grand division captains and let them have the divisions, that the Sepoy may have a captain to look up to, and be protected by a man who has taught him to be a soldier—not by a boy whom he has taught.

"My opinion will be disregarded and I will give no more, but the present system will have a bad result some fine day as sure as God made Moses; and the Court of Directors will sell the grandest empire the world ever saw. To give large salaries to civil servants and refuse captains for Sepoys: this is their economy! Yet they and their abettors fancy they are fit to govern such an empire, and to organize an army of three hundred thousand men! I have deeply considered and well observed this superb army, and I think the officers are all that can be wished for; but without a proper system they cannot rule this immense force, composed from different nations:—a circumstance that with good regulations gives strength and power, but with bad causes weakness even to dissolution. Were Lord Ellenborough at the Board of Control something might be done, Hardinge being at the same time governor-general and commander in chief; but with Lord Ripon what can

be done! And then the directors! What do these men know of a military system? and yet on the military system India depends.

"It may be asked why do I then take officers from their corps for civil employment in Scinde? Because civil servants of the Company do not work, and as yet the revenue could not sustain their expences. A civil servant turns up his nose at 700 rupees a month; a soldier jumps at it! Would civil servants come to this climate, which *their* Press calls a *Golyotha,* for 700 rupees, thus quitting situations paid in India with nearly as many thousands? Why should they? Your high-paid civil servant in India thus deprives a regiment of its officer and I cannot help myself. Would it not also be hard to see high-paid civil servants come to Scinde, and the men who won it remaining with comparatively low pay in the ranks? Bah! for the Company and its nepotism; I will do my best for the soldiers. Yet my opinion is that the soldiers also are too highly paid in some situations. They should not however be pulled down till all the present owners are done and gone; you cannot touch their allowances. Civil servants should be paid less than the military; there is no reason, that is apparent, for giving them higher pay. However India will be lost if the army be not effectually officered: it is now like a great balloon half filled with gas.

"The robber tribes say that I am the first *king* that ever saw the inside of their hills; but now the charm is broken and the tribes are ruined. They say Ahmed Khan and God knows how many ancient kings tried but all failed at *Tonge;* none ever reached Trukkee, none ever even gained the passes of the first ridge of rocks: detachments they admit have, but all were finally obliged to retreat and most were destroyed. My name in conjunction with Trukkee has been bruited through all the Asiatic world. I long to hear of Deriah's expedition after the cattle: his Jackranees are

Lowlanders, the Bhoogtees Highlanders. The first accustomed to fight in plains trust to their courage only; the second trust to their activity and think nothing of running away, being always ready to fight on another hill: yet the Lowlander seems to me the more resolute soldier. I am going to read the hon. Mr. Shore on Indian affairs. He I hear attacks the civil servants furiously, and is a first-rate authority.

"The Punjaub may be quiet, but I do not know what to think in this matter; my fear is that our having two chiefs will do mischief; the real commander has ability and power, but is not the chief general. The possibility of failure with thirty thousand men and one hundred guns does not realize itself to me; yet if anything can produce a failure it will be two commanders: if any mischief should happen it will be troublesome to repair, and then will arise events of a very puzzling nature, and no plan can be formed beforehand by me. I should however have to consider 1°. The defeated army's line of retreat; whether towards the Ganges or the Indus, for it might not be optional. 2°. The state of the countries around me. 3°. The enemy's forces which would probably be between me and the retiring army, supposing it to retreat on the Jumna and Ganges. 4°. That my force was five times what I could leave in Scinde; for the Mahrattas and the Nizam would be up in Bombay. 6°. What way the folks here would take matters. 7°. What Ali Moorad would do. All these things and their incalculable contingencies are matters of deep import and perfect uncertainty—though they would determine whether I ought to march on the enemy and try to give the grand army time to rally; or if I ought to hold a position for myself at Mooltan, Ooch and Bhawalpoor, or retire and defend Scinde. The last would be cautious and safe, almost certainly so; but in such a case the safety of India must be cared for and something trusted to fortune. These are all matters which no

man in my position cannot fore-determine, yet he must be prepared to act upon any of them. I am doing so by rendering our rule here popular—a great matter.

"Hardinge seems to hold the Sikhs cheap, probably rightly so as he has great means of knowing. He expects to march over the country at once; it would be indelicate to offer suggestions, and they never do good: his position, his experience in war, and his courage are all such as to make me diffident. If I have time to give him hints about the moving of Indian baggage it shall be done: he will find it not a little embarrassing. When he sees it, he will feel as I did at first, *helpless and hopeless*. I cannot however get my baggage corps formed yet, though two years have been spent in praying for the means; it will do great good to the Indian armies; but I must have support in forming it: they will not give me money, I can do nothing, and am much embarrassed. Hitherto my action has been without regular sanction beyond Lord Ellenborough's leave; and now the civil servants are on the look-out, and if they can, will charge the expences on me personally to my utter ruin. Being perfectly aware of their power I have been silently getting clear of all charges against me, to the tune of sixty or seventy thousand pounds sterling. For some time I was very uneasy; but now, being safe, I shall do nothing without full authority and of course the service will suffer. So let it. All my plans must be dilatory. I have had no answer yet for the Mullaree river, though in the thirteenth month of continued application. I will not risk the execution on my own responsibility, though only £12,000, I will not again risk a farthing to save India, these people have taught me better. So much for philanthropy!

"If Hardinge succeeds against the Sikhs I shall have nothing to do but stand sentry on the frontier; or possibly dodge along the Indus to attack Peshawur, as a flanking column. If his opponents know their work they will with twenty thousand good irregular horsemen, which they have,

do up his baggage and then his army will suffer dreadfully, unless they have woods for shelter against the sun. The great point in our favour is the people's hatred of the Kalsa army. The hundred guns Gough has are good if brought into action, but that requires a deal of method, which may be wanting. One day on the hills, when on march, I said to the colonel of Bengal Artillery, and he was an excellent officer:—there is a height less than Trukkee, throw some shells on to it to let me know what you Bengalees can do. They took a position, but could not get their shells into the howitzers! If this happened with fifteen guns what may not happen with a hundred guns? The heat had melted the stuff which fastens the shells to the tompion plug, and scraping was required for the shell to enter.

"I had suspected we might have some small difficulty of this kind, and therefore thus drilled Colonel Geddes, who has all the qualities of a first-rate artillery officer. He has since been taken away from me, and all my pontoon train also; but I have fine batteries and have given each 125 good horses. Of these batteries three could go with me, perhaps four: but if Hardinge wins a great battle two days after passing the Sutlege and so reaches Lahore, we in Scinde shall have nothing to do. I mean if he does his work well; if not there will be a far tougher job than he expects, for these men are not to be despised; and if Gough gets the troops into a difficulty, Hardinge, who never commanded a regiment and has been thirty years out of practice as a staff officer, will hardly get them out of it. What his other generals are I know not; they may be very good, I dare say some are, but they do not command.

"October 24.—I hope Hardinge is not affronted at my appealing home against Outram. I did so because Outram is an outrageous enemy of his brother-in-law, Lord Ellenborough, and I am an old friend of his own, and I thought he would like to have the matter settled at home. I have had much trouble about this matter and shall have a great

deal more, unless Outram is dealt with properly. The influx of people into Scinde is great as the following report from a frontier post shews.

"'Perfect tranquillity exists here; the only occurrence of note is the population of Cutchee crowding into our territory. For some days past 60 or 80 families, with all their goods and cattle have daily passed my fort, with intention to settle in Scinde. I have not observed a single armed man: they all appear distressed cultivators seeking an asylum!'

"This shews how well my orders, about carrying arms, is known beyond our frontier: the only subject of regret is that my poor boy, the Khan of Khelat, will be ruined by this emigration. We first killed his father and plundered his capital, and then set up an usurper, but soon pulled down our puppet and restored little Nusseer to his throne. He has been perfectly faithful, but too poor to rule his wild chiefs: his faith enabled General England to retire safely through his Bolan pass, and now all people west of him are his enemies for being our friend! The Candahar chiefs would have attacked him last Christmas if a warning letter from me had not deterred them: now his own chiefs, and probably himself—for what can the poor boy do? plunder their ryots, and they come to Scinde! My desire is to subsidize him, and take Cutch Gundava and the Bhoogtee hills in repayment. We could thus set him up in Khelat and Shawl. Cutch Gundava would in ten years repay all disbursements; and as there is doubt of this poor boy living long his successor might be cast loose, our obligations being personal and springing only from our stupid work in Lord Auckland's time, which made us so dependent on the Brahooe Beloochees in the passes.

"I have written a brief suggestion to Lord Ellenborough as to rendering the Indian army less numerous and more effective; but with all the internal native principalities it is not possible to hold India without an accumulation of debt and final ruin."

Sir C. Napier must not be mistaken here. His design was to remove tyrants and govern the people humanely: Lord Dalhousie's recent policy of annexation removes the single tyrant indeed, and so far seems to coincide with Charles Napier's views; but the people are delivered over to a worse tyranny, and the mode of annexation has been oppressive, fraudulent and violent in the extreme: and with respect to Oude hypocritical even to loathsomeness: the policy remains to be proved.

"The Nizam's territory ought to be consolidated with the Bengal territory, as a grand base from the mouths of the Ganges to those of the Indus; and the army should then be organized in four grand corps, viz.

"30,000 on the Indus: head-quarters and civil government at Lahore or Mooltan.

"25,000 on the Godavery: head-quarters and civil government at Hydrabad.

"25,000 on the Bharamputra: head-quarters and civil government Calcutta.

"50,000 at Lucknow or Agra: head-quarters and head seat of civil government in India.

"20,000 for connecting posts.

"This would give 150,000 in all, and each corps must be concentrated as much as possible. Thus we should have:—one commander in chief and governor-general at Agra; three commanders of corps and governors at other places: and at my salary, which is less than half of Sir George Arthur's. With this immense reduction of force the army would still be far more imposing, as four large armies, each concentrated, would make a show to frighten all Asia: but our empire must be one empire, not broken by internal independent princes; and the principle of concentration should be rigorously adhered to. The civil servants should be greatly reduced in numbers and payment, the number of regimental officers increased, and the military disbursements would still be vastly reduced.

This arrangement would be difficult no doubt, but so is every great scheme, and all who are likely to lose would oppose it tooth and nail: yet it could be done by such a man as Lord Ellenborough, and it would double the Company's dividend in London. It would not diminish the patronage at the India House either, though that patronage would be chiefly military. I think 30,000 men could hold the Indus, from Attock to Kurrachee. What the Bharamputra would need I can't say; but surely less than the Indus; and good government would render less than 25,000 necessary on the Godavery. I am sure ten thousand instead of thirty thousand would do for the Indus under a good governor; I will answer for half the line with three thousand, the Punjaub being ours!

"I am sorry now at having appealed against Outram, my first anger being over: his budget of lies could do me no harm, and the loss of time it has and will cost me does great harm, taking me from better work. These are evils which no power can stand against, except the highest; and we have seen one governor-general crushed by them. Other crosses arise. The head-quarter staff are hostile to me, because I took Hunter's part; and now he tells me he confesses he looks upon my saying drink disposed men for fever as a *personal insult!* He behaved admirably at the mutiny, but he never obeys orders and is not clever: however I will not give an inch to him or any man in India who attacks openly; and all smaller things may go as they will. Meanwhile I am trying to get information about Mooltan from a political, but he does not, very properly, like to give it without leave, and I cannot get an answer from Hardinge. Indeed I fear he is overwhelmed, for scarcely do answers come to any letters, and my belief is he applies to home for orders about everything. The greatest inconvenience yet is the uncertainty about Ali Moorad's treaty; it shakes his confidence in us: and then the Mullaree water so much wanted at Kurrachee for health! I thought Hardinge was

a capital man of business, and if he is so this silence is difficult to account for. About my own house, a personal affair, he answered me at once, very kindly: government will take it off my hands. I did not ask this, but said I could not finish it, and did not think it right that a governor should sleep in his dining room; but if the government would finish it a fair rent should be paid, otherwise I must continue to sleep in my parlour.

"My soldiers are getting sulky with the Bombay Times. Assuredly I have no disfavour to dread from the troops here, notwithstanding all my imputed villanies towards them, if a judgment is to be formed from the men's shouts for me when I go to the theatre, and the reception of my health at a large dinner lately where 120 officers sat down. I am not fond of these demonstrations, because they are in fact against orders and may be used both ways; but what can I do? It is this feeling that enables me to do what I like with them in the field. I pay no court to earn it, and am rigid in chastisements. Two officers have been broken since my return from the hills, and two soldiers are to be hanged; but the mass know it is just, and that I stand by them in time of need. I save them from duty as much as possible, no needless guards are allowed; both officers and men have more leave from me than from any other governor, and I do not plague them about dress. When taken out, they are moved rapidly and not kept standing while people are peddling about some nonsense or another.

"In the field I work very hard, but it tries me sorely, and I am told not to do this: but you, William, know it is the great secret of success, for if a chief is lazy everybody becomes so. '*When I see that old man incessantly on his horse, how can I be idle who am young and strong? By —— I would go into a loaded cannon's mouth if he ordered me.*' This was the speech of a young officer on the hills, and when told to me was ample reward for my work: he felt, and all

who heard him felt they had no excuse for disobedience. The great art of commanding is taking a fair share of the work. Men in power can easily avoid this share, and generally do so, and thus spoil the spirit of their troops, who see that fair play does not go on: in the hour of trial their leader is unknown to them, and hence an old man does not do for war. Muley Bey and Marshal Saxe won battles from a litter: but solitary examples will not shake a principle. The soldiers must see their commander and that he takes as little rest as they do; then matters are done with a will, a spirit not easy to stand against. I know not why I write all this to you, except from a habit of writing to you all I think in opposition to foolish things I hear, and which show me how few men see the real causes of military popularity and successes, independent of movements which may be ill-calculated.

"Deriah and his Jackranees have come back after making a desperate march. Some cavalry and police went with them, and they say they marched two hundred miles in three days; yet the Kulpoor Bhoogtees were too much on the alert: however eighty head of cattle were brought in. Lieut. Hamilton has been thrown into a fever by the exertion and I have no report yet. The effect must be good, and show the Bhoogtees we are on the alert: it is said Islam has, in consequence, gone into the Keytrian country; and daily accounts come to me of the ruin of the tribes by my expedition. The Bhoogtees lately persuaded the Murrees that I was meditating their destruction, and their terror was so great they fortified their passes, abandoned Kahun and sent their families northwards. They wrote however to me to ask if it was true that the Bhoogtees were under my protection, for if so they would not war on them. My answer was—The more Bhoogtees you kill in war the more honour for the Murrees; and with this a supply of powder. These tangible arguments have more weight than protestations and promises. 'I like the Murrees much and wanted them to

occupy the beautiful rich valley of Deyrah, but they would not.

"Our revenue is improving. The sums I have set down for you are extracts taken from the office archives, and show a revenue of nearly thirty thousand pounds a month under all the drawbacks of war, locusts, pestilence, and ignorance of the sources of taxation and its proper amount; which of course enabled kardars to defraud us to an immense amount. But here is a net sum averaging twenty lacs, or two hundred thousand pounds sterling surplus. Be assured that in ten years it may be doubled; but here are £360,000 revenue already, £200,000 being clear surplus, after paying a civil government. A rough return for charges of public works, ordinary and extraordinary, and repairs for 1844 being taken from our surplus, leaves still twenty-seven thousand pounds in our favour for that year!! And recollect Sukkur and Kurrachee were ours before the conquest, and would have been a dead loss.

"The same. November 22nd.—You say your book has brought nothing but annoyance to me. This is not so. The same attacks would have been made in some other form, and without your support. On me the vile clique of Bombay were resolved to fall; and though the government might have kept me here and approved of my government, that would not have made it appear in its true honourable light to the public. Sir Hudson Low was supported by the government, but that did not clear his character. There is some difference between us indeed, and time would have brought about truth; but meanwhile, probably, to resign, go to Bombay and after fighting some of those fellows to go home if I escaped, would have been my fate; and I should have been persecuted for the rest of my life, with no other consolation than the having shot a rascal, which, having steady nerves and being a good shot it is likely I should have done. Make your mind easy therefore, as mine is; though at times, when not well and other cares press on me for all

have private cares and troubles, I am low. The hot winds here relax the man from head to foot, and then the firmest mind feels almost incapable of doing its work. Years also press heavily, age cannot consult with youth, I am alone and at times, throwing myself on a couch, I wish the whole story to wind up and end! Then your book rouses my spirits up to finish my public work and make it worthy of the beginning.

"Sir George Arthur and I keep on good terms, which is strange, for he gets plain language from me. The 25th N. I. are my favourite Sepoy regiment: it went to Bombay lately, expecting to be received with honour, after five years' service and being victorious in three actions. Well, the men were landed like dogs, no one even to show them where to go to! After two days Sir George asked Colonel Woodburn to dinner, *with any officer who had called!* He sent a refusal, and the officers are furious, the soldiers taking up the quarrel. Sir George had written to me. He feared the *controversy*, meaning Outram's affair, was producing partizanship, and the *strife* would do harm to the service. When I heard from my fellows, some of whom came here from Bombay, how the wind blew, Sir George's letter became intelligible and my answer was. *Strife! Controversy!* I know not what you mean. What strife between Major-General Sir C. Napier, governor of Scinde, and Captain Outram of the 23rd N. I. No strife. You seem not to estimate the dignity of a governor as high as I do. I have no idea of strife. The captain has been insubordinate, behaved ill, and the major-general has reported him to higher authority, whose decision will appear in form of a fiat: no strife. Nearly all the 25th officers are men who respect and speak well of me, and my belief is that this affront put upon them and their men is solely because they are my favourites. Sir George tried hard, and does so still, to make me answerable for your book, but I pin him like a bulldog, and as fiercely too.

I hear from good authority that the civil servants are sorry they signed the memorial; that it was drawn up by one high in authority and they were bullied into it. Who the *high authority* was is not told, but my conviction is clear as to Willoughby. Buist is in a fury at the London newspapers because they won't adopt his filthy falsehoods; and has told us, that his informants on political and military matters are Sir George Arthur and the commander in chief: for the *sovereign authorities* is his expression, which can only mean the governor and council at Bombay. The commander in chief he plumply names! Sir Thomas McMahon is however a kind-hearted man, who makes diverting speeches sometimes at dinners and suppers; but has, notwithstanding a very rich brogue, really very beautiful manners: he is well polished off, as my wife's maid says—'Indeed my lady our *min* when they get commissions behaves like gintlemin, they'll pass a comrade next day as beautiful as if they'd been officers all their lives; tosses their heads and takes no notice as illigent as the colonel himself. Oh! indeed they do! *polishes off* in great style, quite natral. But *thin* you see my lady, the wives you see, won't polish off at all! Poor craturs, it's not natral to them. They tries their best poor things, but the ladies won't recave them; and thin they can't give up ould customs of a drop in the mornint, and now and thin a little too much, and a lady comes in to call and don't consint to it at all! at all! Somehow they niver does take the polish.'

"Well, Sir Thomas has the polish but he does not pull well with the governor, and at a public dinner, when Sir George gave the commander in chief with a long flattering speech, up he jumped with.—'Pon my word I have been five years in constant official intercourse with his honour the governor, and have never, I declare to God, found out that he has a good opinion of me till this minute.' It was irresistible!"

SIXTEENTH EPOCH.

THIRD PERIOD.

Hostility, fomented and encouraged by the directors, and ministers of the Queen's government who truckled to them, was now in full activity against the governor of Scinde, and to his own vigour of mind only could he look for support.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Oct. 3rd.—I fear Sir Geo. Arthur and I shall not long continue friends. He has written what he calls *'letters free from a controversial spirit.'* Your moderate friend is a delightful counsellor: he calms you down by telling you, the least offensive way in the world, that you are a fool, a liar, a blackguard; everything that Newgate furnishes: he wants you to stand in the pillory and says, Now don't be annoyed, for really as you have a nose you must be fair to those poor people who only desire to break the bridge of it; and if you insist upon having eyes, really my dear friend it is unreasonable to complain of having them battered with rotten eggs, which are the softest things they could fling. I have given him about 17 sheets in answer to his 18; but in a style to enforce the hoisting of true colours. His great object is to make me defend your book, which as I have dinned into him I will not do; and he endeavours to excuse Outram in a gross way. Now it is injurious to the service to quarrel with the governor of Bombay, but at a certain point forbearance must end, and my letter will bring this to a decision. He lays great stress upon my having said he gave me zealous assistance. I did say so, I do say

so: but my saying so, is not to decide my opinion of his subsequent conduct.

"The Governor-general, Nov. 7.—We have received our medals, sent to us amongst commissariat stores as a bale of goods, and without ribands or any means of hanging them to our breasts! As Lord Ripon has taken nearly three years to prepare them they might have been finished! Those received from Bengal came in a more gentlemanlike way, from the commander in chief, and through the adjutant-general, the orthodox channel. Lieutenant-Colonel Pennefather sent me mine! and some of the officers here received theirs through private hands long before! Indeed it was from them I first heard of the arrival of the medals. Those gentlemen were annoyed and brought their medals to me. However all this is Bombay style and don't much signify, or rather don't signify at all.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Nov.—I have at last got a copy of your Conquest of Scinde. Hardinge is all right about Outram. The Sikhs are, I hear, trying to make the Sepoys on the Sutlege desert, and have had some success, twenty having gone off it is said. This is not good, but they give no pensions which is the grand thing with us. I still think as I said, the conquest of the Punjaub will not be easy.

"Journal, November 25th.—My Journal is in arrears, having been so overwhelmed with worries and factious business as to be forced to write even upon important affairs *currente calamo*. The chief subject of worry has been Sir G. Arthur's conduct about Outram and other matters.

"E. D. Davenport, Esq., Nov. 28.—I have this moment got your most agreeable letter, which made me laugh, and also feel very much obliged to you for being so good-humoured with me, which I am with nobody. How the devil can I? with a sun frying my liver, until it is, or may be, as big as the lies of the Bombay Times; which are so big,

that if Archimedes had the smallest of them he would no longer have needed a fulcrum to raise the world so far as size goes! An honest man's liver should swell when such lies are put forth. Swell! Yes, blow up like a bomb-shell! Don't expect me ever to be in a good temper until I am in my coffin, I never will, it would be dishonest, ungentlemanlike:—unless I can kill an editor, which would make me fat, sleek, good-humoured. It is said we are not to have war in the Punjaub this year. That no man can tell. I hope we shall not, but when troops command and generals obey, as at Lahore, all depends upon brandy!

"I am so chagrined, so utterly disappointed that no debate took place on Lord Ellenborough's recall that I cannot express my vexation. I have from first to last acted, whether right or wrong the world may judge as it pleases, with the most ardent prayers to the Almighty for doing what was wise for the interests of my country; and these interests I have ever felt must be, not what is expedient but what is really virtuous and right in itself. I have in no case wilfully done wrong that good might come of it; nor has failure occurred to produce self-reproach or regret. Living as I do with the press of India, and hundreds of scoundrels, in one roar of abuse against me, my whole and sole wish is to see all that Lord Ellenborough did, and ordered me to do, as regards Scinde, brought forth into the broadest glare of day, canvassed in print, in Parliament, everywhere, and let me stand the consequences,

"I know you and other friends cast the lies of newspapers to the dogs, and I have no time to answer them: already the time taken up to answer Outram has impeded my work of good government. I do all myself: I must do so, and all that diverts me from work makes my engines stop. I have excellent and very clever officers, but like a regiment they await the word of command, which these cursed squabbles prevent me from giving; thus business accumulates, which obliges me to labour and deprives me of time

for rest, and for reflection on what requires it. I therefore cannot defend myself, and did look to a discussion in Parliament for shewing that I have not deviated in a single instance from the line which religion and honour dictated.

"I may not agree in politics with Lord Ellenborough, whom I never saw, nor do I know what his politics are; but I do admire his genius, his high honour, and his projects to serve the people of India instead of robbing them, which is the great object I believe of the Court of Directors and of plenty of civil servants, so far as history speaks. As to that egregious Lord Ripon, God defend me! Now you will naturally say, when told that I correspond with him, and begin 'Dear Lord Ripon,' that I am a hypocritical son of a gun; but harken, though my defence does not satisfy myself. Lord Ripon and I quarrelled long ago. After Meeance he wrote me a noble letter; that is the expressions were noble, the man is not so; but I gave him credit for his words and we made up our quarrel. Now I am again incensed, but to shew it would injure the public service. It arises thus. Early in 1843 I saw that Scinde was not conquered for any good the people could receive till the hill robbers were subdued; but as we had no quarrel with them there was nothing to do but hope they would keep quiet. Not a bit. The moment the sun began to chain us up by its terrible burning, these hardy robber tribes came down upon us. They crossed the desert, harassed our posts of cavalry, plundered many villages, and murdered all they came across though we had not given the slightest cause of offence: indeed we could not, as the desert lay between us. In one instance they cut to pieces 200 of my camp followers, poor unarmed people who were gathering grass with a guard of twelve troopers: they were in a moment all killed, for these robbers spare not man woman or child.

"I was very severe in my orders upon the officer who commanded the post; and the more so that his wife is my cousin, and my resolve was that no feeling of clanship should

stand between me and justice. He is a good fellow and a proper brave man; but of great stature, heavy, and unfit to encounter heat. My order worked him up, and the next party of robbers he was too quick for. Burly as he is, he managed to force a battle, in which, with some loss to himself, he paid them off; for as they had no mercy on the grass-cutters the cavalry returned the compliment and every robber was cut to pieces. This was just. They had destroyed twenty-five villages.

"Well you will say, what has the admirable 'prosperity Robinson' and latterly Earl of Ripon to do with this? Why he wrote me a letter very civil and private to say he hoped I would excuse his offering his remarks, but he thought I made *too much* of the little robber affair on the frontier! and he *feared* too much would be made of my orders at home. In fact he was afraid of the Court of Directors and the newspapers. My scorn I swallowed. I had *carte blanche* from Lord Ellenborough to act my pleasure. I calculated the robbers at sixteen thousand fighting men: I have now their numbers accurately, and most of their bodies also, and they were 18,800! During the summer they had harassed us dreadfully; the poor people abandoned whole districts bordering on the desert, and I was obliged to reinforce all my posts, and even send them two pieces of cannon. I ill brooked all this, and when the cool weather came paid them off: they are ruined as independent tribes for ever.

"Their boast that in 600 years nothing ever entered their mountains is true. Every army that ever marched against them failed at the entrance of their hills and was discomfited. Two of our detachments penetrated in 1840 and were cut to pieces, wanting food and water and having fearful passes still to be forced. However, I being an older soldier than the former enemies did, with 4,800 men and 16 pieces of artillery, force the passes into their hills, and as they call me *king* their boast was broken and their pride

fell! The work was one of anxiety enough God knows; for the danger of losing my whole force if a mistake was made was imminent. Once cut off in those tremendous defiles and not a man could escape; and the difficulty of getting water and bringing up provisions was very great. If a man moved beyond the sentries he was instantly killed: hid in chasms and caves, the robbers stole on us unawares and killed those whom they could surprise. Well, our business was completed, we won rather by our legs than our arms and brought our enemies prisoners in triumph to Scinde. I gave them ground, and they are all delighted with the rich lands which they before harried; they have now raised on them magnificent crops of their own!

"Davenport! I did think that my soldiers, who had laboured so hard, who had with scarcely food to nourish them penetrated those defiles and caverns, reckless of danger or hardship; who had some hard fighting also, and behaved gloriously—I did think, I say, that the least Lord Ripon could do was to say those men did well; but he attempted to burke my dispatch! It was not till Lord Ellenborough threatened to ask him in his place, why my dispatch was not published, that it appeared in the Gazette: the excuse was—*indeed he had forgotten it.* Can you then be surprised at my saying the hottest day in Scinde never made my blood boil as this man did! Yet I begin 'My dear Lord Ripon!' God forgive me! I ought to be hanged, but it is one of those unpleasant things I do for the public service. I could not indeed write to him for two months, it took that time to school myself into calmness: but calmness, except that assumed in moments of danger, is the sure sign of a hypocrite, and so I am one: yet I mean some day to bring up my lee-way with a wet sail.

"All my soldiers, the young ones especially, looked to the Gazette for telling their friends I was pleased with them, and that they had done their duty; and that weak creature, lolling in his easy chair, thrusting the dispatch into

his drawer and—*forgetting it!* The poor creature is afraid of the Court of Directors, that is the secret. Oh! England, England! art thou to be thus ruled! to be thus ridden! I am sick of the whole story of public life. I will die here if my remaining can be of any use—and my children being with me I am as well pleased to die here as elsewhere: but for my own satisfaction, I would rather be in a third pair of stairs lodgings in Petticoat-lane.

"I have a grandson who bids fair to have his father's slaughtering arm in battle: the father alarms me however, because he cannot always be victorious. Two of his brothers have been killed. One was eaten by a tiger: he was but a boy, yet shewed his family pluck, for while in the animal's mouth he called to his companions—*fire away, I am past help, don't be afraid of shooting.* They did shoot, killed the tiger, and took the boy up alive, but the animal's tusks had, as he said, put him past help. The other brother *rode* down the precipitous stairs at St. Helena and went over the rock, horse and man, down! down! smash! My chap tried to ride across a quicksand here, and how he saved himself no one can tell; he and his horse went down at once, and afterwards, by the most desperate efforts got out separately!

"I quite agree that it is not my friends that require explanation of all I am about but the public. William has gone far to set me right; but there are public documents that would do still more, because they defy contradiction. In the Conquest of Scinde he has not said a word that is not proved as regards facts: as to his opinions of me the world may judge as it likes. There is a very able officer who has attacked the Bombay Times. He began with a letter signed *Omega*, and has gone on with a series of facts, to every one of which every officer in Scinde would swear: he is putting the Indian public right.

"Men do not read in India, so William's book is known

to a few only: but this gentleman has taken the pith out, and put it in the paper he writes to, and now men's eyes open, and Outram's puffing of himself into notice through the Bombay Times is shewn up. He is in debt to a house in close connection with government, and the latter are puffing him up to excuse its own misconduct in giving him, a captain—for he is only brevet lieutenant-colonel, which I got for him—a place of three thousanda year, as Resident of Sattara. Oh! the tricks, the jobbing, the devilment of India match Ireland in former days: worse even.

"Fancy that fellow Outram's saying I tried to get more batta than the regulation. I never even asked for pay as a governor; they gave me table allowance, or, as they term it, *sumptuary allowance*, but no pay beyond that of major-general. This allowance is ample, making altogether seven thousand a-year, and is really very high pay. At the same time, when it is considered that I have horses and camels to keep in great numbers; that I cannot do with less than sixteen or seventeen servants, whose wages in Scinde are nearly double what they are in India generally, three times, even four times what Bengal servants get; and lastly that other governors get about *eighteen thousand a year*, it is not such very high pay. As to my work I do not complain; I like it, but believe no other governor has so much. I am head of every department: the others have councils, and the judges are all independent. I reckon myself therefore a dear bargain to the public, but a cheaper one than Sir George Arthur, governor of Bombay.

"I have now lodged a surplus revenue of two hundred thousand pounds in the public treasury. Lord Ellenborough has in vain tried to make Lord Ripon state this in the house; that silly lord is '*afraid he cannot yet depend on Sir Charles Napier's calculations in so short a time.*' Well, let him take the way to prove them, viz., put them forth! Challenge disproof! I have some first-rate accountants, and

the calculations were made by them not by me, they are official documents! Aye! but they would *disprove the yell against Scinde!*"

The worthlessness and expense of Scinde was the burthen of this yell; and incorrect accounts were laid before the House of Commons in support, while Sir C. Napier's true ones were suppressed.

"Now for the people. Are they content? Judge for yourself. Last Christmas I was *one hundred miles beyond the frontier with nearly half my force.* Not a man moved! behind me all was quiet. Has a single Englishman been murdered, or even attacked? No! Do they not shoot, hunt, travel alone and yet meet with every attention from the people? Yes! Can they safely travel in Bombay? No! They dare not move without guards. But my last reports state more than this, namely, that about five thousand poor people have with all their goods and cattle flocked into Scinde to settle under English rule. I have also letters from the powerful tribes of Hedjee and Pundjoor, in the Mekran or ancient Gedrosian desert, begging me to receive their eight thousand warriors under our rule! These people think I am a king and can do as I please, and do not understand why I refuse them. Are these symptoms of our government being obnoxious to the people? No! They know I work for the protection of the poor, and secure for them the just wages of their labour, and I defy the Court of Directors to restore the Ameers, unless they pay an army to keep them on their thrones."

Another note of the yell was that the people abhorred Sir C. Napier's tyranny, and only watched an opportunity to rise for their "Beloved Patriarchs."

"I know nothing of Mohun-Lal, he was not in Scinde with me; but if he says I broke any treaty he lies! If he means that the Ameers did so he is right. Tell your impartial Indian officer. 1°. That I did not accuse the civil servants, but said *certain civil servants.* If he does not under-

stand English I can't help it: I am not his schoolmaster. 2°. If he can read, let him read *Shore on Indian Affairs.* Do read Shore yourself, you will see whether anything said by me or my brother be too strong! but I only repeated what the civil servants said of each other. Tell your impartial Indian officer also that Napier will give his proofs, and his anonymous defender has given them; and he, the *impartial,* ought to know those proofs are true: but he talks like a true old Indian. He must tell Napier where to find time from public duties to defend himself from private aspersions made in infamous newspapers, unless he acts as old Indians generally do, i. e. sacrifice the public to their private convenience!

"People may fancy a country can be governed in an easy chair with *punkahs,* and all the luxury of the East. I dare say he thinks I receive company, with fellows carrying silver sticks as Outram did, as Pottinger did, and as Sir George Arthur does. If I have done aught of merit it has been by diligence and hard work, and scorning to give way to the lassitude that climate produces. Mirabeau said that revolutions could not be mixt with rosewater. Neither can countries be conquered, nor armies commanded. Your 'ought to do this' and 'ought to do that' gentry, do nothing themselves in this country but make rupees: they are active at that. Read Shore! Again I say, read Shore! In India it is reckoned the highest authority and standard work, and no one has dared to answer it, that I have heard of. Tell your impartial friend to read it. Well, I am ashamed to have run on in this egotistical letter, and have half a mind to tear it up; but if I die in this land it will tell you I did so with a calm conscience as an honest man. And though it is mostly assertion now, all I say will after my death, before I hope, be as clear as the brilliant sun now shining on me. You will now ask why you are to pay postage for my character? I do not know: a desire to appear worthy of your friendship is my excuse.

"J. Kennedy, December 1st.—The news to-day seems warlike, but Sir Henry Hardinge assures me there will be no war, so far as he can judge. Good: but with these barbarians there is no saying what may happen. At last a sanction for my baggage camel corps has come, and in about two months, if the baggage is not lessened it will at least be directed by experienced men. I give myself great credit for this invention. The stupidity of not having such an one established in India before, can only be accounted for by supposing that generals did not ever think of moving masses with facility, but imagined rapidity consisted in noisy bugles, double quick time, and horse artillery."

Stupid as this might be, far more intolerable was the stupid malice of the Bombay government which afterwards, avowedly to mortify Sir C. Napier, destroyed this grand military creation, this noble invention which doubled the activity of armies, and swept away half the cares of a general!

"It is to me a strange thing to see, yet I do see it daily, that men of good sense in ordinary matters; aye! even clever men, overlook the sure though apparently trivial points on which the success of their projects essentially depends. On this very point of movement, they fancy galloping of guns and setting of soldiers running are to insure a rapid operation: it never seems to enter their heads that the only good of double quick is to train men to health and exertion, not to obtain results by the superior quickness of running over walking. They do not see that horse artillery need not go faster than columns can march. Nor, that it is arrangement and incessant care that makes an army rapid:—care to raise the moral feelings, care to support the physical strength of the weak, not galloping and trumpeting, and running. It is thus also that our impediments of baggage have been accepted as a necessary evil: yet it can be remedied so as to become only an evil as everything is an evil that does not fight. Fancy fifteen

hundred camels ill-loaded and pushing on without order, each has its driver, to force a march. Then imagine my camels in divisions, companies, sections, each having its non-commissioned officers and officer; each camel its armed driver well drilled; two camels tied together and led by one man, the other flanking to keep off an enemy!"

Now came the Punjaub war.

"Journal, December 24.—The war has broken out at last: the Sikhs have crossed the Sutlege! So Sir Henry Hardinge tells me in a letter, dated the 13th, and he and Gough are in full march: probably there will be a fight on the 18th or 20th. I am to be reinforced with two European and four native regiments, and two batteries; and about the end of January my force will be about 10,000 men, with 48 pieces of field artillery and a siege train.

"December 25.—Reports of all kinds. My arrangements go on quick. I have good troops, I know my work, and my preparations go on fast: the soldiers all mad for fight, and they will begin tricks; but I will bring them up with a rough hand or discipline will go like a shot."

In the history of the *Administration of Scinde*, will be found proofs of the commanding power and facility with which Charles Napier at this time assembled a perfectly-organized army at Roree: there also will be found his just eulogiums of the very able officers who worked under him; especially of that model engineer, Major Peate, whose death followed soon after a display of unbounded talent and energy on this occasion. The assembling of that army was indeed a rare military effort, one that excited the admiration of all but those who should have been foremost to acknowledge and honour the capacity displayed. Lord Ellenborough, himself an able and well-experienced administrator of armies in war, expressed his astonishment, and placed it for military ability even above the campaign by which the conquest was effected: perhaps with reason, for

every material of physical power was combined with a moral excitement almost unexampled: though constrained to order by an unrelaxing discipline, the troops were yet almost frantic in their eagerness. Like plunging steeds, furious though obedient to the pliant hand that ruled their violence, they raged for battle. Alas for the hard fate of trammelled genius! The highest intelligence and energy were employed to bring them to that state, and they were just being loosed for action when an inferior intelligence suddenly drew a barrier across the course, and the whirlwind race could not be run!

"M. Genl. W. Napier, December 25.—The Sikhs have crossed the river, and probably an action was fought the 14th November, as Hardinge was in full march on the 13th from Loodiana to aid General Littler, who has only six thousand men to oppose some twenty-four thousand who had crossed and, as I make out, cut Littler off from Hardinge. Being thus without any communication I only know that Hardinge was about two forced marches from Ferozepoor, and he says he will join the troops from Loodiana next day at Basian—which is not on any map but must be at least 60 miles from Ferozepoor! This flank march is safe from the river being impassable I suppose, but I know nothing. Meanwhile I am shoving every thing up the Indus as hard as possible to form a camp at Roree, where I shall have five batteries, three regiments of horse and 6000 disposable infantry. I suppose I shall be ordered to move on Mooltan.

"This sudden outbreak gives me so much to do that I hardly know which way to turn. The troops are quite wild, the 86th will I think tear down their barracks. I shall set the machine in motion here, and then go to Sukkur. If the Mooltan man comes down, I will wait for him at Shikarpoor and try to make Ali Moorad coax him on to Sukkur; and when his left flank is on the river I will fall on his right and shove him in. Such plans change generally, but

I dare say he will give me some advantage if my wit will let me seize it. My preparations could and should have been made sooner, but were stopped from fear of alarming the Sikhs by sending warlike stores to Bukkur; however all goes on pretty smoothly—only late.

"Poor Considine! he was the best man of his rank I suspect in India. I hoped to have him in this war, but it is not to be."

Colonel James Considine was to have been brigadier in Scinde. Brought up in the 43rd Regiment he fought with distinguished gallantry during the Peninsular war in almost every battle and siege, and was many times severely wounded. He was afterwards employed by the English government to organize the Turkish army, and when that project was relinquished from the intrigues of Prussia and Russia, he became commander of the Tunisian army. Finally he went to India, where he would have distinguished himself, being of remarkable courage and intelligence, but a sudden death deprived his country of an ardent able soldier.

"Hardinge has behaved with perfect fairness about Outram, having forwarded my complaint home as I desired: he was himself going to inquire when my appeal to the home authorities reached him. I have got the duke's opinion about Mooltan, and it coincides exactly with all I said to Hardinge even to the most minute particulars; and he also says I ought to have sixteen thousand men to enter that country: this I shall not have I fear. Well, I must go the more cautiously, with one eye over my shoulder to watch that all is clear for a retreat. I now think it is well Lord Ripon did not command in Scinde when I gave 'too much importance by my orders to the little affairs of the robbers against an outpost, which he feared would be made a handle of.' Under his military dictum I could not now budge to help Hardinge; but for my hill campaign there would now be as many enemies in my rear as in my front! The mass of the English army on the Sutlege seems to be

assembling *on* the field of battle, and by flank marches! This may be right and unavoidable, but it is against principle.

"Hardinge is a good and brave soldier, and probably knows what he is about, yet that he has been surprized is plain; six thousand men are assailed by twenty thousand, and if the six thousand flinch! but it is great nonsense to discuss these matters in utter ignorance of facts. I wrote a hint to him that Hurreekee was a more important point than Ferozepoor, following military principles; and I suspect that the Sikhs did cross, or will cross a column there and cut him off from Loodiana. However, he has six European regiments, they will clear the road, and I imagine he is at Lahore: he ought to be! I only heard of the war on the 24th; this is the 26th, and already my siege train has advanced one hundred miles towards Roree; that is not bad, and I give myself a month to assemble all at Roree, four hundred miles off, i. e. 26 marches, which are regulated by water. Hardinge promised me six weeks' notice! But my work is to remedy mishaps, it is half the glory of war to rise over the wave like a ship. There is a work wanted and you are the man to do it when you have time, namely, a compendium of maxims by great commanders, without examples, such as your observations after chapters in your history, and Napoleon in his memoirs. A man at the head of troops wants to refer to such things and keep them fresh in memory: he does not want examples but principles, and such a book is not to be put together by an ordinary writer ignorant of war.

"I have found Frederick of Prussia's instructions very useful. I cannot tell how, except that they are practical, and bring many things before me as I work; and they are in one little volume; whereas I have to hunt through your six volumes, and through Napoleon's nine, which are therefore useless to me; for I cannot carry them, and would not have time to hunt out passages. Even Frederick's

little book might be much less, and thus be better. Jomini is too voluminous; the Archduke Charles is better, but not altogether what I want and mean: Fred is the man. But my book should not be Fred, nor Nap, nor any one, but able extracts from all by a man able also to give his own as you are: the duke is not now likely to do anything of this nature. I have long wished for a work of this kind: ever since I have had a command, and a pamphlet of 100 pages will do."

The duke told the writer of this notice that he meant to leave a plain *didactic* history of his campaigns for publication after his death. Is it in existence?

"If I quit Scinde for this war I shall ask for a deputy-governor. I cannot go through the double labour of war and government at the same time, as I did in the hills. Contradict every report you may hear about Hardinge behaving ill to me; they come from the clique at Bombay, infernal scoundrels, who get up these infamous lies. Hardinge is a right good honourable man, and he has my full confidence as to doing justice so far as it depends upon him."

These reports, raised and published, were that Sir Henry had reprimanded Sir Charles Napier, could not endure his insolence, and knew of and checked his tyranny, &c.

"Journal, December 27.—Three steamers come in with the 1st European and 7th N. I. Not a tent, or a round of ammunition!! So much for Bombay. Letters from Sir G. Arthur with expressions of friendship; he does not hoodwink me. He asks me to take his son with me: of course I will.

"Shall leave the 1st European at Kurrachee; for I must have white faces here, and the 7th are the strongest corps; this will vex the Bombay Europeans, poor fellows, and it grieves me; but Kurrachee must be secure and is of too much importance to trust wholly to natives—not from want of confidence in the Sepoys; but if any accident happened I could never hold up my head, for the place is full of women and children and treasure, and must be held by my best troops.

"December 29.—Letters saying the two armies are in sight of each other, twenty miles from Ferozepoor: the British forty thousand! Such a force will put the Sikhs into the Sutlege bodily. This is glorious news, in two days we shall hear of the enemy's destruction, and I hope of peace, with a treaty and a paid force to occupy the country. I dread a summer campaign without shelter for European troops. My force is in full march.

"December 31st.—Still without news: this silence is not easily accounted for. On the 14th Gough wrote to me thus, 'I shall give a good account of them in four days.' Well, in four days we hear of a fight between the advanced guard; and though no particulars are given, we hear that seventeen guns were taken by us and that we lost General McCaskill. Gough's letter is thus corroborated so far, that though he had not a good account, meaning a general action, to give, he had arrived in presence on the day he stated. This was enough: he might have many reasons for not attacking that day, or even the following; but surely two armies resolved to fight and being in presence on the 18th would have engaged on the 20th! Well, we have letters from Ferozepoor of the 21st and no word of a battle, though they told us of the advanced guard's affair in letters of the 19th, and that it happened at Moodkee.

"January 1st, 1846.—No news: this is strange. Well, patience. Another year, and perhaps one of glory for me. No man can foresee his fate. I am at the head of a force which I think I can use rightly; but these matters are in the hands of God. I will not look ahead, but use all my thoughts to do my work well, that my family may not blush for me: I fear disgrace more than all else. I now go to war with no horrid political responsibility as at Meeanee; and in the hills still more. Yet, after all, when a man does what he feels to be just and right why should he fear any body or thing? This I have done, and am fearless. My hands are clean as a child's, my mind fearless of mortal man,

my wish earnest to do good to my country—so far as my poor ability goes, for I am not of great ability. I am a pains-taking man, working diligently, but without any of that astounding power of mind like Napoleon, or the duke. Hardinge is a clever man, but I much doubt his being equal to the grand operation of taking the Punjaub: that requires an Ellenborough.

"January 2nd.—I ought to have more troops from Bombay to-day. No letter. This is inconceivable! There has been a tremenduous fight I am sure; this calm, this utter dearth of news argues violent fighting. I am uneasy about the troops that were called from Sukkur; however Bhawalpoor is probably faithful, and happen what may it will not be my fault.

"3rd. The battle has been fought and a bloody one; the victory complete. The enemy had sixty thousand men; ninety pieces of artillery are taken: three days fighting, one repulsed!

"4th.—The *Notice* of victory come, but no details. It is said Hardinge's firmness saved the battle. The *Queen*, steamer, has arrived with more troops from Bombay. War! war! war! I feel low-spirited; we shall lose many men from the heat, and I expect great mischief with little glory. Hardinge is very religious—he had prayers on the field of battle! *Thou shalt not kill*, is the order, and it seems strange in the heat of disobedience to pray and make parade! The world loves humbug, and has a right to love what pleases it.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, January 4th.—Another year and another battle! It was fought at Moodkee the first day; at Feroshashur the second and third. The Sikhs attacked on the 18th, and were repulsed; on the 21st and 22nd we attacked: this I have officially. Private accounts say we were repulsed the 21st. My poor friends, Sale and Wallace, are slain; also General McCaskill, who I did not know. Poor Sale! He was a gallant good soldier! Well! How could

he die better? The army was not able to pursue. The Sikhs seem to have been very ill led: had they fallen upon Littler at once they must have made him *less*. He is a very good officer I believe, but could not have stood with 6000 against 60,000; who would then have been ready for Gough with the advantage of a previous victory. However as I am ignorant of details I cannot account for the Sikhs not having attacked Littler, nor for our allowing such a river to be passed at leisure by so large an army.

"I am awaiting my reinforcements from Bombay. I hope to have eleven thousand men and 50 guns in the field. It is not enough of infantry, but must do. I think Mooltan will not fight now; but had the Sikhs won all India would have been in arms. I do not like this war. We are going headlong into the heat without cover—that is, supposing Hardinge is obliged to advance. The battle should have been fought at the end of November, and Lahore entered before that month was out. Then with December, January, February and March in front we might hope to settle the country between the Sutlege and the Ravee, or even the Chenaub, according to events. The conquest of the Punjaub is not, as they seem to think, *a day's work!* I am not a croaker, and do not say we shall fail, being sure we ought not; but sure also that it is an enormous conquest to make, and will cost great treasure and many lives to accomplish. Waiting as we did to be attacked is not in my mind the way to work; but it is in the spirit of the day and will be approved of. My own opinion is immovable, not to let barbarians attack. Hardinge certainly did not expect to be assailed, for he told me so, and desired me to keep quiet as he would give six weeks' notice.

"I have just got such a vile letter from Lord Ripon as leads me to think him brutish as well as foolish; and I am in doubt whether to answer him savagely or in good-humour. If India is left to his misrule it is lost; but fate rules, or it

would have been long ago swept away like chaff. This letter has so thoroughly disquieted me, that but for the war my resignation should go in: yet this victory has only put off the evil, not put it down, and I may be of some service. Another steamer is in sight from Bombay! Well, that Arthur wins my heart, he does give me such thorough support in war.

"January 5th.—I fear young Somerset is killed, and have not heart to write to Lord Fitzroy.

"6th.—Camels are thronging in, and my exertions are beginning to tell. The Jam of the Jokcas, like a true barbarian, tried to keep them back: he has always been an enemy despite of my kindness. I have sent to arrest him, and he shall have a little of my rough edge: he shall be tamed this time, the old robber! twelve of my horsemen are gone to arrest him in the midst of his tribe; one could do it, for all his people are devoted to our forces. Putting an end to regal power has made him our enemy, and all his people our friends.

"I see nothing pleasant in the war prospect. Hardinge was evidently surprised at the Sikhs crossing the river, and it is said Gough was surprised at Moodkee; how true this last is I know not, but letters from the army say so: if reports are true there has been some sad work. Hardinge on the field seems to have shown the same decision which saved the day at Albuera: this is very fine, and gives him great glory as a brave man, but is not enough to repair the error of the governor-general, in letting 60,000 men and 100 guns of large calibre pass such a river unmolested. With Napoleon, or one of his marshals in front, he would have been lost: the courage of the troops has carried him through. He ought to have known where the Sikh army was assembled, its composition and movements; and the construction of the Sikh's bridge on the 16th or 17th. They ought to have been met on the bank when only half over, or not allowed

to pass; but they were allowed to pass and even to entrench! He has despised his enemy, and altogether I do not think history will let him off without a reprimand.

"I would have had my troops assembled the moment the heat had passed sufficiently to bear tents; would have established spies and telegraphs, and given battle on the banks of the Hyphasis: but it is unfair to criticise while ignorant of details. On one point however I have a right to criticise and strongly: viz. my being left in utter ignorance of what was going on, and what was expected of me to do: even now I am, at the twelfth hour, told I am to be reinforced but not what to do. I cannot assemble a force at Sukkur before the end of this month—it is impossible! Will he meanwhile advance? Will he be content with a victory? What am I to do? Nothing is known to me, except that I ought to have been ordered to prepare two months ago: I wanted to do so but was stopped. Instead of that I was reduced by three regiments! and scarcely had they reached Bombay when six were ordered here! Is there jealousy in all this? Oh no! No noble mind can harbour such a feeling. I can't comprehend any fine religious mind allowing it to exist ten minutes: it would disgust one with our nature. I feel every wish for Hardinge's and Gough's success and glory, and sincerely hope they may both be made peers, so that I am not, for I do not wish to be one: they do. But I am sure if Hardinge advances so late in the year to conquer beyond Lahore he will meet with disaster. I think I may take Mooltan, and he Lahore; but there he should stop, to organize a government in the doab of Barree between the Hyphasis and Hydraotes.

"January 8th.—No details yet, but Sale and Wallace certainly killed. Noble chiefs, and noble deaths! My heart grieves for them both! May I meet with my own death as worthily!

"January 9th.—I have now two batteries one regiment of cavalry and five of infantry in full march for Roree, where

the heavy siege train has crossed from Sukkur. The rest will soon be here, and then I am off for good or evil.

"10th.—Entertained my principal officers: I want to know them. Colonel Pennycuick is a fine soldier."

The death of this brave man and that of his heroic boy at Chillianwallah are well known and should never be forgotten.

"Well I can work with any tools where I work at all; it was not easy to have less practised hands in command of brigades than at Dubba: yet we did our work.

"January 11th.—Slaughter dreadful! This is our only news. The quarter-master general has ordered the 4th N. I. and the battery which I had encamped at Subzulcote to march on to Ferozepoor. This is very strange. I fear Hardinge is crippled and in danger: we are in the dark as to events. There is some screw loose!

"January 13th.—Reports from Bhawalpoor say the Mooltan men are in arms, repairing forts and ready to meet me. We shall see. I go on as if opposed to a French army, taking all pains to make no mistake, and when my troops are brought fairly to battle will trust to their courage. I can do no more. Has Hardinge done as much? Time will clear up much.

"14th.—The Sikhs said to be again crossing the river to attack Hardinge—plucky chaps. His position, as sent to me by Hunter, is a bad one. The Sikhs had thrown over another bridge, from which Harry Smith was five miles and Hardinge twelve miles! Does he mean to entice them on in mass and put the fate of India on a blow? Surely not! This position must be imaginary, he would not be close enough to oppose a passage. If he lets them cross and entrench a second time he has not a good military head; for though a victory would ruin them, a defeat would ruin him.

16th.—Anniversary of Coruña. Thirty-seventh! I was then in battle, and am again going to fight! What a life of restlessness has mine been, not of my own seeking alto-

gether: but when I shall get rest Heaven knows. Letter from Hardinge to Arthur who sends it to me by order. Sir Henry cannot give me support, but desires Sir George to do so to his utmost: he does it right well. Our loss in the battle was 2200; that of the Sikhs double. The campaign has been badly managed from the first: the Court of Directors would ruin any country.

"17th.—I received news of the Sikhs having crossed the river on the 24th ult. from Sir Henry, just after he had told me there was not the slightest chance of war this year! I leave this the 20th. My whole force is now in march, and the 7th of Feb., will be all assembled at Roree, that is in forty-five days, though seven regiments had to come from Bombay, twelve hundred miles from Roree—not bad."

At this time it would appear, from the following letter, that the insolence of the Bombay faction, encouraged by Lord Ripon and the Court of Directors, was pushed to the extent of proposing to employ Outram in Sir C. Napier's army! A measure that could have but one object, that of insulting the general.

"Sir George Arthur, January.—I have yours of the 11th inst., and will in this only answer that part which regards Colonel Outram. If he comes to Scinde, I will not allow him to land; and if he lands without my knowledge I will put him on board again. While I have the honour to command this army I will not submit to insult. If the supreme government chooses that Lieut.-Colonel Outram should be allowed to serve as a volunteer in the army under my orders in Scinde, it has both the right and power to do so; but that moment I will send in my resignation and go home; for I should consider it one of the most decided insults that was ever offered to a general officer. So much so that I am perfectly certain Sir Henry Hardinge would not allow of such a transaction; he would not hear of such a thing; nor would Sir Hugh Gough. As to Lieutenant-Colonel Outram going to the army under Sir Henry, I have no more to say

to it than the man in the moon. I shall immediately write to Sir Henry on the subject.

"Journal, January 31st.—Major Peate has joined me, and is worth a thousand men. With him and my staff I feel strong as the hind leg of a horse, and think to give Mooltan a settling kick. One dare not boast in war, but a man may feel confident in himself and his troops and I do. I cannot help doing so: it comes over me as I study my game. God does not give this feeling for nothing. He knows how humbly I expect his will; but He works by instruments and directs thoughts, and his instruments are bound to think. The post-horse must go as he is guided, yet he thinks how to do his work and throws his weight upon the traces. So do I. Every preparation has been made, and confidence is the result. God forgive me if aught has been neglected to insure my comrades' safety that pains-taking could do: beyond that I am not responsible."

What that painstaking was may thus be judged. From the prohibition to prepare for war in time, he had but eighteen hundred camels when hostilities began: he had now twelve thousand; gathered despite of the great Jam's opposition, which was very powerful in that matter until he was arrested. And not only in camels but in all things he had fitted out his army. Fifty thousand persons were complete in all that was required and assembled five hundred miles from his head-quarters in forty-five days!

"M. Genl. W. Napier, January.—We have now got our camels, but their drivers set me mad, and I am fighting with every one to keep the poor animals from being overloaded and ill used. My baggage corps ought and would have been organized long ago but for the thwartings of power; but if the directors choose that the armies shall be inefficient let them be so. How the trade of money-making debases the minds of men! War is the offspring of commerce more than of ambition: nearly every war of modern days can be traced to it. Commercial men, and the advocates of com-

merce and manufactures, call themselves advocates of peace: so they are when they have a monopoly—not otherwise!

"I hear nothing of Outram's affair, except from Lord Ripon, who says—'that what Outram has done is all right! just what people in power must expect. That I must, and he is sure I will, answer it by *doing my duty with more zeal.*' This is your man in power! Lord Ripon is however worthy of his colleagues, whose policy is composed of little expedients, wriggling from one episode to another without an idea of great results. The Punjaub is, say 200,000 square miles, and has an army of 200,000 men, and the government and the Court of Directors will expect Hardinge to conquer it with 30,000 men! and at once!"

This letter of Lord Ripon laid down as a rule that it was right for a subordinate officer to insult a general; and with gross malignant falsehoods to excite soldiers in the field to discontent—telling them their commander was utterly ignorant, and was their murderer! It was also right that this subordinate officer should be ostentatiously rewarded for his libels; and that an incapable person like Lord Ripon should add this miserable insult, and exhort Charles Napier to more zeal, with a view to avoid the insolence of Major Outram!

"Journal, January 22nd.—I am in full movement to create a diversion in favour of Hardinge, and he does not write to me a word! He is a strange fellow. The opinion of the natives is unfavourable. The Hindoos think we have not had victory, and before I left Kurrachee were sending their money away to Bombay. So much for not sending a dispatch quickly. Above a month and no account of the battle yet published! People first hear of their friends' deaths by seeing their commissions filled in the Gazette: this is bitterly complained of. It appears that Gough ordered up troops; that Hardinge countermanded them, and was thus surprised. Gough then advanced, and being unprepared, had to fight with sixteen thousand men against sixty

thousand. These things have to be accounted for, and hence, apparently, the hitch in publishing the dispatch: the commanders are said not to agree.

"January 24th.—It is publickly said the Ameers are to be let loose and allowed to settle on the Scinde frontier as independent gentlemen! This must be an intrigue of some civil servants to provoke a rebellion here, and then run down military government: it is hellish, but they are capable of anything to war on Lord Ellenborough and myself. Should this be done an insurrection is inevitable. The people believe that I keep the Ameers out, though the Company want to restore them; that I am too powerful now, but shall fail in the end, and the Ameers will then cruelly revenge themselves. The Beloochees will therefore rebel on speculation, and from fear of after vengeance, and will be right: but their blood will flow in torrents, and I will resign. I will not fire a shot against men thus coaxed to rebellion by factious wretches from infernal private pique: base and vile these men are beyond all description. They may get rid of me, and my military government; but they shall not have an insurrection against me; for the moment the Ameers are turned loose I will resign, and those who have raised may quell the disturbance.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, January 30th.—Steaming on the Indus: I left Kurrachee the 2nd. I have arranged the military force to be left in Scinde, so that all regular troops are concentrated; for I do not like to give the mutinous Sirdars of Khelat any idea of my weakness. They have already tried me, by sending in the name of their Boy Khan to ask for money, under pretence that the Candarhees and Affghans will be down upon his territories. My answer was—Not a shilling! if you are attacked my troops will aid you; and if the Affghans attack we can go again to Cabool. But your highness says, if I send you money you can not only keep the Affghans quiet but induce them to help us against the Sikhs. We want no help.

To the Candarhees, who have sent also to offer me their service I have said. We want no auxiliaries, but return thanks for their offer. To Belooch Khan of Lheree, who offers to join me with one hundred cavalry, my answer is thanks! keep your neighbourhood tranquil according to my orders, for it would grieve me to go again to the hills to punish refractory people. The greatest Sirdar of Scinde, Mahomed Khan Talpoor, came to me the day before yesterday, praying to go with a hundred men at his own charge, and said that with a small pay he would bring five thousand of his '*tenantry*.' I told him the exact truth thus. This would be to me delightful Khan, as showing the world how faithful the Scindians are to our government; but my love for you and your nation is well known, and you and the Nawab of Bhawalpoor are enemies. Now if I took you into his country he would have just cause to be offended; he would moreover take alarm, thinking I was going to give you some of his territory in jaghire. It is therefore impossible to take you, but I am very sensible of your good-will and would like to show you my army at Roree. You looked very sharply at my line on the field of Dubba; but that at Roree will be just four times as long, and it will please me to shew it to a friend instead of an enemy. Wah! wah! wah! said he laughing. Do you think I have seen your regiments pouring into Kurrachee and up the river without knowing the immense power you wield? God help the Sikhs.

"His observations gave me satisfaction. He, the most powerful of the Scindians, had observed our strength, and would not be inclined to try a third fight with a halter round his neck: even our defeat would hardly tempt him. Alyff Khan, the swordsman, thrashed some Sikhs at Kusmore a few days ago. Alyff did not know my orders against entering the Sikh country, and went in 20 miles, spreading terror with only 6 men! In fine I am strong

enough, unless those directors and their tool Lord Ripon send the Ameers to make an insurrection in my rear.

"Now for my plans. From Shikarpoor I march at the head of 12,800 men of all arms, and 12 field pieces, at once on Mittenkote which is being prepared for defence. The steamers accompany me up the river with supplies and the heavy artillery. Ali Moorad has again begged to accompany me; his secret object is to get back the territory taken by Runjeet Sing. His offer is accepted on condition that he goes up the right bank of the river and garrisons Mittenkote when it falls. By this arrangement,

"1°. The right bank will be swept of all matchlock bands that would harass unguarded boats, and even guarded ones, vexing my communication.

"2°. A great effect will be produced by having two armies, one on each bank! This will spread as far as Constantinople. So great is Eastern extravagance.

"3°. Mittenkote will be held by an ally of trust; for Ali Moorad's fate and ours are very closely linked; his vanity also is great, and he has no inducement to be false: he will save my troops one garrison.

"4°. If he plays false he cannot injure me, as the river and its left bank will still be mine; and his best troops would come over to me for higher pay. Captain Malet and the two Curlings could therefore hold the fort, for most of the troops would obey them, as they are always taking their part when Ali withholds their pay.

"I shall order Ali to march upon Dera Gazee Khan, a large rich town. His desire to plunder it will induce him to make a few marches, and then his fears will make him halt, and perhaps fall back. But the demonstration will do what I want, viz. distract the attention of the enemy, occupy his troops, and draw him from the defence of the Sutlege. Well, my bridge is prepared, and will be laid across the Indus at *Mitten*, by Major Peate, while we are hammering

Mittenkote with about 80 guns, all blazing concentrically against one spot, and the vertical fire of 20 mortars and howitzers. This appears like killing a gnat with a sledge hammer; but Mittenkote must be crushed at once and a moral effect produced on Soojuabad and Mooltan. I practise all my people at their work, a rehearsal, not pleasant for Mittenkote but useful for our play. I know how dangerous these men are behind stone walls. We saw Herrasti at Ciudad Rodrigo, and others at Saragossa, Gerona, &c. and Acre turned Napoleon's fate. Our military madness in India is contempt for enemies, and for those rules which alone give us the superiority. For these reasons my intent is, despite of growling at trouble, and despite of ridicule, that Mittenkote shall be *squashed* if possible.

"When it is taken, my left column will cross to the left bank of the Indus, where Simpson will be with the remainder of the army, and the whole shall be organized. That done we march upon Ooch, 15,500 fighting men of all arms on paper; say fourteen thousand clear under arms, and which the mass of followers will raise to 50,000. This fighting force ought to do good service if I have skill. I am sure of my troops, but wish my brigadiers had more habit of command. My two divisions will be under Simpson and Hunter; the last never obeys orders, the first always does. Hunter has however good sense and energy, and I must to so far manage him as to be on the spot when obedience is important: when not of the first importance let his energy, which is indomitable, take its own course. In cases of this kind tools must be used as we can, for we cannot make them, and it is comfort to think either Hunter or Simpson can fill my place if I fall.

"My march on Ooch shall be from *Charchur*, opposite Mittenkote. At Ooch I shall form a depôt and fortify it, then cross the Sutlege, the passage of which will probably be opposed; but I have taken the guns from the steamers and made a good many gun-boats, under whose fire and that

from batteries on the bank, where my heavy guns will be placed, the passage shall be forced."

The reader will not fail to observe the extraordinary diligence and capacity which had in so short a time provided and organized so large an army, so well furnished with all means of war.

"This passage will be more sure if Ali Moorad acts bravely towards Dera Gazee Khan, which will draw off both men and guns, for his force will certainly be much magnified. If we get across, I shall form a strong *tête de pont*, and occupy it with the Nawab of Bhawalpoor's troops; and then putting all my hurt people and sick on board the steamers, advance on Soojuabad and Mooltan, taking my siege train in boats or by land, according to circumstances. I shall have fifty-four field guns for battle beautifully horsed, thanks to Lord Ellenborough and myself; and shall be fairly pitted against the enemy. On the march I shall get my brigadiers in hand, and if the enemy bring heavy guns against me, my design is to work their horses well by manœuvring and drawing them out of entrenchments if practicable. These are indeed unhatched chickens, but all plans must be so; and without some well-considered plan there can be no sound work. The above is the best I can devise, and if defeated I think to entrench, get supplies by the steamers, and wait for assistance; or, if the enemy blunders, issue forth to recover lost ground. I have always Bukkur, Shikarpoor, and Bhawalpoor to fall back upon.

"All these things revolve in my mind as the game opens, and I have no fear: discipline and tolerable combinations can hardly fail. As to those of Gough and Hardinge my judgment is at fault; I cannot understand them, and from the dispatches nothing is to be discovered. I do not believe the Sikhs have yet recrossed the river, unless some other action has forced them back. You will know enough to form your own judgment before this reaches you, and I do not like to put mine in a letter while only half informed of

events. Criticism is loud in India, but this it would be in any case. I am very anxious to hear from Hardinge: he has given me full support; but my anxiety as to his movements is great, that I may worthily support him. That his courage and presence of mind saved the battle appears undisputed: and being the second desperate battle in which his decision saved victory, it marks him as a man of no ordinary stamp. If I can force the Sutlege at the same time he does, or soon after, the Sikhs will be hampered. However, Teg Sing seems to be an able soldier and will probably handle us both very roughly before he is mastered; for mastered he must be or the results will be awkward, there being it is said no force on our side to fall back upon!

"The enterprize is altogether gigantic, and I know of no one but Lord Ellenborough who justly estimated it beforehand, except yourself. I hope Sir Henry has sufficient means; for if the enemy continue to fight so well, he will need a much larger force. All now depends on two circumstances. 1°. Will the Sikhs be able to maintain a prolonged war? I believe not, and that they will give in, but this opinion is founded on hearsay. 2°. Will India keep quiet in the governor-general's rear if the Sikhs persist in fighting? Of this there may be fairly entertained hopes; for these barbarians have no idea of great combinations."

High were Charles Napier's aspirations now, and his army could scarcely be restrained even by his strong hand, so furious were the soldiers for battle; every material of war was in abundance, his military plans well considered, and with a subtle policy that always accompanied his operations in the field, he had prepared other security for success, hidden but sure. In the Bhawalpoor court he had secretly fixed a powerful man in his interest, and thus gained assurance of faithful co-operation—a most important point, because the Bhawalpoor people were not friendly, and were in a position to be dangerous to his communications. But his master stroke was, that he had by the same means

almost insured the surrender of Mooltan, and had, by emissaries, and the fame of his justice and generosity in Scinde, arranged a rising of the whole population along the Indus against the Sikhs as far as Dera Ishmael Gazee. With these things in prospect, he would have burst upon the Punjaub like a torrent, swelling with a thousand rivulets as it poured onward until the Sikhs were overwhelmed. Why was it not so? Fear was in the great camp on the Sutlege; the enemy there was still in front, and the communications were also menaced: generalship was at a standstill, and the Scindian conqueror's genius was wanted to keep the great machine together and control its movements. This was the barrier drawn across his course of fame, and taken in its best aspect was a profound error, moral and military. Let the thwarted man speak.

"Journal, February 3.—Alas! alas! My plans are all upset. Hardinge would not believe that the Sikhs would war, because his dear friends the civil servants and old Indians, and such rubbish, told him so. He therefore neither gathered troops, nor formed magazines on the frontier to enable him to assemble a powerful army. But the Sikhs did war, they crossed the Sutlege. From that moment indeed Hardinge did all that man could do to repair his error. He rapidly assembled troops, and three times by wise intrepid conduct saved the army, which would otherwise have been lost. Victory was ours, yet, at the end of nearly two months we are still encamped on the field of battle; and this after such bloody battles, and when we have above forty thousand men! Now Hardinge finds, what, had he been an experienced practical commander, he would have known at first: viz., that errors in principle at the head of so large an army cannot escape punishment. Having no magazines, no heavy artillery, no ammunition prepared, he is paralyzed; and instead of being at Lahore, where he ought to have been on last Christmas-day, he cannot move. He feels that he cannot.

"The fate of India hangs upon his army, he knows it, and I suspect feels also that he is unequal to the command himself: he has never commanded a body of men. At Albuera, as at Feroshashur, his quick eye and firm heart and good sense saved all: but presence of mind in battle and courage are not enough, when thirty years of peace, and other pursuits, have added to the pressure of years to make the command of such an army a difficult affair. He is not only unused to command armies but is also new to Indian armies.

"He thought, from what the civil blockheads told him, that to put down a native enemy was a pastime. Suddenly he found all this fallacious, and that Indian warfare needs all the resources of art to meet its great difficulties; amongst those are the courage and superior numbers of the natives, and their sun, all bearing down at once and, unless skilfully met, very dangerous. Discipline and courage we have, but food and shelter must also be found, and Hardinge has found neither!

"In this extremity he has sent for me, and so far as I can yet see, his army is in a most dangerous position. In sending for me he may have done right, if he feels more confidence in me than in Gough or himself; but he has thwarted my campaign, which would have produced an immense effect. He has thus paralyzed fifteen thousand of his best troops, with which I should have conquered Mooltan and all that country up to *Pauk Pittary;* and probably forced the Lahore government to have detached half the Sikh army to meet me: that half I should have drawn after me as far as I could and then beaten it, while Sir Henry advanced upon the remainder in his front. This would have been all practicable, and I should have opened the whole course of the river up to Ferozepoor. Now this advantage is lost. We shall see what will happen."

The military error is shewn above; the political or moral error is still more apparent: that is, if Sir C. Napier was

called up with a view of directing the movements. For if Gough's talent for command was doubted by Sir Henry Hardinge, and that he would not be guided by a governor-general, it is certain that he would not be so by an inferior officer. Why should he? He was an experienced, gallant and successful soldier, and it is not in human nature to doubt our own abilities in such circumstances. Suppose, not an unlikely case, that the advising general had differed from both the governor-general and the commander in chief! How could he have enforced his views? And what a task! Charles Napier, drawn from the true line of operations, called from the head of an army which he had furnished with all material means and excited morally almost to phrenzy; called to be a *hopeless* arbitrator and adviser of disputing men in power in face of an enemy! Had they yielded to him, would the policy have been good? No, certainly, for it was to take him from his own well-appointed army with which he was thoroughly acquainted, to act with an army in distress and of which he knew nothing, and by whom he was unknown; to act by deputy as it were in critical circumstances, when rapidity and decision were vital requisites! Again be it said, that it was an error of policy and a military error, heart-breaking to Charles Napier and hurtful to the public interest.

SIXTEENTH EPOCH.

FOURTH PERIOD.

THE dream of a glorious campaign was now exchanged for the heavy reality of a dangerous, an evil, a useless journey, which laid the foundation of mortal disease.

"Journal, February 6th.—My army is in despair at our campaign being stopped. I have given over command to Simpson, and on the 10th shall go in the Napier steamer to Bhawalpoor; this is a little dangerous, but saves a long land march, and instead of twenty days Bhawalpoor will be reached in five!

"13th.—Off Mittenkote. In half an hour we shall pass under the town and fort, I trust they will not fire upon us. Had I known that we must pass so close I would not have come by water on any account; a man going to command an army ought not to risk his safety for a trifle; it puts him in a false position, which ought never to be done voluntarily: it marks want of heart."—"In my life I was never so ashamed as when a javelin fell near me at the siege of Carthagena" was the expression of the great Scipio.

"I am very anxious about the army, but as Moore said, I hope all that may happen will not happen. That the Sikhs are ably commanded seems undoubted if what is written from Ferozepoor be true; viz., that seventy thousand men with 120 guns have crossed, and are in Gough's front, entrenched up to the teeth!

"Well, I think and think of all this, and find their position one not altogether to be disliked. If I am left to myself I shall get up batteries to enfilade their entrenchment,

try to silence their guns, and then assault them. If my storm fails, I lose some men, but shall not be much worse and will immediately feign a retreat: the enemy will then pour out and I shall turn on him in the plain. If my stormers penetrate, I imagine the Sikhs will rush to the bridge, and numbers will plunge into the river and be drowned. In either case a signal victory may be expected: but without magazines, how are we to draw the profit we ought to draw, viz., the capture of Lahore? To stay where we are, motionless, with only a month of cool weather before us would be madness: the men would perish from heat, and then the Sikh force will *snibble* us up.

"What Hardinge proposes I know not, but am curious to hear. Gough wants to attack, and I am of his opinion in that. It is puzzling, and if they make a mistake they will lose India. This is a terrible crisis brought about by the Court of Directors; I have not curses deep enough to bestow upon them: this would not have happened if Lord Ellenborough had not been recalled. I do not speak from personal disappointment, for to be called to the command of the finest army ever assembled in India is a far greater honour than I could have expected. No! I speak of what I see, and that is the great and imminent danger to India. No responsibility attaches to me for the difficulty the army is in; but there will be very great responsibility in getting it out! Well my self-confidence is strong, my courage not abated, and forty thousand brave men well led ought not to perish without honour! We will at least hit hard. Now for the deck to look at Mittenkote. It seems a fine old town.

"February 14.—They fired upon us with matchlocks, and we returned the salute with musquets, at about 150 yards distance: not one of their balls came near us, but the moonshee says he saw one of their men leap up and fall flat. This I suspect to be a poetical shot: yet our shot went very near, probably close to their ears, for officers are

generally good shots, and there were three picked marksmen amongst the soldiers.

" 15th.—We are now close to the junction of the Trimah and Sutlege, or, according to the ancients, the Hyphasis and Acesines. It seems that in our time, when the Hydaspes or Jelum meets with the Acesines, the united waters take the name of the Chenaub till they meet with the Hydraotes or Ravee: they then take that of Trimah till they unite with the Hyphasis or Sutlege, or Garra, when the trunk stream is denominated the *Punjund*. It is to be observed that the Indus formerly united with the four rivers where the Garra now joins the Trimah. I am very much vexed to miss seeing this, but the enemy seems resolved to defend the fort above where we now are, and I have decided to land and send the steamer down the river. We could pass the fort without much difficulty, but to risk losing life, merely to gratify curiosity won't do: we should have to land some men, and one or two would be killed.

" A sirdar from the Nawab has just come on board and says the enemy fled on hearing of *my coming;* he himself was in a tremble on meeting me. This terror of me is strange, spreading thus even to our allies. If Hardinge knew of this he would not I suppose have been foolish enough to lose such an advantage by calling me up: sure I am that half the Sikh army would have been detached against me, and would, I also think, have been defeated. His first sixteen thousand men, though surprised ill managed and exhausted beat sixty thousand, and he had hardly a battery brought to bear! Now my fifteen thousand would have been fresh, well fed, brought systematically into action, and eight batteries would have poured in their fire. Surely we could have done our work as effectually as his men: I think much more so. And I would have pursued the defeated army up to Lahore itself, while he with forty thousand men could force the passage of the Sutlege and join me without much trouble. If this could not have

been done he is a defeated not a victorious general; for he who does not face his enemy two months after a victory is not victor.

"This inaction is past my comprehension, unless it arises from want of food, which is scarcely to be understood. Hardinge knew the Sikhs were assembled; he knew or ought to have known their numbers and intentions. If he did not know the last, there was the more danger and greater necessity for providing all things in expectation of battle; such as scouts along the river, spies, a force to oppose the construction of the bridges: above all, vast magazines at Umbala or Sirhind, at Ferozepoor and Loodiana also, if both could be defended; and both ought long before to have been put in a state of defence. How will he get out of his perilous position? He has not provisions or cover, and the heat approaches. The Sikhs defy him from entrenchments on his side of the river. Yet the British are forty thousand strong! All this amazes me. Resting on our arms may exhaust the Sikh means of keeping together: but the sun is on us! And is there either honour or safety for our arms to allow an enemy, a defeated one we call him, to form his *tête-de-pont* within our territory and under our nose! This must not be: however sanguinary the combat the Sikhs must be driven over the river.

"Now there are two ways for this. 1°. Take the bull by the horns and storm: if we fail he can be again fought with in the plain. 2°. Retreat, to entice him out and then turn on him. There is indeed a third course, but very difficult—cross the river and attack his rear. We might also, while storming his entrenchments, try to burn his bridge. All these matters pass through my mind, but my inclination is most for an attack on the entrenchments: the result would be great and the danger of defeat small."

After long hesitation, and the detaching of Sir H. Smith to the combat of Aliwal, this course was being adopted at

the very moment of Charles Napier's lucubrations, and the result was as he foretold, very decisive.

"17th, Ahmedpoor.—This is the favourite residence of the Khan of Bhawalpoor. We could not see his palace as his family was there; but I saw his father's palace in the midst of a fort, in a ruinous state. We were seven, four being Meeanee men. Little Doctor Gibbon had also his medal, but for the Residency: he was at Dubba though, and is as plucky a little devil as ever was in a fight. We wore our medals, for the first anniversary since they were issued! How we do botch these things in England! First they are awarded to all without distinction, and then not issued until three years after! In this case it is all the fault of that selfish Lord Ripon. If I hate any one in the world it is he, but I hate no one.

"February 18th, Kyrpoor.—The Nawab's brother came to meet me: he is a fine honest-looking gigantic barbarian, and all good-humour. He brought an elephant, and no end to chargers for me to ride, as if I was Ducrow himself: the bridles and saddles all gold—preferred my own Red Rover. We heard on the march that, as I expected, the entrenchments had been stormed and the Sikhs have paid dearly for placing themselves in such a position.

"20th, Bhawalpoor.—Our loss has been very severe. Poor General Dick is killed; so is Ryan of the 50th, the last of the old race! not one of my day now remains. I exult in their glory, they have done well, as they always do; yet I grieve for Ryan, though he it was who got our black, our glorious black facings, changed to blue, and our regiment made royal.

"The army will be at Lahore to-day: why does Hardinge now want me? The whole question is settled. There can be no more war; there may be brigands scattered over the land, but war is over. Yet how? Oh! sad, sad work in point of generalship, and statesmanship! It has been a failure; and all that will follow will in my mind be bad.

We have beaten the Sikhs in every action with our glorious, most glorious soldiers; but thousands of those brave men have bit the dust who ought now to be standing sword in hand victorious at the gates of Lahore. Yes! our soldiers have done their work; and on the field the governor-general did his work, gloriously as a brave general: his conduct could not be surpassed. Had he suddenly been put at the head of the army, and not responsible for matters previous to the 10th of December, Hardinge would have stood unsurpassed as a ready and brave general. Alas! the great errors of generals and statesmen never escape punishment, but it falls on those under them!

"The passage of the river by the Sikhs was unexpected, unprovided for; yet it had for years I may say, assuredly for months, been a matter of common expectation not only in India but Europe. This was the governor-general's first error. Every step the Sikhs took ought to have been known beforehand and prepared for. The second error was even greater. A small body of six thousand was left at Ferozepoor and the Sikhs should have destroyed them, and then Feroshashur must have been fought with ten thousand men; for the six thousand would not have been there, and the Sikhs flushed with victory over them would probably have won Moodkee also. Well, Feroshashur followed, and still the struggle was made by 16,000 against 60,000, less their several losses in the previous actions. Generalship had not diminished the disproportion, though bulldog fighting had taken the enemy's guns.

"The last of the three days' fighting was a mere repulse; we *stood* victorious but were unable to *move*: no provisions, no magazines. Thus we remained till the 26th I believe, paralyzed! And this after such displays of courage by officers and soldiers! and but forty miles from the enemy's capital! The censures of history must fall heavy here. Let us come to the second act of this bloody drama. While we stood inactive, the enemy again crossed higher up and fought

us on our own territory near Loodiana. This is another error for historical judgment, but a minor one; scarcely to be called one as it was remedied at Aliwal: the error was that the enemy could attempt it! But he did more, he poured his battalions over the river in sight of our army, and fortified 70,000 men in a position! and our strength was then 40,000! The governor-general had no right to expect a successful storm of such works if time were given to strengthen them, and he should have assailed them at once. He could not. He was without ammunition for his guns: yet such attacks depend more on musquets and bayonets. History will make no allowance for this. Had the first battle been fought with 40,000, or properly fought with even half that number, we should have been in Lahore within the week; but from December 23rd 1845 till February 1846 was a blank. We are, I suppose, now at Lahore, and the third act of the tragedy is beginning. We are negotiating.

"Hardinge has stopped the great diversion I was about to make; has directed my army upon Bhawalpoor, and I am here, instead of being now master of Mooltan, for it was ready, as I know, to open its gates at once. The whole country along the Indus up to Dhera Ismael Khan, even higher, would have been in arms to aid us, both banks of the Sutlege in our possession, my army in full march on Lahore, and the Sikh army or its *débris* driven towards the hills on the eastward, where Golab Sing would oppose them: and he is a sure ally, for he only waited his time to be revenged on the Kalsa army for murdering his family. Hardinge in those circumstances could now be dictating terms, and annexing the Punjaub to our dominions. But he is ordered to treat, and himself approves of treating, not annexing, and—*the result will be another war!*

"He says, that is, the Court of Directors say, that we must have the Sikhs as a counterpoise to the Mahometans. What nonsense! If we seize the Punjaub what can the Mahometans do? Let them be, one and all, deadly foes, and

what can they do? Nothing! Put down native princes, give the poor justice, real not lip justice, and the Mahometans may be laughed to scorn: all Asia may be ours, even to Constantinople if we please. This fear of Mahometans is all the miserable folly of old Indians and civil servants; men unfit to rule, and who look upon the 180 millions of people in India as only born to furnish them with luxuries. I fear Hardinge is in their hands; that the Punjaub will be left in slavery to ruffians. Meanwhile India has lost much blood and money, and the tragedy *must be reacted a year or two hence.*"

The world knows how exactly these predictions were fulfilled.

"Such are the results of the mean and feeble rule of men without capacity for governments or war: this is being *moderate.* If we had prepared our means in anticipation of our enterprize India might have been made peaceful and happy for 100 years, or until Russia disturbed us; but ere that India could be made a match for Russia—Delhi would be stronger than St. Petersburg. To me personally it is utterly disgusting to be brought up into this scene of blundering, which though glorious as proof of our courage is degrading to our arms. It will be impossible for me to be consenting, and I go only to be called a *frondeur* when I am not one. I shall have work not suited to me, and which I cannot perform, instead of doing good in Scinde.

"I do not want to be commander in chief: it is an empty name. Mischief will be vigorous, and I shall be weak, encountering it with handcuffs on my wrists and chains on my ankles! And then the evils which cannot be prevented will be laid at my door, and cast in my teeth by the very men whose want of ability has produced them. I do not believe it possible for me to remain long when I join the army. This very idea of protecting ourselves against Mahometans by Sikhs, which Hardinge tells me is the *rule,* is in itself a base cowardly policy of the civil servants: it is not only undignified but fallacious. Who are your Sepoys?

One half are Mahometans, and there is not a Sikh in your army. You want to defend yourself against your own brave troops, by courting your political and military enemies; thus avowing your fears of, and hostility to your own soldiers. Was there ever such folly! It is not possible for me to go with any heart, or to remain with any temper at head-quarters. I honour and love Hardinge for his kindness, and his gallantry; but I cannot endure separation from my family, and exhaust my little remains of life to work out the egregious folly of the directors; and then close that life with the blame of error, not my own but of my greatest enemies! I shall do no good. I can do no good!

"In Scinde I do much good. I can there lead many things to a useful consummation of the conquest; but here nothing, and must lose health and fame. This is the record of my opinion, and many years will not pass ere it will be proved true. The whole campaign has been a tissue of errors and will end in error: if I am wrong I am not the proper man to be the executive officer at Lahore. In no way can I be of service to my country or myself. I mean fair fame for myself: as to money I dare say it is to be got, but I neither care for it nor want it.

"February 28th, M. Genl. W. Napier.—My view of affairs may be jaundiced, for I am not well. This country requires a dictator. The Court of Directors are like George Dandin. *Vous l'avez voulu George Dandin.* Well. But for Lord Ellenborough the army of the Sutlege would now have had Gwalior on its rear; and instead of fifteen thousand British troops at Bhawalpoor, Lord Auckland's five thousand men at Kurrachee and Sukkur would have had their throats cut, and one hundred thousand Beloochees under the Ameers marching upon Delhi by Sirsa or Bikaneer. All this country was, I find, ready to rise upon us: that would have been disagreeable. Yet 'all is well that ends well,' and so this will end better than I think, I hope; for not being well makes me see things gloomily, which I am authorized to

do, being but half informed of the state of affairs. Hardinge is treating. If he attempted to conquer the Punjaub now he would likely fail; it is not to be done at this advanced season: he would lose every European soldier. I found at Bhawalpoor that the effect of my campaign, had it not been stopped, would have been double what I expected, and that was not a little.

"Journal, 28th February.—Getting on by long marches. I am very ill with dysentery, which makes me low-spirited and discontented: all is gloomy. Hardinge is a hero on the field of battle, but he is not equal to the ruling of an empire like this at such a moment: his war has been a failure when it might have immortalized him. I have just seen two clever officers who know this country well. They both confirm my views perfectly, and say that had I taken Mooltan and advanced, the Sikh *tête de pont*, stormed on the Sutlege, would have instantly been abandoned to protect Lahore: then Hardinge could have passed the river without loss of a man, and attacked the Sikhs at his pleasure in open field, with our united force of 86,000 men. That battle could not have been so sanguinary as the one which took place, and Lahore, Govind Ghur and Umritzer would probably have opened their gates, or been carried without much difficulty.

"It was certainly a great error to leave my fifteen thousand men and above 80 pieces of cannon idle, when they might have borne upon the enemy's weakest points. My marches would have been all forced, leaving tired men in battalions to follow after a day or two of rest: my design was to have continued my advance as long as I could muster six thousand men under arms, or bring two battalions into action: or even half that number if near Hardinge. If the enemy opposed me with a small force, I should have fought all under twenty thousand; and if he sent a large force I would have retired, and drawn him after me till he could not help his friends against Hardinge, and his heavy guns were unable to move. Then picking up my tired battalions

on the rear, all refreshed, I would have opposed any number not exceeding four times my own. I would have attacked fifty thousand Sikhs with confidence. All is over now: bloodshed in abundance and no grand results.

"My hope is that Hardinge will let me return to Scinde, where my pay can be honestly earned. My rank and position must be too high for a person who thinks the whole thing mismanaged, and that the snake is scotched not killed. India cannot bear a new war every year. Another such victory would ruin us, the honourable John Company may say with Pyrrhus, and with more truth and honesty than John generally has in his phrases. At this moment if I were at the head of the Sikh army, my head should be staked for having every captured gun back in a month, and sending the British army headlong back to Delhi. Let Goolab Sing march his large untouched army through the hills, over the Beas river, upon Simla and Umballa, and he turns our flanks! Sir Henry would then have to fall back on Delhi or Scinde; for he has no magazines and insufficient carriage. These views may however be jaundiced, and I may find matters better on reaching Lahore than they appear to me now: but the two officers spoken of before, assuredly took the same view and without knowing mine, for my tone was that of ignorance on the subject. That which is more in our favour is the Sikhs' total ignorance of strategy: they have courage, drill, good arms, but no general; had Teg Sing known how to make war we were lost the first week. The total want of preparation on our part must have been the doing of the Court of Directors: I cannot believe it was Hardinge's own doing.

"Journal. March 22nd, Ferozepoor.—Found here preparations made by Hardinge for my journey to Lahore. Letter from John Napier saying Hardinge wishes me back in Scinde, unless I choose to remain second in command, which now, war being over, I assuredly do not. Indeed fighting, or no fighting, to be second instead of first is not

to my taste. Gough is a glorious old fellow, and, as I have written to my brother George, brave as ten lions, each with two sets of teeth and two tails. My poor old 50th has been cut to pieces—36 officers killed and wounded and only 330 men left under arms! Alas! alas! would I had been with them. To-morrow I shall meet the regiment; it is just 35 years since I left it in Spain! Well, the world comes near its end with me, and strange scenes have I seen, and been an actor in: and despite of this peace more war menaces to come even in my day. I feel sad and gloomy, this illness lowers a man grievously.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, March 4.—I arrived here yesterday. Hardinge is a noble fellow, and just what you told me he was. From the time the Sikhs crossed the river to the present moment his conduct has been admirable: thrice he saved this army. My campaign was spoiled, but there was no help for it; my being ordered up here was thought necessary, and now I shall be allowed to return. I am glad my little army was not sent on without me! The battles here have been bloody, and the soldiers fought like devils: that is the white soldiers, the Sepoys by all accounts were at first fearful of the Sikhs, but got more confidence latterly. Hardinge speaks of the 50th with enthusiasm. At Aliwal, a brigade of one European and two native regiments gave way; the 50th were in line in rear, Harry Smith rode up and appealed to them to save the day, on which, without stop or hesitation they charged through the fugitive brigade and with a shout tumbled the enemy over, carrying all before them, but stood after it only 200 under arms out of 450 that went into action! Ryan, who is not killed as was said, but badly wounded, told me this.

"I cannot enter into the cause of being ordered up here, but it is very honourable; and in all things Hardinge has behaved toward me with extreme personal kindness and in the most flattering manner. His answer to those who on the terrible night of the 21st wanted him to retreat, was

'No! we will abide the break of day, and then either sweep all before us or die honourably.' This was worthy of the man who saved Albuera. The Sikh power is said to be quite broken. I can form no judgment; indeed my long march leaves me with little knowledge of affairs. I send 220 captured guns: they are beautiful."

Here he does not tell of the honours in which faction had no share that were offered to him. The soldiers, men never seen before by him, much less commanded, followed him with shouts and acclamations wherever he moved: even Goolab Sing, while holding himself erect and disdainful to others salaamed almost to the ground before Charles Napier, saying, his *kismet*, or fate, was great. His reception from others is thus told.

"Journal. March, Camp near Ferozepoor.—Forging back to *vife and leetel childers*. Very glad if I reach them, but this complaint brought on by mortification may get worse, and if so, *hop the twig* will be my fate, for I feel indescribably weak and ill. I reached Lahore the 3rd and was most kindly received by everybody. Sir Henry had a large dinner party the 4th. We sat down 150 guests, and never did I see so splendid a party. Speeches of course, and I was not prepared, having felt too ill to think of anything until the moment came: but then such a brilliant assembly of decorated soldiers, the scene, the thought of the late battles and my regret at not having been in them put me up, and words came so readily that my speech was good the boys told me; and indeed the effect was evidently favourable for me amongst the Bengal and Queen's officers. I heard a good deal from Hardinge, but the pith confirmed me in the correctness of my views as to non-preparation, &c. The danger of divided command was exemplified, but the enemy's gross mistakes and the treachery of Lall Sing, who betrayed their army, saved ours.

"Hardinge is far above the run of English generals,

very few of whom study their profession, but he stops short in my opinion of a great captain: his having been surprized makes me refuse the last title. I must at the same time say that his army is, for discipline, the worst I have ever seen. It is brave beyond doubt, its conduct, speaking of the Europeans, has been heroic, and the Queen's regiments are in decent order: but all persons seem to agree that the Sepoys were not deeply engaged, and the list of killed proves the fact. As to discipline: the men who go on guard send their beds to the post and go to bed! An officer with his drawn sword stood at the head of his guard to salute the governor-general, and shifted his sword to his left hand to touch his cap with his right! A sentry when he salutes stands with his legs a foot apart like a clown; and there were no piquets or patrols, not even when close to and in sight of the enemy! I am told however that Harry Smith's division was an honourable exception. The army from its state could not manœuvre, and how therefore could any talent work fairly with such an army? That it was saved is a miracle.

"I am too ill to enter on the description of the very beautiful Eastern scene which took place on the signing of the treaty in the governor-general's enormous tent; and the equally beautiful scene of our going on elephants to return the Maharajah's visit at his palace. They exceeded all I have ever seen, and Lahore is an Arabian Nights' town. Going through it on an elephant with Hardinge we looked in at all the upper windows, and abundance of pretty girls shewed their faces: the rooms were all full of the brunettes. From the street they could not have been seen, but aloft they shewed themselves, and laughed and salaamed the two Feringhee Bahadores.

"What will be the result of all this affair? I could not find out what Hardinge thinks, but my own thought is that British power has received a great blow! The natives believe, truly, that we owe our victory to treason. It is

known to all that Lall Sing wrote to poor Nicholson thus—'I have crossed with the Sikh army. You know my friendship for the British. Tell me what to do.' Nicholson answers. Do not attack Ferozepoor. Halt as many days as you can, and then march towards the governor-general. Lall Sing did so and Forezepoor was saved. Had he attacked, our garrison of eight thousand men would have been destroyed, and the victorious sixty thousand would have fallen on Hardinge; who could then have had only eight thousand, for he had but sixteen thousand at Feroshashur after Littler joined from Ferozepoor. Had the Sikhs not been betrayed, the governor-general and commander in chief and their troops would certainly have been destroyed, for they were in the midst of an enemy's country and 250 miles from supplies and support. All the detached regiments coming up with the siege train, and all the ammunition, must have been captured and Delhi have been taken! I alone had fifteen thousand men, and with them might have done something: at all events we could have covered Scinde and awaited the enemy, for I was confident of my troops.

"I feel fearless of an enemy at the head of Bombay troops; but the state of the Bengal army as I saw it, and heard of it, would make me tremble. This is lamentable, for both the European officers and the Sepoys seem to be the materials for admirable soldiers. Now all this negligence is known to our enemies, and they think that with better management they will have better success in future. They hope traitors like Lall Sing will not always command, and therefore my expectation is to see the fragments of the Sikh army unite again in mass. If so, Hardinge tells me he will give me the chief command. That is not my desire. The Bengal army is Augean, and Hardinge says the staff is execrable. There are indeed men amongst them that I could do good with; but to assume the command of a large army, to put it in order, and at the same time make war,

is too much: I being also ignorant of my tools and a stranger! Reform and war together is too much.

"I think Hardinge is right to occupy Lahore; but it is one of those things that if not done well and completely will run risk of disaster. Seeing this, and the dreadful consequences of the force he leaves there being destroyed, and the paucity of good generals, I volunteered to take that command: it appeared to me a duty at so dangerous a crisis, though felt to be an eternal adieu to my family; for to outlive the summer under the work to be done during the first two months could not be. I however gulped down the emotions of the moment and acted rightly: happily for me he refused my offer, and put General Littler there. Were I in that part, my guard should be visited every night of my life in person and at uncertain hours, and never should my own clothes be off my back. Well, we shall I fear have another war.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, March 10.—Thus far on my return to Scinde, after the long weary journey to Lahore. This will be a march of 1800 miles for nothing, but seeing Lahore, the signing of the treaty, and the Bengal army. Perhaps they were worth the trouble, for Lahore is a grand city. The signing and the gifts, &c., &c., were altogether magnificent sights. The great diamond, or mountain of light, if not glass, must be of immense value; and it has two enormous diamonds attached. So much for finery. Now for more important matters. Hardinge did not shew me the treaty, but he creates Goolab Sing, Maharajah or king of all the northern and eastern parts of the Punjaub, and takes the line of the Beas or Hyphasis for our frontier!"

What a king to install! Rising from the lowest foulest sediment of debauchery to float on the highest surge of blood he lifted his besmeared front, and England adorned it with a crown!

"We make the Lahore government pay one and a half million sterling, and the territory we take will yield £300,000

sterling a year. Such are the results of four battles, somewhat bloody. The questions naturally arising are these: will the money and increase of territory be considered sufficient reparation for the insult offered, and the expence of the war? The money will not cover the expence I believe; but assume that it does, the blood expended and the insult offered can hardly be repaid by an estate of £300,000 a year; from which must be deducted the expence of occupation. The Rajah of Putteala has a larger estate! Still this is good, so far as it goes; but the main question is, have we not paid too dear for it? Could we not have taken the Ravee instead of the Beas? and taken Mooltan as well as occupy Lahore?

"The making a king in the north is another questionable affair. The campaign got us into a scrape, and perhaps the making a king was not a bad way to get us out; but my opinion is, after all I have seen, that the Punjaub must be ours up to the Indus, and therefore our making a king is putting a barrier in our own way. You know I never thought we were ripe for the Punjaub till India was more consolidated and better organized; that I thought we ought to be satisfied with the Sutlege: but the weakness of the Punjaub government made the conquest of that kingdom a necessity; war was forced upon us and the result is seen. These questions will be asked in England: the answers I will not give but from what I saw at Lahore, merely say that Hardinge has gotten out of a scrape as well as he well could. I do not know the *carte du pays* sufficiently, but believe that, aided by a civil servant, a Mr. Currie—apparently a good man, but not above mediocrity and of the Auckland school, —Hardinge settled matters without other consultation: in this I think him quite right. He did one day ask my opinion about having a garrison in Lahore, and we agreed as the moral effect will be great; but my belief is that all his people were adverse: yet so advising, I told him, that unless well executed it would lead to disaster.

"The Sikh people are brave, barbarian cunning is notorious and if this garrison be surprised fearful consequences will follow. Yet a garrison ought to be at Lahore that we may show Asia something for our four battles, in which, as all Asia knows, India was five times nearly lost; it required Lall Sing's treachery in aid of Hardinge's grand intrepidity and our European soldiers' desperate courage to save it. Indeed all now say the Feroshashur fight was not a victory; the Sikhs were the victors, but mistook a retrograde movement of our cavalry for an attempt to turn their flank and retired. Do you recollect saying to me 'the soldiers will fight any general through any blunders?' Well, now judge your own prophecy.

"Harry Smith did his work well: at least they say so. Being on the march and ill I did not study any battle but that of Sobraon, which, gallantly fought, was miserably planned: certainly Hardinge did not approve of the plan. But I am afraid to write all I think, not feeling at all safe about letters; and the bitter hostility of rascals at Bombay is beyond belief: and at Calcutta also I have reason to believe; for a gentleman unknown to me told a friend of mine to put me on my guard—tell him he said, that several of the secretaries there are hand and glove with the newspaper editors, and the abuse of the general originates with those civil secretaries, who would destroy him if they could. This gentleman knows Calcutta well, and though a perfect stranger to me I had an opportunity of serving him, and believe he told this to my friend out of gratitude. I only care for their spite and enmity so far as it gives me troublesome work, but I fear their working upon Hardinge; they have not yet, for nothing could be more kind than he has been all along, and is. The wretched papers are now trying to puff me, which is more dangerous than anything, and more difficult to deal with, unless they give me praise falsely which I should immediately contradict of course. If war breaks out again I am resolved to go as chief or not at all:

my remonstrances would not be listened to. Gough is, I believe, angry at my being called up; but he is a fine intrepid old soldier, and I like him much as a man. Our poor friend Powell's son is with you in Guernsey you say: his father's grave is at Kurrachee! Often have I stood there and thought of past times; and often resolved to have it repaired, but constant unceasing business and turmoil interfered: it shall however be done. Major Powell's story about Outram and the village is true. I heard of it before. Apropos, I got a most extraordinary letter about Outram's conduct from Lord Ripon, and I am going to answer it. Hardinge tells me he had one on the same subject which he cannot understand *at all!*"

This story was, that being sent with troops, regular and irregular, to quell a disturbance in a village, he had positive orders not to let the irregulars into the place as there was a feud between them and the people: in defiance of this he did put the irregulars in, and they murdered the villagers and sacked the place! It is said, Outram was saved by the interest of Sir J. Carnac.

"No official answer has yet been given to my official complaint. Our excellent friend Hardinge trims a little I think to prevent quarrels; which is very amiable but weak, because it fails when cases are so strong. I detest Ripon. I could not do so more if he was a rascal, his good-natured drivelling is worse than if he spit in one's face. It will be inconvenient to the service to quarrel with him, but how can I avoid it? I am altogether in a curious position. I believe there is a general wish among the troops that I should be at the head of the army if we have war again, and Hardinge I think wishes it. There are brave generals here, but they do not seem to have inspired general confidence in their leading. On the other hand, some of the civil servants at Calcutta and Bombay, and the Court of Directors at home, wish me in hell."

Many of the Queen's ministers also did so; for it was

when these things were known in England, and also the calling of Sir C. Napier up to Lahore, that Sir Robert Peel ignored his name and battles when returning thanks for the army at the King's College Hospital dinner! Yet Sir Robert was certainly not personally inimical to him.

"When in England they hear of the narrow escape of their army, and of India, will *funk* operate sufficiently to make them give me the command? Or will they send out some other man? I suspect the last, if they can find a lieutenant-general who will come. To say nothing of fighting and climate, which if they come are accepted but which old men do not like to *seek*, and our lieutenant-generals are not young, the post is full of labour and danger, for never was our Indian power so shaken: had Feroshashur been an overthrow I fancy Scinde would have been the safest place in all India! My position may change: my choice will be to stay at Kurrachee; but if Hardinge does not assume command himself in the event of renewed war I may perhaps be the best man at their disposal. I could tell you but dare not, of things convincing as to their undervaluing the exertion necessary for the conquest of the entire Punjaub. It is to be done, and my thought is that I could do it, that is, if left to my own discretion and action as in Scinde. I do not want to go, but if I do must have my own terms to enable me to succeed: to go on any other conditions would be to betray the country the army and myself.

"My good fortune attends me still. I cannot now be thrown suddenly into command because of the heat: Kurrachee also is shut up by the monsoons from May to September, and no military operations can then take place; this would give me time to make my terms, which on the eve of a battle could not be done. Had the peace not been made, and anything happened to Gough, I must have taken sudden command of an army incapable of manœuvring, according to my judgment. Hardinge was abused for lightening his personal baggage by 60 *elephant loads and* 600

camels' loads. His army was an unmanageable army: with my 15,000 I would have marched round it. Yet such troops! beautiful! The old 50th received me with a proper shout: they seem to consider me still as their property."

Sir C. Napier notices in the above letter the extent of the hostility practised against him; let the reader take the following letter as furnishing a light on the subject: it is indeed one of *the things which speak.*

"March 24, 1846.—I won't write to you of my hatred, my enemies, and my political aversions: it is very foolish. But when a man is daily wasting the little existence he has left to do right and serve people, and is struck down at every step by villains, and amongst them by those he is thus labouring to serve, it is not easy to write to one with whom he has no reserve and yet conceal the fire that consumes him.

"The Bombay Times asserted, and with details, that I was driving the people of Scinde to madness with excessive taxation, and that I had even dared to re-establish the tax called *Transit duty.* These assertions were accompanied with all sorts of abuse such as.—*The sordid shameless leader in Scinde.—The Autocrat of Scinde.—The Scinde Czar.—The unscrupulous murderer of the soldiers of the 78th and 28th Regiments.—The liar at the head of the Scinde government.* Well, all India was thus kept ringing with my infamous attempts to make up a sham revenue, to the destruction of the people and the country! Now, as I never put one single tax upon the people of Scinde, good bad or indifferent; never laid a mite upon anything and took off a great many taxes, I laughed at what I knew must be in due time found pure inventions, somewhat like the people Herschel was said to have seen in the moon.

"But could I laugh when, after India had resounded with this cry, I found by a mistake of a clerk at Calcutta in sending a wrong letter—that the Bombay government had transmitted a *secret note of council to be registered at*

Calcutta against me! accusing me of making up a false revenue, not alone by levying taxes, for as I recollect the minute of council only hinted at that, but by a monopoly of grain! the price of which was first raised it said by my command, and then sold at the enhanced price to the troops, so as to make the loss fall on the Bombay government: in short that I had perpetrated so infamous an action, that if there had been an iota of truth in it hanging would be too good for me.

"Had the clerk not made this mistake"—probably a wilful one from disgust at the infamous intrigue—"there would have been in both the Bombay and Calcutta archives, a direct heinous crime registered against me by my bitter enemies, to be hereafter brought out and given to the world, when I am no more, as an irrefragable proof of my bad conduct! And this was done also so ingeniously by the two members of council, who are old practised merchants and accountants, that it took me a good week's hard work to disprove their villanous accusations, and shew that so far from trying to increase the expence of feeding the troops, if there be one thing to which I have more especially devoted myself for the three years of my ruling in Scinde it has been to reduce the price of grain by destroying all monopoly! But this was not all. The secret minute was recorded, and the authors of it chuckled in their sleeves at having so well shot their assassin bolt. Not content, they manufactured their *minute* into an article for Dr. Buist's paper, the words just slightly changed to suit a newspaper article: and I, not knowing either its source or anything of the minute of council, laughed, or swore, probably the latter, at Buist's usual attempts to make me out a scoundrel.

"Well, I answered their minute when it reached me by the mistake noticed, and disproved by document after document every lie they had told. Did this suffice? Was this all the result of the Bombay Times falsehoods about the

taxes? No! Enough in all conscience but not all. I got a letter from Lord Ripon, to say he had heard of my taxation but hoped it was not true; and then he gave all sorts of reasons to prove I ought not to put on the transit duty, showing that he was convinced I had done so—as a nurse says to a naughty child, I hope you have not been doing so and so, when she knows it has. To do Lord Ripon justice he gave me very little trouble to answer him; he displayed such perfect ignorance of the subject that I saw he don't very well know what a transit duty is. But thus again a day was lost in answering him, and my work, real work, thrown in arrear! And what work! Long trials to read, and to decide upon putting five men to death at the time; matter requiring calm thought and great resolution not to err!

"At such times, with my head in agony, my nerves torn, my whole mind and body on the rack, my soul intent to do right in the sight of God, I am to force myself down to think, and write, and dwell upon villany and folly past all belief, and beyond my power to chastise! fortunate that I escape from the power of those who, while profiting from my ebbing life, are seeking my destruction: and all this at sixty-four years of age in a climate proverbial for destroying the energy of mind and body! But to go on with my story. *No sooner had* I answered Lord Ripon, and thought I had been tormented enough by Dr. Buist's lies as to taxes, when down comes from Calcutta a letter from the secret committee of the Court of Directors—Lord Ripon's colleagues, to know why I had restored the transit duty, which they heard I had done from various sources. Why? as I asked them, do they not tell me *one* of their *various sources*, that I might expose their secret informer. They won't do this: and were we in the days of Venice, the Council of Ten, these very men would very soon put me out of the way.

"Think now of the Nawab of Bhawalpoor making an

application to be placed under my rule! He hates the political agents, and I suppose my good name in Scinde, and my civil manners to him, have won me this compliment. This pleases me more than honours."

Soon after this letter reached England, Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Ripon were publicly charged with corrupt and oppressive conduct; and both displayed in their contradictions such indignation, that the writer of this notice sent to each a copy of the above communication. From Lord Lyndhurst he asked parliamentary aid if required; to Lord Ripon he pointed out the complacent manner in which he had acquiesced in and even countenanced injustice to Sir Charles Napier, though so sore in anger when assailed himself; that being an open attack, easy to be met, and trifling also compared to one made on a distant commander, who was wasting life away in his country's service and had a right to his official protection.

From Lord Ripon came a verbose letter for the most part unintelligible, and where not so, vague and contemptible. Very different was Lord Lyndhurst's response: with the frank spirit and decision that has always marked his bold and manly character, he expressed his condemnation of the atrocity thus brought to his notice, and at once, without reserve, promised his aid to avenge it when called upon. He was not called upon, but this acknowledgment of his generous impulse is rendered with honest respect.

"Journal, April 2nd.—Reached Bhawalpoor the 31st. Saw the Nawab, who met me a mile from the town. He, of course, wanted favours: I granted one and refused one. He seems to be a clever man, and wants me to ask the governor-general to put him in communication with me, instead of the political agents of the North-West Provinces. He says they treat him with disrespect and even insolence. Very probably: for if I know anything of good manners, nothing can be worse than those of India towards natives of all ranks—a vulgar *bahandeering;* forgetting that these

people are as good as ourselves. The native ways are not our ways, but as to really gentlemanlike manners they appear to me superior. I speak of the manners of the military of both armies: the civilians I have not seen much of in company with natives, and therefore cannot judge of them. Well, I have gained the Nawab's good-will, and could do a deal more in that way could I speak Persian. Interpreters don't suit me, they do not translate correctly, and some laugh while interpreting: now a foreigner always supposes the laugh is at him, and is affronted without reason: an interpreter should not do so ill-mannered a thing as laugh, except at what the foreigner says and understands.

"I keep my journal badly. I am sick. I know not what ails me, and the constant pain frets my temper sadly. I feel to get weaker every day, and think I am breaking up. What if I am? I am not immortal any more than Grillus the son of Xenophon! And 'tis better to die with one's senses all around, than become what Lord Ripon was born! I have written him a letter that he will not like, and hope we shall quarrel. I have told him enough to show him I will not be treated like a school-boy. In England all the authorities hate me I believe, except Peel, Ellenborough, and the duke; but I am ready to go away, or to die, or whatever God pleases, being totally without ambition beyond that of wishing to do my work well. My God! what numbers of lives I could have saved had I been master in this Sikh war! I think there never was such a galaxy of blunders since war was war! But the whole system of Indian government is constructed for robbery and spoliation, not for conquest, not for good to the multitude, not for justice! I shall be glad when I have no more to say to it. The civil servants seem to be Hardinge's rage. Shore says they are idle, vulgar, and bad.

"We are dropping down the Indus, the water like glass, the beautiful moon high and brilliant, with the stars glitter-

ing around her; the steamer is at her evening station, and the serenity of the soft scene only disturbed by the hum of voices, heard though by me slightly, being in a towed boat and listening rather to the chirp of the cicala coming over the still waters: yet the Indus is here more than a mile wide. I will go up and look at this calm and beautiful night, on this grand stream, and think of my wife, my children, and my death. This sort of thought is to me not disagreeable: life has not been pleasant to me and I feel no dread at leaving it. What is life that we should love it, and fear to lose it? It is not from discontent I speak thus, being in spirits and cheerful enough, and generally enjoying life as much as others. No, I am reasoning, thinking, as I sit in this beautiful moonlit tranquil night, looking at the Creator through all this majesty and grandeur.

"People who love wise *saws*, which I do not over much, say, 'If you had been a farmer you would then wish you had gone on as a soldier.' Very possibly, every mortal has his discontent at times; but when reason helps, is it not easier for a strong mind to overcome discontent than when reason does not help? Now reason gave me aid in the excessive pleasure with which I got in my hay at Bloomfield in 1831, and none at all when I won Scinde. Glad I was to win the battles, because to have been beaten would have been wretchedness, but I had no pleasure: on the contrary, exceeding pain when I laid the dead bodies of my comrades side by side, covered with dust and blood and grim in death, while we prepared their graves! Reason then told me, that to make hay in a field with twenty joyful people and to collect the fruits of the earth was a wise and indescribable pleasure: the same reason tells me war is hellish work, and antagonistic to pleasure and enjoyment. Take the lead to defend yourself, it is like a man: but to go over the earth because skilled to destroy, having in view only to give commerce an advantage over rivals, and to back up the ruling of idiots is not reasonable.

"I feel indeed conscious of a natural or acquired turn for military matters, and have exercised that turn or talent honourably in Scinde, but my peaceful rule of Cephalonia was far, far better; my hands were there free from blood! Not that I have blood on them in guilt, I trust in God it is not so; but far rather would I have been driving a pitchfork into a load of hay than a sword into the body of an enemy, however innocent that operation may be thought, or be. But then I have immortalized my name, and am a Grand Cross of the Bath! And what then? I shall be good for worms before the immortalization takes place, and while in life have suffered more gross abuse from scoundrels than I have gained praise from honest men! Life ebbs fast. So for the Grand Cross. Pooh! And for money, I have more than I want and merely take it for others."

Here it must not be concluded that Charles Napier confined his generosity to the welfare of his own children: his charities were boundless, and one instance of his liberal nature will speak for the character of other instances. Hearing accidentally that the author's son, a deaf and dumb young man, was from poverty unable to marry, he without more hesitation or remark than would attend the gift of a dressing-box, sent him five thousand pounds! And this at a time when it was generally thought there would be no prize money granted for Hydrabad!

"I hope to reach Sukkur the 5th. We have just passed boats, having on board the poor wounded fellows from the four battles; they tell me they are all comfortable, but forty have died!

"An instance of my influence over these wild barbarian Sikhs was made known this day. When coming up the river a fort here fired on us; but this day we past it going down, and hearing they had taken some boats of ours I brought up to the bank, called the Sikh commander of the guard on board and gave a letter to the Nizam of Mooltan demanding the release of my boats. While writing this in the cabin,

one of my officers asked the Sikh if it was he who had fired a month before?—Yes. Why did you?—We were ordered, and we thought the general would say, oh they are good soldiers, they are only doing their duty; don't fire the cannon on them: so we fired at you. My name therefore is good with them as a man ready to spare, and generous to enemies. This will have great effect, and these people will the more readily yield to me. I could conquer up to Constantinople as easily, or more so, than Alexander did, for he had Greeks to fight against."

This was no idle boast: the missionary Wolfe has said his fame run throughout Central Asia so strongly that the wild Turcomans and other races were looking for his advent as a conqueror, ready to march and plunder under him, even down to the Mediterranean!

"April 11th.—Just reached home! When I left this on the 20th January, I never expected to return, for I am going fast. God is good to let me come back with my boys all safe.

"April 15.—I have been ill again. Public vexation made me ill first, and private suffering now! Well, this world is full of trouble and we must even bear with it. We see men succeed in public, and miserably fail in private, where they seek happiness in vain. God has decreed that no one shall be perfectly happy, and why should I expect it. This is my cross, and I must take it up and follow Thee! Thou great Redeemer of man. I have two brave sons-in-law; I may say three, for John and Minny"—nephew and step-daughter who were married—"are son and daughter to me: but two is my number. Two wives, two daughters, two sons, two victories, and *two deaths!* I died at Coruña, and now the grim old villain approaches again! And I have two of Epaminondas' daughters also, Mecanee and Hydrabad are as good as Leuctra and Mantinea! Now to work.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, April 12.—In the recent campaign the topography was all against Hardinge: a skilful enemy

might have crossed the Sutlege below Ferozepoor with a hundred thousand men, and marched upon Delhi by Sirsa; there is but one road; Hardinge must have gone back upon Delhi by Umballa, a longer road, while the whole country between Ferozepoor and Delhi would have been in arms, for all were ready to rise. All his ammunition would have been thus taken, for he had not a round at head-quarters; had the Sikhs attacked him between the 28th December and 9th February there was not a gun to fire! On the 9th ammunition arrived and he attacked."

Here, without excusing the error which left the army without ammunition in such critical circumstances, it is impossible not to admire the firmness displayed in holding ground without ammunition: such firmness is certainly one of the qualities of a great captain.

"Harry Smith it is said had three dispatches with orders to attack before he did so: so critical were affairs. He then did it well I am told, for of his operations I know nothing; but had he not attacked, or been defeated, the whole of the heavy artillery and ammunition was gone! When Smith was detached, and before he had fought, Gough wanted to storm the Sikh entrenchments at Sobraon. Hardinge refused, saying, when we force them across the river how are we to advance against Lahore without guns? Had the storm taken place the troops would probably have been beaten: two of the assaults were repulsed as it was. Hardinge did not approve of Gough's arrangements and made others, but his orders were not accurately obeyed: they were good I think, as far as they went; but more was required. I would have dismounted the enemy's guns, along the whole line of those entrenchments which were stormed, by running an approach of 500 yards and forming a heavy enfilading battery to smash their guns, leaving only musquetry for our men to face, and that musquetry cooled by our enfilading fire.

"One thing I have from the first openly contradicted,

namely, that the Sikh artillery was superior to ours. I have observed that after nearly every action men who suffered from the enemy's guns and did not see the effect of their own, say, and think, the enemy's artillery is best. All the captured guns I examined, and perhaps half-a-dozen were bigger than ours at Feroshashur; but they were all inferior in make and bore, and in every way to ours: beautiful-looking however and bright, and the sight of them very fine. Their shot are all hammered, not cast; and none of the bores seemed to me perfectly cylindrical, all ill bored, except those we gave to old Runjeet and now retook. As to our *run-down* artillery, I made a point of asking Colonel Mouton, a very clever French officer on the Sikh side of the battle, and he told me the fire of our guns was absolutely crushing: it was not to be borne, *ah! c'etait affreux! horrible!* This outrage against the Company's artillery, which is quite equal to the royal artillery, provokes me. I am ready to go into battle to-morrow with 6-pounders against all the Sikh artillery, and they are said to have 200 pieces still. But if we bring up an exhausted field artillery to fight pieces of position, in position, we shall get hammered. We must manœuvre, or else assail entrenchments filled with artillery as if we were attacking a weak front of fortification.

"I had fifty-four pieces of field artillery in high order and well horsed, 6-pounders and 9-pounders; and I felt, and so did they, confident against anything we might meet. Weak as I was in cavalry, had we met the Sikhs we would have settled their position: they should have been left in them till hunger drove them out. However there is no use talking of these things now. I could not talk to, or discuss the matter with Hardinge, he was too much engaged; and besides, I went to listen and learn not to argue: but my belief is that he thinks higher of the Sikh artillery than I do, and he ought to know best. In November last I would have said to the Sikhs—Disband your army! If they did

not, to cross the river and fall upon them should have been the next move: we took the initiative of tongue and not of blows. Mouton told me that the Delhi Gazette made the Sikhs cross the river. It said we were going to attack them. All the Sikhs read it and other papers, and they said, well, as we must fight let us do so on the left bank. Your plan of advancing from our right and Loodiana, and co-operating with, not joining the force at Ferozepoor, was just what I wanted to do, only on the left not the right. I should have been rapidly down on the right of the Sikhs, and thrown my bridge to Hardinge's left, when he might have crossed under protection of my attack, or attacked at the same time.

"My corps was equal to cope with thirty thousand Sikhs, easily fighting, or not, as I pleased. Considering it as a wing of Hardinge's army, my purpose was to throw it forward and cover Scinde from the Mooltan territory, securing the navigation of the river by seizing both banks and then threatening Lahore. Hardinge on the contrary ordered me to Bhawalpoor, whereby he threw my corps—his left wing, out of action, and exposed Scinde to an invasion in my rear; and I have since learned that they were prepared to try that with 10,000 men. But with the right bank in possession of the Sikhs the river was useless: the sick and wounded men could not go down, nor could supplies go up; whereas in our hands I could have supplied Hardinge's army as well as my own by the steamers. I think my plan was the better one; and the moral effect of taking Mooltan—which had secretly sent me an offer to open gates—would have been great. Hardinge might then have taken Lahore and the line of the Ravee, put his troops into cantonment for the hot season, organized all to the south of that river, and deposed the Maharaja. The Ravee should then have swarmed with gun boats and steamers, and posts should have been established. When the Sikhs first entered the river, Ferozepoor was

helpless, and contained immense stores and a large treasure: all would have been lost and the garrison also but for poor Nicholson's presence of mind, and Lall Sing's treachery.

"I am fully prepared for support, or non-support about Outram, having however grown callous almost about these things. Still I think the duke will do me justice; and I think Hardinge does; but he told me he would never shew me what he had written home, though he wished me to see it. I do not understand this. However he gave plenty of reasons to believe he was hostile to the Bombay fellows. My belief is that he is a good honourable fellow, but a little too much given to smoothing down and calming angry spirits; which is not good in extreme cases. What think you has come to my ears, and on the strongest authority—undeniable authority! When the news of Feroshashur reached Bombay they were in terror, and Mr. Willoughby and Mr. Reid senior member of council, sent to Sattara for Outram express; he arrived, and they made a minute, that he was to be despatched directly to the army to get it out of its difficulties, and teach Hardinge and Gough what should be done! Sir George Arthur was absent, but they wrote to him to sign the minute and send Outram off. He asked them if they were mad? and ordered Outram back to Sattara! This is scarcely credible, but the authority is irrefragable, and it is certain Outram came from Sattara at that time. It is certain also that he volunteered to go to head-quarters, and Gough accepted his offer, and seemed quite surprised when Hardinge forbad it. Outram I do believe is mad. His brother cut his own throat.

"Your desiring me to thank Moses amused me, for really he was in my mind when I thought of the great lantern on an elephant for my baggage corps. I may probably thank that old soldier of the deserts in person yet before you can for his lesson: the Sikhs may settle that question next

autumn, and so introduce me to the best general that ever was:—for such I really think Moses was. The Beloochees say my *kismet* is a cubit longer than any man's now alive: they said also when I was ordered to head-quarters, *now all will be settled at once.* Well, news of the peace and my arrival came together, and the whole country believed that my going did it at once; not by cleverness but fortune, fate! Never was a people so thoroughly fatalists. My conviction is that if I rode at a hundred of them armed their notion of my good fortune would make them run away.

"Lord Ripon.—I have received your letter dated 21st November, and frankly own that it has given me great pain. I think your lordship has misapplied a truism: no man, however weak his intellect expects to discharge his public duties without being attacked. There are men who blaspheme against the Deity himself; how then can mortals expect to escape? Your lordship must excuse my saying, that I did not require a lecture on that subject at my time of life; nor has it any bearing whatever on my formal demand for justice against Lieut.-Colonel Outram. I did not complain of attacks made by any ordinary writer in a newspaper; had I done so your lordship's remarks would have applied. But if, as the tone of your letter appears to indicate, I am not to receive protection in the exercise of my functions as a general officer commanding an army from those subordinate to me, my command must necessarily cease and the articles of war become a dead letter. It will then become necessary for general officers to enforce their orders with duelling pistols in their hands. To that state of things does the doctrine contained in your lordship's letter amount, however far from your intention! My nerves are as good as your lordship's, or any other gentleman's to bear the attacks of the press; nor have I shrunk from a '*steady discharge*' of my duties hitherto: but I and every man must

shrink from discharging them if not supported by superior authority.

"It is evident that every soldier under my command has as much right to accuse me of murdering the men of the 78th Regiment as Lieut.-Colonel Outram has. It is not a case which affects Lieut.-Colonel Outram and Major-General Sir Charles Napier alone; it affects the whole Indian army: it is a principle as well as a special case, and one which, if decided against me, will assuredly be a precedent quickly made use of in the army. I assert my perfect innocence of the crime I stand publicly charged with by the Resident of Sattara, and loudly ask for inquiry into every part of my conduct: but this is not the question Lord Ripon. The questions I ask are

"1°. Is Lieut.-Colonel Outram subject to the articles of war, or is he not?

"2°. Is he to disobey orders, and more especially those of the Governor-General of India, directed to him upon this particular case, or is he not?

"3°. Is he to hold the government of Scinde and commander of the forces there up to public scorn as an infamous character? and is he to point me out to the troops, not only as unfit to command them from my ignorance, but as their murderer? Is he, or his he not to do these things?

"4°. Is Lieut.-Colonel Outram to be rewarded for such conduct by being allowed to hold the highest civil appointment which a man of his rank can hold, or is he not? These questions Lord Ripon must be decided. I feel such reliance on the authorities to which I have appealed, that I have waited with great composure for a reply to my formal complaint of Lieut.-Colonel Outram. That a vile faction in Bombay is labouring to protect Lieut.-Colonel Outram I am well persuaded, but this faction cannot affect the high authorities to which I have appealed.

"Your lordship says 'I am confident that you will not suffer your feelings to lead you to deviate from the instructions and advice which the Governor-General of India has so considerately given to all parties concerned.' I know not to what your lordship alludes. I want no *instruction*, and no *advice*. I know the rules of the service, which I hope your lordship will allow are open to me as they are to every soldier in the army? Those rules say, that when a soldier has a grievance he is to apply to the constituted authorities, who will decide. I am a soldier; I have a grievance; I have applied for redress to the proper authorities; and I hope they will give me redress. I have remained many months perfectly passive; I have said nothing, done nothing, written nothing; unless your lordship puts faith in the lying editors of the Indian newspapers, who say, or did say, that I was writing my defence in the *Kurrachee Advertiser*: I cannot imagine that your lordship would believe anything so false; especially as I put a contradiction of the malicious report in the newspapers and signed it.

"Your lordship alludes to my brother's *controversy* with Lieut.-Colonel Outram. With that I have nothing to do. Had Lieut.-Colonel Outram defended his conduct as a political agent in Scinde, and in so doing attacked my conduct as his chief, he was quite welcome. I have neither right, nor power, nor wish to silence any man who defends his conduct; but his letter, which is the subject of my formal complaint, makes no attempt at any defence of his conduct; nor does it touch on that period! It is merely a concatenation of accusations against me on matters with which he has not the slightest concern, and which have no more to say to the conquest of Scinde, or Lieut.-Colonel Outram, than to North America. No! my lord, I have no *controversy* with Lieut.-Colonel Outram; and I protest against being made answerable for what my brother publishes, unless where my name is appended; in which case I consider that I am re-

sponsible whether intended for publication or not: my brother is both able and willing to defend himself, and the truth. I shall now close this letter by saying, that if I have written warmly my excuse is that I feel deeply wounded at what appears to me the tone of your lordship's letter: a desire to smooth over such conduct in Lieut.-Colonel Outram as I believe was never before ventured upon towards a general officer."

SIXTEENTH EPOCH.

FIFTH PERIOD.

During the fruitless journey to Lahore, Scindian government business had accumulated, and now pressed heavily upon the governor in his weakened bodily health. The unsettled condition of the Punjaub also kept his attention awake, and his letters throw new lights upon the recent campaign. They furnish also lessons of war for those who have wit to comprehend:—speaking most forcibly to great generals.

"Journal, April 25th.—Such work as I have! Well, I am paid for it, so no grumbling. The Punjaub begins to shew signs of being scotched not killed, and much my fear is of being again trotted up there. I cannot go through it; I have already worked myself to death's door for those wretches the directors, the secret committee, and drivelling Ripon. The last has been the personification of unqualified evil to me, and I could cut my hand off for having written kindly to him, and say with Cranmer—this unworthy right hand! But I did not sign a falsehood as the old bishop did; I felt at the time that I forgave him, and more fool was I for doing so: never forgive or trust an idiot.

"April 26th.—The following note was made at Lahore, after having agreed with Sir Henry Hardinge as to the propriety of occupying Lahore when he asked my opinion on that point, which was opposed by people about him.

"1°. The occupation of Lahore will be called an adoption of the subsidiary system, so justly reprobated; but in fact it can hardly be so called with justice, for it will not be to

enable a government to oppress a people, but the reverse: it is to rescue a government from the military tyranny of the Lahore prætorian guards!

"2°. It is to prevent another conflict with the British government.

"3°. After all I have heard and seen, I must doubt whether this army could continue hostilities. We want to gain time for re-organizing this most ill-disciplined army. In its present state it is not fit to continue in the field.

"4°. The moral effect of occupying Lahore will be very great in all the countries around; it will appear as a sign of strength, though its real cause is our weakness, which makes us unable to face a protracted war—a war which requires 40,000 good troops, and resources for meeting the losses which battle and sickness will occasion, especially amongst the European troops.

"5°. The only sound objection to this occupation is the difficulty of the operation. In case of a general rising in the Punjaub it would be difficult to support the force at Lahore. The Sikhs are said to be well furnished with guns, and their loss of men has been but a fleabite: they have not lost 10,000 out of 300,000. Then Goolab Sing, who hates us and is the most astute rascal on the face of God's earth, may change sides and attack us! The garrison therefore ought to be 10,000 men.

"May 9, M. Genl. W. Napier.—Had war gone forward, pretty nearly what you conjectured would have been my course; only instead of the Bhawalpoor cavalry protecting my right flank in moving on Mooltan, Jacob's horse and Fitzgerald's camel corps would have been there, for the auxiliary native troops could not have been trusted with any important operation. The Nawab is friendly, all others in Bhawalpoor are hostile: this I discovered on my way up. Between ourselves, a great man in Bhawalpoor was in my pocket, and would have obeyed my secret orders: in fact the campaign was in my hands, as far as man can know

these things; but if Fortune takes offence she will make a straw ruin an army. I indeed left no stone unturned to carry Mooltan by force, acting as if a French marshal was in it, but I am sure there would have been no trouble; probably I should have marched, with the Nizam of Mooltan as an auxiliary, against Lahore, as hard as our legs could have carried us. That is to say, if Sir Henry's plan tended to that point, but he never communicated anything to me, nor could I discover what his plan was, or whether he intended to cherish or crush Mooltan.

"My preparations were made to meet any order, and to the extent of my power force of all kinds was ready. Astounded by the inactivity of the main army after Ferosha-shur I knew not what was going to happen, and never had a line from Hardinge till the 6th of February, except a message through Sir George Arthur, to say he had received orders to reinforce me. Then my resolve was, in case of disaster in the north, to hold Mooltan and Bhawalpoor, trusting to the Belooch Chiefs of Scinde and to Bombay; meanwhile raising all the peasants along the Indus north of my left flank, and compelling Ali Moorad to stay in my camp. I am sure of Scinde, our own regiments were not more keen to fight the Sikhs than my Belooch battalions. For several days I was in doubt whether I could venture on so great a game to aid our main body in distress; or whether to fall back on Scinde, sure of defending it against all comers. In the last case the whole population of both banks of the Sutlege, and of the Ravee, would have poured down on Hardinge and Gough, which decided me to stand fast, or if needs were to advance, but not to go back. My army was a manœuvring one, my confidence in it was great, and my intent was to make my whole march from Sukkur to the banks of the Sutlege a drill as well as a serious operation. All knew this and expected it, and were eager for it, except the Bengal troops with me; but the right spirit could have been infused into them in three days, for they

can be made anything of: they are good in themselves but not well taught. .

"You say. 'But when the Punjaub is conquered?' Now my mind has long since been made up on that subject. It will be an arduous job, and nothing could induce me to undertake the government of it but Lord Ellenborough being governor-general. I have exhausted myself on Scinde; and what has enabled me to govern it in peace? the power Lord Ellenborough gave me, and which now daily dries up! I cannot get a letter answered, and all things are in arrears. Do not mention this as it would look like complaining of Hardinge, who has himself had too much to do, and it will come all right now I dare say. The Punjaub will require immense exertions, and not to be ruled by me when a volume of correspondence is imposed on the appointment of every constable. All you tell me about the battles I know from Hardinge; and know also what the man must go through who attempts to put things right where all is bad: the staff rule, not the general. A new man will have them all against him, and also all the luxurious, and all the idle. To do the work would require such thorough support as could hardly be expected by me, for the best men view matters differently.

"As to Lord Ripon I did not answer him till I was cool and able to write temperately. Another maudlin letter has come from him; he will have an answer in the same tone, and will grow tired or angry as he pleases: my pen is as good as his, or it must be as bad as his speeches. He tells me of his having praised me on the vote of thanks for the Sutlege battles, and I suppose fancies me to be flattered. I will keep in temper if I can with all, hit my enemies as hard as possible without giving any public hold upon me by the least intemperance, and by success try to keep public opinion on my side; though I know that public is utterly indifferent whether I am shot, hanged, or traduced, or made a peer of. And just as indifferent am I to its opinion. I

fear Sir G. Arthur is very ill; which grieves me, for half his faults spring from timidity.

"The same, 17th May.—You have had my plan of intended movements. One day only I gave for crushing Mittenkote, the fleet of boats was to unite my columns on each bank, and my design was to make the most rapid march possible from Charchur, opposite Mitten, to Atuk on the Sutlege, so as to cross that river before the Mooltan man knew what we were at. Moreover there was a man in my hand there also, and I well knew Mooltan was mine in so many marches. Still my march was to be in one column, excluding Ali Moorad; he would have weakened me, as his people would have plundered the Bhawalpoor country, and the two chiefs would have been fighting before I made two marches.

"I not only could have had Mooltan, but been in full march before any one expected it; either along the Sutlege or the Ravee, or on Lahore, just as Hardinge pleased. And most probably, I will say certainly, I would have raised the population in our favour all along the Indus to Dera Ishmael Khan. Yes William, I would have struck a powerful blow for Hardinge, had he been either embarrassed or victorious. Had he chosen to conquer all he has, and added Mooltan, taking the line of the Ravee, we could have worked in the field up to this very day, and given the Punjaubees such a rasping as would have left no doubt how matters stood. We could have occupied Mooltan safely, for with many inquiries I find that it is healthy; and as Ali Acbar said to me—'When did you see a sick or feeble man from Mooltan?'

"We could have had the line of the Ravee at least. But I am afraid to say what I think. First, it would look like a desire to censure Hardinge, whom I love, for he is a noble fellow. Second, it would look as if my wish was to get Gough's place, which would be false: he also is a noble fellow, but he owes Hardinge a debt of which he is not aware. Third, it would appear boastful; but to you I say

that until at Lahore I had no idea of how much could have been done. Yet will I also say, that taking all things into consideration, the bad state of the army, the want of discipline, mass of baggage &c. Hardinge could not have done more. His long absence from all military work made him I am sure feel unable to take full command: he felt he had, and he has, the great principles of war all right, but not the details, which spring from practice and are required to do good work: there is no Aladdin's lamp for discipline. My hand was in, and I had the Bombay troops, European troops, irregular troops, and many active Bengal officers, with whom I would have worked rapid reform of the Bengalees as we moved, and, I do think, have done more than has been done.

"Plan there has been none, for Hardinge kept me dark, which assures me he had no plan. Yes! we could have worked in the field to this 17th day of May, or say the first of May: all February, all March, all April was in our hands, and had things been previously right all January, and a good week in December. We ought to have had Lahore, and more than we now have on the 1st of January. But science and thought in war I see is nonsense—all is fate. Hannibal, Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon, Wellington were just lucky men; skilful, but without the luck their skill would have served them nothing. Well, all is victorious! grand! Admirable! a lot of noble fellows are dead, but England is satisfied: Waterloo is reacted. George disagreed with Bunbury I am told, and says, 'Oh! all will be victorious.' So it is, and therefore I say science and study are all nonsense, foresight a humbug, for there is an unseen power at work that laughs us all to scorn. That power has decided that our India is yet to rise, and the more we blunder the greater shall we be: in a hundred years we shall have our stations on the Helmund and the Oxus.

"I had collected camels and everything wanted with great labour and rapidity, and was on the eve of having my whole force united at Roree when I got the order to go to

Ferozepoor, which half killed me; hardly could I speak without tears; I did not think anything could have so floored me; and my work has been enough to kill a horse. Sir G. Arthur behaved right well, though his government did not; and from Lord Ripon's speech it is clear Arthur took credit for it: he was right. He has indeed always supported me in war, and I will always feel obliged to him; yet I cannot trust him, because, the moment Lord Ellenborough went he showed the cloven foot.

"You ask me for the history of the Sikh artillery? It is this. A gun is a god, and the men are ready to die at their guns; our people killed them there. The god won't run away, nor will his worshippers run away from him; but the infantry do run away, and so the gunners are killed and the guns taken. The first man wounded has his blood smeared over the god, and the last man is therefore more desperate, more devoted than the first. This accounts for so many guns being taken, but our artillery was worth a dozen of theirs notwithstanding. Much as I am disappointed with the Bengal army the material is noble, it is folly which has hurt them; they seem as if always commanded by a staff, not by a general-in-chief. Lord Ripon wrote to me thus, *The Court of Directors had views of their own.* My answer was, *So have I, so had the Council of Ten at Venice when they murdered their successful Condottieri, Carmagnole.* He won't like this, but he may get plainer language. I care for nobody but Lord Ellenborough — at this moment the little chap, Charlie MacMurdo, came to my elbow, as much as to say, *I am somebody.*"

Now came the most terrible scene of his whole life, a scene of unmitigated horror and terror and anguish, from which thousands fled in wild desperation to perish miserably as the thousands they left behind had perished while they were flying. In this dreadful crisis Charles Napier rose with even more than his usual moral greatness, and shewed himself indeed a man fitted for command in every difficulty

and danger whatever form they took. Here the form was cholera, and sixty thousand persons perished! Amidst this pestilence he strove night and day, preserving order, giving comfort to the dying, and courage to all.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, June 19.—Our misfortune has indeed been very terrible. The cholera had raged among the natives for some weeks, and in the night of the 14th inst. struck the Europeans; except on the deck of the Zenobia the like of the 86th hospital could not be paralleled! It then attacked the 60th; then the Bombay Europeans; then the native regiments; and from the 14th until yesterday raged with a horrible vehemence: had it lasted three days more our whole station must have been destroyed. Cooks, butchers, bakers, all died or fled, and the country is said to be strewed with carcasses: terror prevented fugitives from recollecting that they would have neither water nor aid, nor shelter from the fierce sun which now rages in all its power; but the disease must be with them, and to fall and die are the same thing. The confusion has been so great that I am unable yet to collect all the returns, even of the Europeans, but my fear is that upwards of 400 of my noblest soldiers have fallen victims to this mysterious disease. Seven or eight officers have been ill, but one only has died: it attacked the finest and the strongest men.

"My first step was to separate the regiments as quickly as my deficiency of carriage enabled me, but nothing stopped the progress of the disease during the first three days; after that, in the night of the 17th, its virulence seemed mitigated. On the 18th, the character of the disease became infinitely milder, and this day not above 12 or 15 soldiers have died, and the medical men expect that to-morrow it will have wholly passed away. This strange disease defies reflection. In some it appeared by violent convulsions, dreadful to behold; in others all was calmness, they came into hospital placid and silent, and not one of these quiet ones lived many hours: the cries of the others were very painful to hear.

"I believe a doctrine obtains among medical men that water is bad in cholera. This appears to be a great error; some of the most violent cases appeared to give way to repeated draughts of cold water: at first this was thrown up, but after two or three times remained on the stomach and the patient recovered. All were calling for water, and especially soda-water, of which thousands and thousands of bottles were drunk. I greatly encouraged the surgeons to give water, because, seeing death was inevitable I thought it cruel to add intense thirst. And by a strange accident I had happened to see, on the very morning before the disease broke out, an advertisement as to the beneficial effects of cold water: the description was exactly what I observed in the hospital and I am persuaded that the remedy is right. The summer is hot beyond anything we have had since we occupied Scinde.

"Tell Henry his letter of rage at my not being made a peer reached me. I am not the least in a rage at it; but see now what value to put upon the hypocritical fine speeches made about me in Parliament. The not noticing my appeal against Outram is another question; the Government has a right to its own judgment in advising the Queen to bestow honours, but has no right to refuse me justice."

"P.S. by his daughter. Papa is working himself to death. Ever since this dreadful cholera broke out, he has been twice a day round the hospitals; but he has done so much good, for it cheers the poor men so seeing him among them. Except fatigue from this over-exertion and anxiety he is in his usual health, and the rest of us are well, though we have been in great anxiety about John's poor little girl, who is however to-day pronounced out of danger. Her recovery has been something wonderful. She seemed at the point of death, and father and mother had said good-bye to her for ever. We are happy, and in spirits again at this happy recovery, and the cholera is abated, so we are getting all as usual again. The nights are very oppressive and hot, but the days

pretty cool, and when the monsoon sets in we shall have nothing I hope to complain of."

This hopeful anticipation was soon stifled under a fearful load of misery. Meanwhile, 7000 persons in the town, more than a third; and above 50,000 outside had died. It was indeed a terrible visitation, yet one that would have been much alleviated if his urgent repeated solicitations for leave to bring the Mullaree river to the town had been attended to! It was an afflicting retrospect.

"June 30th.—The horrors of the cholera are not yet over; one hundred and twenty died in the town yesterday, and food has become scarce, for all the neighbouring people fled with their cattle. It is said to be travelling towards Europe; if it reaches you tell your doctors that cold water is the best remedy, if anything be a remedy. At first a few recovered under this treatment; then perhaps half. It is not perhaps a remedy, but nature craves it, and the idea that it does harm is erroneous. Several men who have recovered told me the water did it; to add the horrors of thirst to those of death in pain, or rather agonies, is dreadful. Happily we have a soda-water manufactory here, and I imagine not less than 40,000 bottles were drunk in the week.

"I do not pretend to say I am not chagrined at being a marked man by the government. This has been made evident from nothing having been done for any of my staff in the hill campaign, which would not have been the case under any other general. Then I have no answer about Outram. As to rewards, I can only act as I have always professed; those who are to receive them are not the men to dictate what they shall be. Hardinge and Gough are both my seniors. It is true that Smith is only a colonel and is made a baronet: this is very marked; why I know not, nor do I care. I have worked, and do work from motives of honour and right feeling, and because I love work: if they for whom I work have not the same right feeling I cannot help it. To me however, it is not half so bad as their

breaking through all their own rules to make Colonel England a K.C.B., leaving you and others unnoticed! Yet I would not exchange my campaign and your history of it, for that of the Sutlege when history begins to dissect it.

"I cannot under any affront or even insult resign till after the monsoon; for if I did, be assured they would appoint Outram, who would find his way here by Guzerat and Cutch, to lord it over me before my family could be got off. No! Nothing shall make me resign till the post is open. Outram and Lord Ripon! There never was a man so easily gulled as I, by a fellow assuming generosity of feeling towards me. Lord Ripon is not a rascal by nature, but is so weak of intellect that rascals do what they please with him, and make him act like one of themselves. By the end of the monsoon I shall see more of the plans of my enemies at Bombay, who rule Lord Ripon: one is going to his fathers, Sir Arthur—I forgive him his sins. The doctors think I have asthma; perhaps it is, or water on the chest: neither are entertaining, yet one *pants* after both!

"I know not if it was wise, but I told Hardinge that in his position I would seize the whole Punjaub this winter: there can be no Sikh government, it is humbug to suppose it. We take all their money and pretend to set them up! Why their money was their only strength! If this game was played to get out of a scrape it was right to set up a Maharaja; but when the troops are withdrawn from Lahore the game of moderation will end and that of annexation begin. The hypocrisy of calling it 'moderation' cannot long be concealed; it was a trap, a trick to get out of the well, and if Hardinge does not take the Punjaub next winter he will commit an error: if he does, where is our moderation? I really wish they would restore the Ameers: it would give a lesson. I see Hume proposes it: I suppose he wants a Sikh loan! Cholera fast abating, thank God!"

Now the blow came home.

"July 8th. A man must go through what he is born for,

but sometimes it is very hard. I thought my large family could not all escape, and my boy John has fallen! He was struck by cholera about three o'clock yesterday as we were sitting down to dinner, and at ten he no longer existed! I have seen many die, but not one in such dreadful agonies until half an hour before dissolution when he became tranquil, and then expired! My heart is almost broken William: it was crushed a good deal before, and I have now to tell his wife, who I would not tell last night; neither she nor her mother yet know it: she begged not to be told anything last night, for she is on the eve of child-birth: if she dies! Well, I am unable to write.

"Were it not for the sake of others it would be hard for me to bear up against this storm, but my strength and health seem able for it, God send that my wife's may: it will if Minney gets through safely, if not she will scarcely bear the misery. The poor little child's illness has worn my wife out. For many weeks she wholly attended it; the child loved her and did not like its parents, would not go to them. The day before yesterday John and I laid this little child in its grave; to-day I shall lay him there! It is a fearful dream. He was working with us all yesterday morning in the office, and in a few hours was gone! What is death in battle to this? His brother William is sadly cut up; it is his first great grief: the sight was terrible in the hospitals, but to see John die tried the nerves. Your's and Henry's letters have come, but I fear being unable to answer them this mail: four days of business have accumulated, for I could not go through all my work in those terrible days. Heavy depression hangs on me, but I must not let the work I am paid for executing be neglected. Dear brother we all have our distresses.

"Journal, July 9th.—I have lost my journal from 26th April, and since then nothing but great suffering has been my fate. John's first illness; then his child's; and then the terrible cholera which swept off my soldiers; and, oh

ily)d! its last blow struck down my beloved nephew after he as d I had laid his child in its grave. I laid him by her ere le; he who from his infancy I had saved and cherished, I d whom I so loved. Merciful God, how heavily the hand of ies : evil spirit strikes! but we go to Thee and the struggle m- ds! My time cannot be very distant. I have no wish to m: sten it; and my whole mind is bent to correct myself and nis indifferent about worldly happiness, which is out of my er ach: hopeless to me!

st "They have marked me also as a public man. There are s! ardinge's letters calling me up from Rorce to his head-arters, because things were in danger and he thought or vas the man to pull them through. I am not so vain as id think they had no other; but they thought so, and the it, my thought so, and I have the governor-general's letter ly- ing so. The government at home have of course copies, y · the letters are official, and yet they have made Gough d aron, Smith a baronet and grand cross, though but a o onel, and for one victory! To say this is insulting me c uld scarcely be too strong in the opinion of the world; a : a man who won two great victories, saved an army, con- - ered a rich kingdom, and tamed eighteen thousand robber- s n who had before repeatedly defeated our troops and dis- t aced our arms; he who has tranquillized and organized the e vernment of Scinde successfully, ruling it also successfully I) : three years and a half, might surely expect to be noticed: - might expect to have equal honours with a colonel whose - e victory was preceded by some disaster; or with the man . hom he was called up to supersede in command.

"I care nothing for a peerage; but talking as it were, *ssip*, I have a better right to a peerage than one, and to baronetcy—which I would not accept—than the other! ut all these things must become history, and noodle Ripon's *ampaign without an error*,' his phrase in the house, will be ound one huge error. How I run on with this nonsense, ut anything to divert my mind from misery. There is no

doubt that had I been summoned in time I should hanily been detached instead of Harry Smith, who is a good-hear was brave fellow, and it gladdens me that he has been rewardvere for he was the only man that acted with any science and s! I as a general officer. Had I been in his place I would, amies Aliwal, have crossed the river, pursued the enemy a milcan-two, then wheeled to my left and marched rapidly along iam: right bank of the Sutlege upon the permanent camp atfl his braon, opposite the entrenched camp of the Sikhs on thac ˙ her side. The moment they perceived the head of my cing last about the 4th day after the battle, they would, if not e dies! have begun to evacuate their entrenchments at Sobraon military man needs a further explanation: the whole gl for would have been in our hands. That done I would and marched straight on Lahore, and in three days been be' it, leaving Gough to take care of my rear: there was a gidy. game, but it was not played." ıy

Those who have seen and those who have picture-hild themselves the state, the luxury and pomp of eastern to' vernors, will be surprised, perhaps disgusted with the ittle mencement of the following letter, shewing with rs a simplicity of living, and even discomfort for the ruler, a peen-may be well erned. is

"M. Gen' July 24.—Your letters found me ut only in g ut with more business than usuie and less ni government-house not being finished have no room. oor Minny nd her child are in our ber room, which was also our p lour. We sleep in our hr and in this climate the doors are only Venetian blinds, s. that we might as well be all in one room: this when th is much to do is a serious interruption; but a fresh rod will soon be ready and clear me of this pressure. Mini and her little girl are well, but I am uneasy about Willia he seems well, but is so thin, so cast down about his bi ther's death, and always having himself some fever, that n anxiety is considerable. I am indeed in the midst of gloon

like one on a high mountain with clouds around his head. John gone, his widow and child on my hands; William delicate, Susan not free from fever.

"All kindness is experienced from Hardinge, but he gives me no answer to letters of great importance. I am sure he leaves all to the civilians, and they, out of spite, won't answer: it looks at least very like it. Shere Mohamed, the Lion, has sent ambassadors to me, offering his sword; I have referred him to the governor-general. I will take no more abuse for the sake of the Ameers, let the directors please themselves. I have had a letter from Lord E. which shows me how angry he is: one of his expressions is stronger than I can copy, fearing my letter may *miss*:—but he continues thus. 'No man who knows anything at all of military affairs would hesitate to place your campaign in the hills, last year, far above all that has been done by generals on the Sutlege, and to award you the superiority without reference to Meeance or Hydrabad.' He is true as steel in his feelings towards me, but is trying to avoid any collision on personal grounds, whether relating to me or himself, as he thinks at this moment the welfare of the country is being sacrificed to base feelings. He assures me he shall be delighted to quit office, being prevented from acting with justice towards the navy, which he terms 'a justly-dissatisfied service.' The only benefit he has conferred on the navy has been his impartial administration of patronage, which may render a return 'to the old system of jobbing somewhat difficult for a successor.' His successors have exposed that error!

"From Lord Ripon a retiring letter of excuses has come, in answer to my charge against him. However I wont quarrel. A strong hitter can make his friend's nose bleed though he has the gloves on! Peerages are now won by a concatenation of blunders, and all England proclaims by acclamation that *no blunder was committed!* Even the bitterness of whig hostility cannot discover errors washed down by huge draughts of blood unnecessarily shed! It cannot

therefore be disputed that John Bull enjoys a massacre: he prefers even a Cabool carnage to a bloodless day's work. There is no distinction made between the private and the commander. They call these late battles '*splendid victories.*' Splendid displays of European courage if you will, which carried the general through. Splendid indeed!

"I shall send you or Lord Ellenborough, this mail, a statement in opposition to that laid before parliament about the cost of Scinde. One of my great outlays has been that of thoroughly cleansing the canals. This has hitherto been done by the kardars at a wild cheating rate, to which no check could be put. Now, from the first I have been forming a canal department; it has cost much pains and money, but has taken surveys and levels all over Scinde for the thorough organization of canals and irrigation of the land. In October it will take the whole of the canals out of the hands of the kardars, who are the natives employed in each district to do everything relative to revenue. Hitherto the Indus has created and destroyed the harvests at its caprice. In June and July the country is one great expanse of water, and the grain shoots up like magic; suddenly down goes the river and all is parched up by the terrible sun. The grain bears this for some time, the earth holding moisture, and if a second rise of water comes grows rich and heavy: but if the river does not rise in time, or enough, or perhaps not at all, the crop perishes altogether.

"Now with our system of sluices, all the great feeders will become long tanks, plentifully supplying the grain by little field drains till ripe, when the sluices will be opened and the canals cleaned out. The water spreads now wildly over the whole surface of the land, and where that happens to be a low level it lies until the sun of August and September dries up the swamp; then a rich mixed vegetation of grain and weeds springs up with a full crop of fever! The people think I am going to starve them in such parts, but will soon find out that they have a command of water

and little fever. In the higher grounds, where they now cannot keep the water, or do not get it at all, they see the good of the new plan; and that, if water cannot be brought upon their ground direct, it will still be brought so close that by means of the Persian wheels they can get plenty. I thus hope next year to see the first action, the A B C, of my sluice system begun, and in ten or twenty years it will be thoroughly understood, and make Scinde a vast farm for cotton, indigo and wheat, with various other grains, and timber also. I defy any man to doubt the riches of an alluvial soil with a hot sun, and good scientific irrigation."

It was part of the directors and the Bombay schemes to represent Scinde, in 1846, as a waste of sand, a dead weight on Indian revenue. Now, in 1856, they are as loud in calling for railroads, on the ground of the wonderful natural riches and advantages of Scinde!

"We want people and agricultural schools, but I can get no answers to letters. For two years have I tried to get an answer confirming or abolishing my treaty with Ali Moorad, and I still remain without even a notice! The officers of the irregular corps do not appear in the Gazette, and therefore are forced to draw their pay on account. I have not less than seventy thou[illegible] pounds of what is called '*inefficient balance*' in my treasury, i. e. money advanced to people, or for other things, by order of government but without regular sanction. The sanction comes indeed at last, but with procrastination, which keeps the accounts open and the people discontented and inconvenienced. You see how many ways the civil servants and the inimical military department have of winging, or rather disabling me, for that is the only worry it gives. Hardinge is not vigorous enough to prevent this: Ellenborough did. If I made a fight, the result would be that Hardinge and myself would be overwhelmed with an enormous correspondence—some two or three quires of paper from each department. Then every department is in close connection with three or four

others, and all would unite to prove they were all quite right; and after two or three years of hard work, Hardinge would be quite convinced that I was very zealous, very ill-judging, and very ill-informed.

"This I cannot face, and so limp on with the government, compelled to submit to the intangible hostility of civil and military departments working in coteries. I have once or twice gained my points, but the game is not worth the candle, especially as that candle is my strength, my life. Wherever it relates to justice for individuals, or bodies, I am stiff and gnarled as an old tree; but where it regards government only I let things go their own gait: the public loses, but it is not my fault. In short I am unable to carry on a contest of this nature: had I even bodily strength it would compel me to abandon things of far more consequence; and as I will not sacrifice primary to secondary matters the latter must take their chance. There is but one thing to be done, *'faire ce qu'il faut, arrive ce qu'il pourra.'* Time will probably put all to rights: if it does not a clear conscience remains.

"That I imagine does not belong to Captain Jacob. I have heard that an officer at Hydrabad has had Outram's book for three weeks, though it has not yet publicly reached Scinde, and none of my friends have been able to get sight of it; the owner meantime lending it to a coterie to read, of course to form a party against me. Jacob is the man I have strong reason to believe, yet I will not judge till I know that he was the man. If it be so he is a grateful gentleman. I have done more for him than for any man in the Scinde army. I shall however take no notice of him if he is the person; I will not make a partizan business of my affair with Outram while governor of Scinde, and commanding the troops, or I should be unfit for command. I believe that if Brown Dr. Gibbon and Stanley, be excepted, there is not one of the political set I *found* at Sukkur who is not my secret enemy. Fitzgerald belonged then to the Scinde

Horse, but I believe him to be as true and honest as possible" —he was so.

"Time cannot be expended on these worries, though, as Montagu McMurdo says, it vexes one to find a man turn out so ungrateful. There are plenty of such sort of traitors about me—*plenty too much* as the natives say:—be it so, it will not shake me. There are some honest and true gentlemen whom I can trust, a man cannot expect more; and he who has no concealments can defy spies, boards of control, courts of directors, and all such-like. If I can hold Scinde with tranquillity during 1847, and then give over my government my work will be honestly done, and I shall have given England more than I ever took from her. Without this wind-up my account ought not to close: it is the proof of a sum in addition by cutting off the top line. A feeling of doing honest service, and justice to my own reputation demand this arrangement, and my health will bear one more hot season here. People say that I have remained here too long for health, but my strength is best known to myself, and another summer I will risk, though two would be too much; they judge from my extreme weakness, forgetting that it was caused by the accursed journey to Lahore, to mortification and dysentery combined: these would have killed half the men of my age in India! My hope is for a quiet winter, but if there be war I shall insist on being at the head of the Scinde troops, or at the head of the Indian army: I will not be second, except to the governor-general, who I know must depend on me.

"I have just gotten our accounts in for 1845-6, ending last April. We have realised thirty-one lacs and some odd thousands. Our increase is apparently very regular. The first year the revenue was at the rate of 18 lacs, for we did not commence collection until June. The next year, with quiet and more experience, gave 27 lacs; this year we have five lacs more, and last month we realised three lacs, or 36

for the year. The collectors think it will increase to 100 lacs in a few years. Scinde is a rich conquest.

"My system of ruling does not suit the directors. They are so sick of me that I mean to ask the Queen's leave to take the name of *Ipecacuanha Napier*, and then publish a book of my government, with a frontispiece showing the board of control and directors all vomiting: a bottle of physic shall be on the table, and their names over their heads, Ripon's first, but as Astell is *the 'most obstinate man in England,'* his medicine shall have a double action. My corrections of the statements made in parliament about our revenue will go off by this mail. I shall send it to Lord Ellenborough and Lord Ripon, and I see no reason why it should not be made public, but do not know the law about contradicting parliamentary papers. My wish is to have my correspondence with Lord Ripon moved for in the house."

Lord Ripon stifled the corrections and the false statements were adopted!

"I read my Bible like other virtuous men, and take advice; and I wish Joe Hume plenary success, and that the Ameers may be restored, and our troops withdrawn as he desires: in one month anarchy would be at its height; or say one year, for it is unsafe to prophecy in these things, the poor bear so much and so long before they resist. But the poor of Scinde have now justice, work, high wages; the rich have all they had, and more, for they can now keep their riches; the merchants have security: all have gained by the vast diminution of taxation, and twenty-thousand soldiers spend money amongst them. Let the Ameers be restored and the poor will get plenty of work but no wages, no justice; the rich will be plundered to form a fresh treasury; every chief will then be at the mercy of some Ameer to turn him out of his jaghire; the Hindoo merchants will be squeezed, and all the old heavy taxes will be put on again: all this will end in throat-cutting by the people, who

are expert and like the amusement when safely to be practised. Lord Ripon has not perhaps received the balance sheet from me, but he has one from Calcutta, or may have it: however he shall have it. I never wanted him to take my calculations, the public clerks calculate; but where has he found those received from me erroneous? As you say, he probably takes Outram's calculations.

"From Shere Mohamed's vakeels, when they came to offer me his sword, I got much information. Five princes of the Talpoor house fell at Dubba, with an immense number of minor chiefs. The Ameer himself was close to the village, and the crowds we saw at first, hurrying to their right, were the chiefs with their followers hastening to receive their last orders from him. From the vakeel's account their numbers were very great. The Lion was eight coss, or about twelve miles, from Meeanee when a messenger from the other Ameers told him of the defeat: he had then 12,000 men, and Wullee Chandia had 10,000 on my rear, ten miles off. History will detect no exaggeration in my dispatches, but the reverse. On the 18th I should not have had less than 60,000 enemies in my front. I should however have defeated them all on the position they occupied; for it was contracted, and they could not have engaged more than they did at once: but had Shere Mohamed passed their flank and pushed on through the woods to join Wullee Chandia they would have defeated me, or obliged us to fall back on the Indus without fighting a battle.

"We might have made good a retreat, but I doubt it; my troops were too young to bear retreating under fire. I could do it now perhaps, being better used to my work and known to the troops. But all this is imagination, science in war is nonsensical, bull-dogs are at a premium! The great thing is to halt two months on the field of battle after a victory, within forty miles of your enemy's capital; then to let him cross a river under your nose and entrench; then lose two thousand men in storming those entrenchments;

taking care meanwhile to have no ammunition in your camp to resist an attack, thus seeking an opportunity for displaying the power of the bayonet! It is disgusting to see a campaign of unsurpassable errors praised to the skies as faultless —errors also, resulting in enormous carnage.

"Henry Napier, August 3.—This summer has been to me one of great misery privately, and disappointment publicly—about the campaign, not the peerage. The journey to Lahore and back was very severe: and during the cholera I went through the hospitals twice a day, speaking to every man. There were seven hospitals, some two miles asunder, and the nearest two thousand yards from my house. This in such great heat, and being myself weak in health, was trying. And then, when all appeared safe my dear boy was struck down! And Henry!—of all the terrible deaths of agony I witnessed his was the most terrible: I trust his father will not know this. The last half hour he grew quite calm and stupified, and even slept, and my foolish hopes rose, and we hung over him watching his breathing. Merciful God! but this cholera tries the nerves of the heart! In this small place, where altogether we are but a handful of Europeans and natives seven thousand have died. I have lost 800 soldiers, and we are the portion most cared for—having hospitals, able doctors, every comfort, every attendance. One and all cried out as they died, Oh that it were in battle! This was the prevailing feeling. A dying Belooch said to me, Oh general if we were dying in battle with you we should be happy! but to die thus! And how light it would have been to me, comparatively, had my dear boy been smashed by a cannon shot. The mind and heart and nerves all sink under these pestilential slaughters.

"When trying to cheer up the dying men my looks were as if I felt the confidence my words expressed, but hardly could I keep from tears. There were three carts with four horses plying constantly to carry away dead bodies, heaped, with their legs stiffy sticking out—and then the burial

ground! It was shocking to all, and to me who had a wife and eight young ones! I am thankful that but one fell!

"On the 6th day John went with me to see a sick soldier of my escort, who has been with me from my arrival in Scinde, and whose horse was killed close to me at Meeanee. Poor Bandehi was in his agony, and when my dear boy and I left him we were very low, and John had the day before lost his child: next evening he too was gone! The evil spirit hits hard!

"August.—Outram's book is come. I have not read it, but William"—his nephew—"tells me it is full of egregious lies and misrepresentations, and dull as ditch-water. Poor charlatan! By the stress he lays on my not speaking Hindostanee, and '*the language,*' one would imagine Outram was an adept: he cannot speak a word of Persian, nor of Scindee, nor of the Beloochee language. He could never pass even in the common Hindostanee, in which he can only just make himself understood: that he cannot write English every one knows. I shall contradict a statement which William tells me he makes, about my not telling Lord Ellenborough of the territory along the left bank of the Indus when the dispute with the Ameers was going on; it is a sample of his work and the public may thus judge of the rest—my '*sacking Hydrabad*' is capital.

"From the supreme government we get no answers to anything, and the complaint is general; but I say nothing, being afraid of the imputations of jealousy at the '*glories of the splendid victories.*' Jealous of the generalship on the Sutlege! Jesus of Nazareth! Your plan of campaign never reached me before"—See Administration of Scinde. "It is exactly what should have been done, and the not doing it would have lost India, had the Sikhs had a soldier at their head, instead of a traitor and fool like Lall Sing: but British soldiers will fight through anything within the bounds of possibility in these countries.

"I have told Hardinge frankly he ought to take the Pun-

jaub this season: it is necessary for our own glory, for the interests of India, and for humanity. Whether he is angry or not I do not know; he told me I had changed, having before said the Sutlege was the best boundary—Yes! a year ago. It was so then, but why? Because you have the Nizam with six millions of discontented subjects, and the King of Oude with three or four millions; and God knows how many others within your territory: wherefore you should get your farm in a ring fence before going to the Indus. But I added—'you must have war with the Sikhs, for either they or your own treasury will force you into it very soon. Now my Lord you have been, as I said you would be, forced into a war, and you have won four battles: why then arrest the progress of your arms? Why oblige yourself to keep up an army of observation instead of one of occupation? Your conduct meets with universal approbation and therefore I am wrong; but my opinion remains unchanged. I would plant my colours at Peshawur. You say a Sikh government is good between the Hindoos and Mahometans of Affghanistan: I dare say it is, but a British government is better.'

"How he will take this I know not, but it is truth. He has no military head near him, and in truth his own seems to be confined rather to great presence of mind on a field of battle, without extending far as to great plans of operation. Long quiet life has so directed his thoughts to party politics and financial details, that he is a better secretary of war than commander of an army. My conviction is, that he felt unequal to the details of command or he would have taken command: he could not wield the weapon, and his error in volunteering to be second proves he felt rightly. Had he been master of his game he would have taken supreme command, and thrown the details on Gough. I do not know but think this, and I think also that he is a good fellow, honest and true-hearted.

"Do not be afraid of your son marrying; he won't

starve. There is always bread to be had in the world, and as our old Uncle Richmond said to my mother when he wanted me to marry, 'God sends bread where He sends mouths.'"

Charles Napier did not confine himself to advice; he gave him the means of getting bread when Lord Panmure took it away with gross oppression: young Napier was deaf and dumb, and was not '*Dowb.*'

"I have sent the Prince of Wales a Belooch sword, a good present he may be assured, for rough times are to come: whether he will use it well or ill our children will see; he will have a set of rascals to deal with or the world will change miraculously. There is one sure chance however of making him a great man: let Lord Ripon be his tutor, with orders to counsel his pupil every hour of the day, and give the prince strict orders to do exactly the contrary. This would accomplish what the education people want: for first it would teach the child agreeably, as disobeying a tutor continually and being always right would make it the greatest pleasure. Secondly it would produce reflection for ascertaining exactly the tutor's views and wishes, to secure an uninterrupted road of useful contradiction. The prince would thus, in a Machiavellian way, be led along the paths of wisdom agreeably. I think David must have given a Lord Ripon to Solomon. It is said they have got up a newspaper at Bombay to attack me, and subscribed 30,000 rupees: Outram's name at the head of the list.

"Journal, Sept. 27th.—This day, thirty-six years ago, I was shot through the head at the battle of Busaco, and still at times suffer much from the wound, indeed always when a cold seizes me. No one who has not been hurt in some part which affects the sight, smell, hearing, or passage of food, can tell what small but constant suffering is undergone: for thirty-six years I have not known what it is to breathe freely! Well, all men have their cross, and no cross no crown, say the Quakers. They are right.

"I am irregular now with my journal. My mind is ill suited to discuss the vexations preying on it; public ones I care for little, but I have others like the rest of the world. Outram's book is out: he is an unprincipled fellow, without gratitude or truth in his composition. Some things in Hardinge have lately staggered me; others make me think myself unjust towards him: I am disgusted with public life. My family are angry at my not being made a peer; I laugh at them, and think they all set me too high, feeling that I was a mere instrument under God's hand by which He worked his will in Scinde. Yet I am vain; made so by comparing myself with others in public life, and seeing what is only deserving of censure lauded as perfection. Yes! I am more skilful than those people and their surrounders. I saw but one man at Lahore on whom I set a very high value—Lieut.-Colonel Irwine of the Engineers, who seemed to me to be a soldier: the young ones were excellent, but had no masters to teach them. The young Hardinges are nice lads, especially the elder who has lost his leg: then there were my own three trumps, John, William, and McMurdo. John would have made a first-rate soldier: my heart is broken at his loss. Montagu McMurdo and William are two boys whose courage, sound sense, and devotion to their work, make them real soldiers both, and able ones. How my heart bleeds for the loss of the third.

"When I went up to Lahore, my hope was to have opportunities of giving each some enterprise singly to train them to distinction and command, and not having the opportunity was one of my great disappointments; it was greater than for myself. I was confident of my own work, knew I was a general, and that no Sikh chief could have stood before me. I have no mock-modesty, but the specimens of Indian generals I have seen do not lower my opinion of myself, though it leaves me open to my dear old Susan Frost's favourite saying—'*Aye, boy, by haps he is the best, but bad's the best.*'"

SIXTEENTH EPOCH.

SIXTH PERIOD.

Suffering from an incipient mortal disease, produced by mortification of spirit and the fatigue of "the accursed journey to Lahore:"—suffering thus, Charles Napier entered his sixty-fifth year, with enough of mental disquietude and bodily pain to crush any spirit less enduring than his own. He worked hard, but for bad masters, with as little hope of favour as a religious reformer could expect from Spanish Inquisitors; yet he did work most zealously, having the honour of England in view, and the prosperity of a people who had by their subjection obtained a sacred claim on his fostering wisdom. With these objects he scorned the relentless enmity of cabinets and directors, of factions and of fools.

A change of Administration relieved him from Lord Ripon, but brought into power the Grey family to augment the enmity of the men in power. Sir John Hobhouse succeeded Lord Ripon at the Board of Control, and displayed at first good feelings and good-will; but he was unable, if willing, to restrain the ill-will of others:—ill-will developed without regard to truth or decency. Let the following sample suffice. The author of this biography, being then Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, heard from Sir John Hobhouse that some of the ministers were favourable to Sir C. Napier's appeal against Outram, but the majority were with his enemies, and they '*were Legion.*' Such was the expression. That their saying was 'would you ruin the poor devil for writing against Sir C. Napier,

when General W. Napier remains lieutenant-governor, after publishing the Conquest of Scinde?'

This was to assume, with flagitious sophistry, that the Conquest of Scinde was libellous and untrue; whereas it was an exact history of events, written with good faith, founded on and sustained by parliamentary and other official documents; it did not contain a word deviating from social or historical decorum, to give a right of comparison with Outram's brutal libels on Sir C. Napier. It was written in defence of a brother, foully assailed by faction when his life was being daily exposed to battle and pestilence, written without his participation; and to mix it up with his appeal, as a general, against infamous and unprovoked aspersions and breach of discipline was a mean and dastardly pretence to cover personal enmity. Proof of that enmity was instantly obtained. I, the author of the work on Scinde, formally, in writing, proposed that a dismissal from my government should instantly take place, on the express ground of having published that history:—provided Colonel Outram was brought to trial for his libels and insubordination. There was not courage or honesty enough to accept these terms, and the falseness of the avowed ground for protecting Outram was thus made manifest: to drive me from my government afterwards under other pretences was an easy task for a Grey, and not more honourably executed. These pitiful proceedings did not make Charles Napier swerve from his just and beneficial course.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, ~~Feb.~~ 25th. I have made a hurried and imperfect sketch of my government, written off in about two hours for Hobhouse. Neither he nor any one knows what I have really been about, and seeing in the papers that they mean to change the form to their cursed Indian Government system, I thought to give Hobhouse an idea of what *it is* they are going to change, that they may work with their eyes open, and then change. I send you a

copy. I have a farewell letter from Lord Ripon to say:—*how much he had approved all I did, and thanking me!* This is my answer.

"'My Lord, I have the honour to acknowledget he receipt of, and to thank you for your letter dated 7th July: which however places me in a position distressing to any man of proper feeling. I mean that of obligation for expressions of private kindness, while as president of the Board of Control you have refused me justice. Your lordship refers to the "*difficulties*" which I have had to encounter in Scinde. The greatest and the only painful one has arisen from your lordship's conduct relative to Major Outram! While I have strictly obeyed, though with great mental suffering, the orders to be silent, issued by the Governor-General of India to myself and Major Outram, that officer has been, not only allowed but by your silence encouraged to attack me in the public prints, and in a book. And I now find from Lord Hardinge, that your lordship had long ago resolved that I should not receive support from government. My lord, you must excuse me for saying, that if my conduct in Scinde deserved the approbation which it has received from Her Majesty, from Parliament, from the Court of Directors, and from yourself, it deserves a better return than the injustice which I have received from your lordship.—C. NAPIER.'

"The governor-general writes to me that he had instructions not to notice my appeal any farther! This was in November last, and is his answer to my second appeal of last August insisting on an answer, which I imagine will reach home about this time. They are miserable wretches these directors, with their secret committee. They, with Lord Ripon, the journey to Lahore, the vexations, the cholera work, and the loss of my poor boy, for I loved him as if he was my own son, have nearly done for me; aided as they have been by the roasting of the summer, by dysentery, hemorrhoids, and the immense labour of arranging, and

assembling the army at Roree. For though Lord Ripon, in the House, lauded his friend Sir G. Arthur for the assembling of that army, what had he to do? just to give orders for six regiments to be sent to Scinde: the Bombay commander in chief, the head of the navy, the adjutant and quartermaster-generals did the rest, and it was not much altogether. But in Scinde we had to organize and move the whole machine for hundreds of miles; to provide carriage with vast exertions; to move the whole of the large train of artillery provisions and ammunition; to form bridge trains; and to furnish as well as move a complete engineer's park of siege."

It must here be called to mind that Sir C. Napier had repeatedly pointed out to the governor-general the certainty of a Punjaub war, and had desired leave to prepare beforehand, but was absolutely forbidden to do so, and assurances were given that no war would take place; that finally he was suddenly told of a battle and ordered to form an army for the field; an army of 50,000 men and their animals, though the fighting men were but 15,000: the extraordinary efforts required may thus be measured.

"Well, I stood all this, but another such summer I could not weather: I have lost 8lb. in weight, and have no breath for exertion; they tell me it is dyspepsia, but I get well of that and the shortness of breath gets worse; the winter will set me up or down; I must take my chance, and no better way of losing health than in harness. I have offered to send eleven regiments away to Bombay; Hardinge has only allowed four to go. I am sorry for this: I want to show the knaves that no more soldiers are required here than the 5000 originally intended for the occupation by Lord Auckland. Meanwhile I am delighted to say, that the *kafilas* from Central Asia, which used to go to Beila from Khelat have now made arrangements with me to come the safer road by Sehwan, from whence to Kurrachee there is an excellent road now, and safe: formerly it was a very bad and dange-

rous one. From Beila to Soonomeeanee it is not safe; and between Khelat and Beila it is very dangerous indeed: between Khelat and Sehwan my name keeps the peace, and the result is that Soonomeeanee, the rival port of Kurrachee just beyond our frontier, is sunk: all the trade comes to Kurrachee.

"My collector of customs lately went up to Beila and has just returned: he was there surrounded by slaves, entreating him to take them away. Their masters came, but were afraid to touch them lest I should be angry: so they said, put their hands in ours, give them to us and we will force them home. He answered, No! I will not interfere, for the Great Saheb would be angry; but I hope they will come with me. At last seeing him resolved not to interfere they carried off their poor slaves, except two who had an axe and defended themselves, keeping close to his horse: they are now safe in Scinde. He says a corporal and six men going through that country would produce a rising of the slaves: they all know freedom is found in Scinde, and are kept in chains, I fear in consequence. Meanwhile one of the neighbouring Belooch Chiefs has sent me word, that if I will give him land he will come and settle in Scinde with fifteen hundred cultivators and their families! I will! You shall hear more about this. I am having several officers tried by general courts-martial for military crimes; and several conductors for robbery; for I am resolved to support discipline though Ripon wont. We are getting hold of some nice statements in answer to the scoundrels about the jewels. Had I not given the Ameers' women four days to collect ornaments and help themselves without molestation, we should have had above two and a-half millions prize money instead of four hundred thousand!"—This alludes to one of the infamous slanders encouraged by authority, namely, that Sir C. Napier had stripped the Ameers' women of their ornaments, and had even taken the bed from under one who was in labour!

"*Journal.*—Lord Ripon has been my evil genius for sixteen years. It makes my English blood boil to see our country's destinies entrusted to such a man. Good and great God! what other proof can we require that Thou, and Thou alone rulest our destinies; or what would become of the honour and happiness, the safety of twenty millions of people entrusted to such a man!

"We have discovered a passage by inland creeks from Kurrachee to the Indus:—Houra! Now if I get Mittenkote for a boundary, my good fortune will be complete. Kurrachee is now the real mouth of the Indus; a firm, unvarying, rocky mouth, with a harbour; not one of those shifting mouths, one year shut, another open, according to the river's vagaries. We shall be able to navigate the Indus from Kurrachee at all seasons, and the devil will drive trade like fire. This will give the lie to the rascals who are running down this glorious country. They will not let me govern Scinde without troops as I wish. My masters do not know what justice and honesty are, and consequently know not what they can do! Fifty years hence it will be said of me, that I knew the people and the country."

The directors, who would not let Sir C. Napier execute his plans for making Kurrachee harbour, and who endeavoured for some time to ruin what he had done, are now employing English engineers to push forward his views; at the same time however, ignoring him and his works, as if such a man had never existed! Sir Henry Maddox, talking of Kurrachee at a public meeting, had the mean, the miserable effrontery to say, that place had been but a poor fishing village when it first came under the Company, but was now a flourishing place: it was a vile attempt to appropriate for the directors all Sir C. Napier's conquests, glories and labours!

"It is said young Hardinge has been taken by the Sikhs, not true I hope, it would distract his father, poor fellow. No one seems to understand that these barbarians cannot be

trusted in such matters. We will have it that their rules of honour and ours are alike, when we see daily, and all histories declare, that nations in a state of barbaric grandeur, or its remains, are inhuman, and their chiefs sacrifice every principle for safety, convenience, or debauchery. They hold on indeed to one or two grand points of honour and religion, and on those you may trust them with some security when you cannot help it: but you are never safe except from their fear. Self-interest you may trust, provided they see their interest: I trust the Scindians because they have no leaders, no money, and have a conviction that we can pour immense forces upon any point we please. Last winter gave them a lesson. One British army defeated the powerful Sikhs, while another started up in Scinde by magic. I know the Scindians said the English were like ants, you see one here, another there in solitary wanderings; but let one of them find what he wants and in an instant myriads are there.

"I am very weak, my hour of going to those I loved comes on, if the terrible events of the last four years which have covered me with the blood of men is not a bar! but that I do not fear. God who has permitted war will not condemn those who make war under circumstances beyond their control. He knows I make no war from my own will, and that my heart bled almost as much for every Belooch slain as for my own people. To this my great and admirable father reared me; to this he, whose like I have never seen for grandeur, or for gentleness of nature, whose body and mind were both cast in the richest forms of strength and beauty, reared me, not as a ruffian to delight in blood but as a soldier to save blood where it could be saved; and to wage war for England with a heart bent to soften its miseries to man: this I have done. I have fought against my will, against my exertions, and my prayers. When war came I made it my first duty as a victor to restore order and repress insult and violence; and lo the result! no anger, no revenge, no strife has been in Scinde since; all has been

peace, and my heart has rejoiced at the amelioration of the people's condition by the battles of Meeanee and Hydrabad.

"I have taken the lives of murderers: I, a sinner, have held a strong hand over my fellow sinners; but was it for evil, or for any personal advantage? Assuredly not. I judge not my fellow man, as one full of disobedience himself but as a ruler to protect the weak against the strong, the suffering against the tyrannical, the poor against the rich. I feel reproach only on one point, love of money for the sake of others, not my own sake. I take my hire and save it, because I prefer my own and my brother's children to more just conduct towards people here. I do not mean stuffing of guests, but that I should give more in charity, and not doing so I sacrifice primary to secondary objects, which is a sign of a weak mind and bad head. This I will try to correct, and yet am so anxious about my loved ones that my delight is to provide for them by economy. When I started in life I had not a penny in the world but my pay, of four shillings and eightpence a day; and for years of my youth a heavy drain was on it, which no human being, not even the object of it, knew of, yet here I am in affluence: and now my prayer is, that God will assist my weak mind to use well the riches He has given.

"October 13.—This day, forty-two years ago, my Father died at the Wells near Bristol: he expired a martyr to his duty. Few men of his time equalled him: I knew none, nor have I since met with one. Sir John Moore and the Duke of Wellington are the nearest; but neither Moore, handsome as he was, nor the Duke of Wellington had his looks or his bodily force; and in him both those gifts were surpassed by his mental endowments. Why fate cast his lot so differently from some men of ordinary abilities is to me not easily conceivable; but it may, in a great measure, be from his want of subserviency: men in power feared him. His force of character used to break out even without his knowledge and intention, and the demon of jealousy, ever

fierce in vulgar minds, kept down the superior merit it dreaded. England was the loser; and mankind is, and ever will be governed by the dull minds which it loves to honour.

"October 16th.—News from Lahore that we are getting into trouble by helping Goolab Sing; this is not impossible, we ought not to have set him up; we ought to have taken the whole country. Perhaps Hardinge thinks so too now, and is sending these men forward to have a stronger grasp of the country when the mask of moderation is thrown off. With all his physical courage however, he does not take a bold view of politics: on the field of battle he is equal to Sir Launcelot du Lac.

"October 18th.—More news. Emaum-oo-deen, a fanatic, has hoisted the Mahometan flag in Cashmere. If so, it is a result of Hardinge's talk of making a Sikh governor, as a counterpoise to the Mahometans of Affghanistan. Does he fancy all the Mahometans are in Affghanistan? Does he forget that the Sepoy ranks are filled with Mahometans? One-third of the Bombay army are Mahometans, and nearly all the cavalry. What then becomes of a Sikh Government between us and the Mahometans? Sikhs, Mahometans, Hindoos, one and all must be held by force of arms, and our policy is plain:—Seize every point of strength by arms, keep them by arms, and show ourselves resolved to rule the empire we have won. It is true we have won that empire most unjustly, but it is now impossible to abandon our position. We may not retreat, and can only hold our ground by skill and courage.

"It is not by moderation but by victory that we must hold India; and we must mix with the people, give them justice, give them riches, give them honours, give them share of all things until we blend with them and become one nation. When a half-caste or a full native can be governor-general we shall not hold India as a colony or conquest, but be part inhabitants, and as numerous as will be required to hold it

as our own. Hardinge has made a king when he ought to have dethroned one; and now he must support his favourite Sikh government, which he first deprived of strength by taking all its money. He has also affronted the Mahometan population, which were devoted to us and would have gloried in giving us the whole Punjaub: we must now support our puppets, and shall see the result of moderation. Brave and excellent Hardinge, you are not made to govern such an empire. Great will be your difficulty to support Goolab Sing if a quarrel begins; but it is not impossible that this acute man may serve you for the moment: there will come a day however when the Punjaub must be conquered, and that within three years. It cannot be otherwise: we are not considered victors on the Sutlege, the natives see the whole story, they do not conceal it, and the result will be great expense of blood and money.

"Oct. 25.—Brown, Rathborne, and Charles Curling, tell me that Captain Jacob is the greatest enemy I have in Scinde, and has actually written part of Outram's book! I can hardly believe this of a man I thought so well of, yet I can hardly doubt my authorities. If true, it is a mark the more against human nature, a deepening of the shades in the picture which render the lights more brilliant and beautiful to contemplate. If I have met with Outrams, with Adams', with Jacobs, with Ripons, I have also met with Napiers, with Moores, with Camerons, with Wilkinsons, with Kennedys. And as to women! one is smothered with the good, the brave, the generous: they beat us men out and out, if we could but keep jealousy from them and divide them! When I say Napiers, I do not mean all Napiers.

"Jacob, I hear, says, he did more for me than I did for him! What did he do for me? He acted without orders at Meeanee, and might have thus lost the battle, for his movement to penetrate the Shikargah on the left was a false one and failed, though he acted with prudence afterwards. Again

he marched from Meerpoor without orders, and thus nearly brought on, or might have brought on what my measures were made to avoid, namely, a war in the Delta; moreover, he found the enemy too strong, and was obliged to retire even before my orders to do so reached him. In the desert, he defeated Shere Mohamed; that is, the Lion fled, for there was no fight; not a musket was discharged: there was no talent required, none exhibited. I had prepared everything and he executed his orders well, and there's an end. In the hills I placed him at the mouth of the valley of the Teyaga with his regiment and two guns, to arrest fugitives and watch Belooch Khan and other friendly tribes, and there again he made offensive mistakes.

"Now, what have I done for him? I found his corps in such bad order when I arrived in Scinde, from the ignorance of his friend Outram and General England as to how troops ought to be treated, that the government had resolved to disband it. I saved it, collected the men together, gave them fair play as a regiment, and put it to its proper use, securing the command for Jacob when the Bombay government wished to give it to Captain Curtis, who had raised it and is said to be a good officer. I afterwards got Jacob the rank of Major and C.B., I got 1000 rupees a month for him as a personal favour from Lord Ellenborough, who had ordered his pay to be reduced to 840. I worked hard to get him the arrears, which he only lost by the carelessness of his friend Mr. Willoughby, the government secretary at Bombay. I then got a second regiment for him, and obtained as a personal favour to myself the command of both for Jacob: he a lieutenant of artillery, for that was his real position though in command of cavalry, having two regiments of horse! Finally, I asked that it should be called by his name!

"Jacob is an ingenious man and a good officer, but self-sufficient, and his anger against me is because I keep Capt. Jacob in *his place;* having however made that place too

high. Outram was afraid of him, for he is far superior to Outram in ability and could not be by him kept in order: he therefore wisely enough let him alone. When I arrived in Scinde the Bombay troops were without discipline, and of those I have brought under command some are discontented; so they may be, let them; but I have taught most of them their duty, and there are some superior men, like Lieut.-Colonel Roberts, who justly estimate the system of obedience which alone forms an army, but which had been so injured by the system of politicals.

"November 2nd.—A letter from Lahore. Hardinge has sent troops as far as Bimbu, to support Goolab Sing. If Goolab enters the passes and conquers Cashmere all is well, and our troops can fall back to the Beas and Sutlege as Hardinge intends: but if Goolab is beaten, are we to leave him or fight? If the first we admit folly in supporting a man we have not force to put in possession of what he has paid us for. We shall then be in a false position, cramming down the throats of the Cashmerian people a hated and hateful villain, of whom Hardinge said to me, '*He is the most thorough ruffian that ever was created; he is a villain from a kingdom down to a halfpenny.*' Yet he makes him a king! and this is called '*moderation!*'

"Nov. 6th.—Emaum-oo-Deen has not surrendered and has a good position for several months at least. These Eastern barbarians are too acute to give in till the last moment if they are in difficulties; and if flourishing they never give up, on the principle of a wise policy, because they never trust to our acting honestly: they never do so themselves, and we have not given them much encouragement to trust us. Scinde is perhaps the only instance of our acting honestly for a long period; and that only since I took the command, for nothing could be more foul than Lord Auckland's politicals, Pottinger and Outram, were. Pottinger was the best, and by far the most honest: he appears to have been forced into foul play. Outram's falsehood and deceit were natural.

"So King Goolab can't get into his purchased kingdom! but if the Cashmerians have courage, which is very doubtful, we may sing—

Oh! Goolab Sing,
We made you king,
All out of moderation!
But says Cashmere,
You shan't come here,
And all is botheration!

Oh! Lord Hardinge,
You made me king,
For a con-sid-eration!
Now give me back
Some hundred lac
Paid for your moderation.

Quoth Hardinge No!
I can't do so,
For I have got no money,
But the chamber door
Of the sweet La whore,
I'll watch for you my honey!

Lall Sing and Punk,
May both get drunk
While you may take Cashmere.
Repay your cash!
'T would be too rash,
I cannot be cashier.

"November 7th.—I am now allowed to get rid of eight regiments and five batteries; this is not enough but will lighten us, and pleases me as governor of Scinde, while paining me as a general. For the pride of the soldier will be hurt by breaking up this beautiful little Bombay army; with which I could march to Peshawur, and make the Punjaub as happy and as flourishing as I have made Scinde. But as civil affairs have ever taken precedence of military affairs in my mind, both from reason and feeling, I am far more interested for the good of Scinde than for any fame at the head of an army. The troops do good here, they civilize and attach the people to us by spending money;

but I have a higher object, namely, to show the world that India may be attached to us by justice and proper government. All our difficulties spring from bad government in this eastern empire:—that is from the directors, the '*ignominious tyrants!*' Oh! thanks Lord Wellesley for the name.

"I am sick of public life. Would I have been more content than now? A man is weak who cannot be content under his star whatever that is; and to be content, as Graham Moore, Sir John's brother, said to me, we must look below as well as above us. Content is true religion. Fools think I love war; villains say I do: both falsely. But it is a great and noble science when well applied; and feeling that I have only employed it with honest purpose to save those entrusted to my charge, by God, I cannot help an ardent desire to do it well! My mind has been devoted to the study of it; for how could I else command with honour? how answer for the lives of those entrusted to my charge? An ignorant general is a murderer: all brave men confide in the knowledge he pretends to possess, and when the death trial comes he fails because he has not studied his trade. Their generous blood flows in vain! Merciful God! how can an ignorant man charge himself with so much blood? I have studied it long, earnestly and deeply, yet tremble at my own deficiencies.

"Nov. 29th.—Hardinge ought to have let me know before this what has been done about Outram. He is too much the servant of the directors, and too much afraid of the press. May I never fall into that weakness: it is terrible when other men's fate is to be influenced. The press is of immense advantage to the public, but of equal injury if not restricted; and no man of common honesty can deny that the editors ought to be men of good character, not men who have been condemned for crimes against society. I am told the mess of the Scinde Horsemen is the great depôt for abuse against me; though, with exception of young Mal-

colm, I have given them all their appointments. However, such are men, a mixture of good and bad, we meet with both every day. In private life we can generally avoid villains but in public life we cannot.

"Dec. 3rd.—An infamous letter in the *Bombay Times* about William's History, as regards Stack's brigade and McMurdo. People seem to think it was written by Delamain. I cannot believe that brave man can be so base a liar. I have never met men so lost to honour as I have met in India: however I will never suppose any man a blackguard until proof is given."

It was soon discovered that this was one of the detestable modes of warfare employed, marking the character of the whole. Delamain, a man of the highest honour and delicacy, was ill at Lausanne in Switzerland at the time, and the scoundrel who wrote the letter for the *Bombay Times*, dated it from Switzerland, to give it the semblance of coming from Delamain, and then secretly spread that it was from him. Delamain was incapable of anything dishonourable, and capable of everything noble.

"Dec. 6.—If private war is at all allowable, it is so surely when a man is attacked as I have been by this wretched fellow Outram, without having done aught wrong against him or the public. Like all men I have my sins of temper; of swearing like a trooper, which is vulgar and a vile habit; of not being charitable enough; of ambition, overmuch; that is ambition to do my duty well and cleverly before men as well as before God; of being too arbitrary and violent, letting judgment halt tamely after action: in all these things I am frail and culpable. But as regards a vile government that lets such men as Lord Ripon control the fate of a better man than himself, as I am, there is no self-reproach. That government permits, encourages a breach of discipline towards me, and towards all authority, by a man for whom I had risked the anger of Lord Ellenborough, and for whom I had done all that was kind and generous; towards such a

government there is no self-reproach, having served it as perhaps it is not often served: life, health, family, everything has been as nought in the scale against my duty.

"The thanks of Lord Ripon and his friends, the Court of Directors, who would grind one hundred millions of poor people to powder for lucre; their thanks to me for this, have been to support the insolence and falschoods of this ungrateful wretched Outram. Properly dismissed by Lord Ellenborough, he was restored to office solely by my interference; and now, after doing his best to destroy my army, is made a tool of by the Bombay gang and by the directors to spirt their hatred upon me, because, admiring Lord Ellenborough, I speak my mind, disdaining a sneaking sycophancy; and because Lord Ellenborough invested me with the patronage of Scinde, and I have used it with strict justice for the public service. Outram indeed, exceeding even their falsehoods, accused me of providing for my 'natural son!' the honest and excellent Charles Curling! His mother I never saw but once, and that at a dinner, and after he and his brothers were men! Never was a man worse treated by a government than I have been.

"Dec. 12th.—This day five years I landed at Bombay: they have been stirring years. I have gained two victories and conquered two countries, for Cutchee is a large country and was thoroughly conquered. For England I have not only gained the land of Scinde but the good-will and attachment of its inhabitants; freed them from the horrible despotism of low debauched tyrants devoted to the basest revolting lusts, and ignorant how to govern. They had riches and all the instruments of power and pleasures in abundance, yet to make their people happy never entered their heads: to make them pay taxes was the only subject of thought. Having dethroned these wretches, I have in four years made Scinde so flourishing that she now begins to *export grain*, which I cannot learn was ever done before, either during the Ameers' reign or the Kallora's before them. She

will be the granary of India if well ruled for the next fifty years: but that I do not expect, they will change my system and she will be overwhelmed with taxation to pay for an extravagant government. Scinde might be the richest of kingdoms. Were I king of it Kurrachee would be my capital for a very little while; my troops should reach Babylon, and Candahar should be my capital, or Babylon itself. I have however done something more in these five years. I have learned that man is a vain fool, that all is vanity, and the happiest man is he who is content and religious: but to be content men must be fed."

His journal for 1846 ends here: a retrospective selection from his private correspondence shall follow.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Oct. 8th.—I am wasting life in this climate of death: it dries up the European frame like the hot sand of the desert, and I no longer feel myself of much use. Hardinge is good and honourable, but we are very different in our ideas and character, and he is said to court the directors and civil servants. You will say that is nothing so long as we are friends. As rulers it does signify, because these civil servants, many of them, aye the majority, work darkly against me without Hardinge having any idea of their doings, nor can I prove to him that it is so; hardly could I give even to you an instance to bear out a complaint: yet I feel it is so. In Ellenborough's time, for all I did or proposed to do down came an answer affirmative or negative, direct and decisive, with reason and cause in every line. Now I get no answer for months; and then comes a weak letter, at least what appears to me weak; I do not mean maudlin letters like Lord Ripon's, but letters filled with secondary not primary matters: full of kindness though towards me personally.

"In April 1845 I concerted a draft treaty with Ali Moorad of the highest importance, not only for Scinde in itself but as a frontier province of India. All my letters and personal explanations have failed to obtain an answer. All I ask, all Ali Moorad asks, is for an answer, yea! or

nay! Speaking to Hardinge about it at Lahore, he silenced me by saying—But Ali Moorad wrote privately to say you forced this on him against his will. I was not a little surprised, because Ali Moorad had forced it upon me! if that can be called forcing when both sides thought it fitting: but he proposed it and worried me to complete it! By all Indian rules Hardinge ought not to have received any letters except through me; I said nothing of that, but asked for a copy of this letter, which I could not obtain from Mr. Currie, a psalm-singing gentleman, perhaps fit to be an archbishop but not fit to govern an empire. Nor have I got any answer to any of four letters written to him and as many to Hardinge, privately, telling them that Ali Moorad positively denies having written the letter in question and challenges me to produce it!

"Ali Moorad is so angry at the treaty not being settled that the affair is doing great harm, and I am placed in the awkward position of appearing to have thrown upon a pretended letter my own wish to break off. This a native prince of course attributes to my desire to do him mischief, and doubts our faith altogether. At the same time all sorts of reports are spread about the Ameers' restoration, which would endanger his safety. Very weak policy this: driving to enmity a frontier prince who was, and is, willing to be ours body and soul! And it hurts that confidence in British faith which Lord Ellenborough and myself have so earnestly sought to establish in these countries.

"That all this is the civil servants' doing I feel sure; and I have also, from good authority, assurance that at Calcutta all which relates to Scinde is cast aside in the office there with, *Oh! Scinde! never mind that, it will do any time.* I cannot but believe this to be true when I get no answers to anything of importance. Yet it is useless to complain or speak of this, and utterly impossible to remedy it. Lord Ellenborough's return alone could put such matters to rights; moreover I may be wrong in thinking this procras-

tination is altogether directed against me, having lately heard that the complaint is general: no one gets an answer. On the other hand Hardinge, I believe, justly estimates the Bombay villains. All this makes me feel of little use, but I am anxious to get through the following points before quitting the government.

"*First*. Reduction of force. *Second*. To establish my system of taxation by abolishing all the vexatious town duties, and establishing posts of collection along the frontier for import and export duties: this I have done, but want to see it work. *Third*. To get possession of Mittenkote, which would at once give us the hills from the river to Dadur as a frontier, instead of being as now, a line of robbers' nests. Unless we do this and get Dera the hills will again fill with robber bands, and to empty them again will be no easy job; but if we occupy Mitten and Dera the robbers will not collect again. As to my political barometer for quiet, it is certainly good. All the Hindoos had been forced to make loans to the Mahometan Beloochees, and the latter paid or not as convenient: under me the Hindoos have enforced payment, and the two races hate each other for this as well as for their religious tenets. The Hindoos are the most numerous, and if any mischief was brewing they would discover it and give notice. My belief is that a sudden rising is impossible; nor is it desired, the people are satisfied: even the rascal editors are now compelled to acknowledge the complete tranquillity.

"Now let me speak to you about your work—the Conquest of Scinde. I believe firmly that, far from hurting me it has prevented my being crushed by the Bombay villains, by the secret committee, by the Court of Directors. That some inconvenience should arise from the hostility of the civil servants was natural: how can any good be done by man without some evil, much less without some inconvenience? This however is true:—when my spirit has been almost broken by heat, ill health, and the torrent of abuse

poured out upon all I do, or could do, by villains as unprincipled as ever existed and by difficulties hard in their nature to overcome, your book has, like food, given me strength and vigour to throw my enemies off and go my own course. People may talk about despising newspaper abuse; but to be held up to the world as a liar, a murderer, a ruffian without feeling or honour, is very disgusting when we know that at least half of our countrymen believe every word of it.

"Despise the writers! Yes! one does despise them as we despise any assassin, or a venomous reptile; but we cannot despise the wounds they inflict. Take the case of Ali Moorad. He reads the Bombay Times and Courier and finds every sort of atrocity ascribed to me by my own countrymen: will he not be influenced by this? The French Colonel Mouton said to me:—

"'Your Delhi Gazette and other newspapers said you were preparing to attack the Punjaub, and were calling on your governor-general to do so. We all knew you meant to do so, and the army then said, *let us begin and have the first blow!*' These were his words, and I know how much mischief the editors have done me. They killed Ross Bell; they cannot kill me, but they have made me almost despair of being useful, and would have quite done so but for your book, which gives me assurance that I am right and that the world has the means of judging of my real conduct. Do not therefore regret that you have written. It cheers me, and it requires four years of Scindian sun to know how the mind and body, wasted by that sun until both lose all vigour and elasticity, require cheering.

"Your offer to Hobhouse of being dismissed to procure justice for me, was, thank God, not accepted by him. The argument of my enemies is specious, not strong: I have never complained of truth, or of opinion, but of gross unqualified falsehoods:—and Ripon writes to me not to heed such things but do my duty steadily, while he not only

heeds them, but is guided by them to injustice against me! Yes! yes! I have clearly seen my own position from first to last and repeat that your book has saved me. Why even Moore's greatness and death could not save his fame: even now it is blurted upon by miserable scoundrels and idiots. Had he been defended at the time as you have defended me, this would not have happened, and but for you in later times he would have gone overboard altogether. Now, when so glorious a man as he was could not by his own great deeds, against such an opponent as Napoleon, get justice from that country to whose justice he appealed when dying of his wounds in the blaze of victory, what have I who am a dwarf compared to him to expect?

"Brown has just left me: he has been reading Outram's book, and says he never read such unqualified falsehoods."

Brown served under Outram as a political, was government secretary in Scinde, cognizant of every event, and a man of great ability and honour.

"Two things have gratified me in a silly way. A painter here, Mr. Smart, has hit off my face well, and the 12th N. I. have asked me to sit to him for them: the 25th N. I. also have from Bombay sent for another. This is flattering, for in both regiments are many of Outram's old friends. Mr. Smart has also had some twelve or thirteen orders from Englishmen and natives. One from Agha Khan, the '*old man of the mountain!*' He is a great friend of mine, very brave, and very rascally. He never wears anything but a dagger, and I have exchanged daggers with him. He means to dethrone his cousin the King of Persia, and his followers are innumerable and spread all over India and Asia. Have you got Edwards' drawing of the hill passes? They will show you what mortal places they were; and yet we are all agreed that Trukkee is in reality more formidable than the drawing represents it. Had I stormed it, and the soldiers were all mad to try, we should have had blood enough to have made me a peer; for in passing the chasm

they would have pounded us with rocks as well as fire. My Belooch battalion beat all the others on the march to Bhawalpoor; nothing can tire them, and they were wild to fight the Sikhs.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Nov. 8th.—My enemies are numerous, and spread over two empires! Even people who know neither Outram nor me are working against me: however patience will in time bring out truth. The spirits sink under such abuse and injustice:—such abuse as the editors themselves say with exultation, no man ever yet had poured out upon him by the public press. And for what? Tell Hobhouse how much I value his kindly feelings, and disposition to do me justice amidst this storm of ill-treatment, which I lay entirely at Lord Ripon's door. I would rather have to do with any felon from Newgate than with him who, insensible of honour and incapable of decision, is ready to sacrifice another man's honour to his own ease and idleness and incapacity. I doubt Sir John Hobhouse being able to do me much good: Mr. Crawford, the companion of Reid in the secret minute affair, is now in London working against me; and Reid himself is temporary governor of Bombay. My enemies are I fear too powerful for Hobhouse; however I can afford to hold such fellows in contempt, and I do so. Our army will soon not be an army for service; war will then come, and ignorant soldiers will have to do the work and carnage will abound."—Crimea to wit!

"Hardinge I believe wishes me well, but his view of things is wrong. He meant never to have let me hear of the vile minute concocted at Bombay by Reid, Crawford and Willoughby: he told me so, and said he was governor-general to prevent not to foment quarrels. This was honest, because I should not have known he thought so if he had not told me it was a mistake of the clerk, who ought not to have sent the letter! Whether Hardinge ever wrote to Sir G. Arthur to say how wrong the minute was is unknown to

me. What a good government it must be that tries to distress those who are serving it with zeal and honour, and I may add with success! Sir G. Arthur writes to Lord Seaton, that I was 'shamefully treated by the Bombay press.' Why did he not order his attorney-general to prosecute for libel? that would have put a stop to it at once, as he well knows. Willoughby was his dry nurse, and the author of two-thirds of the attacks on me.

"'Moderation' seems, from the papers, to be leading us into a mess in the Punjaub. An intruded king; politicals again over generals; a people recusant, with a strong country; a leader and an army in existence; an approaching winter, and our military operations restricted to the wrong pass for entering Cashmere. The intruded king Goolab excluded, after having bought what we were privileged to take but scarcely to sell to one whom the people hate. The kings of Leadenhall-street will soon be puzzled to keep up their pretended moderation. Hardinge's real motives were plain enough: he did not feel able to besiege Lahore, Umritzer and Govind Ghur. He was short of powder, he saw that immense activity and energy were necessary to success, and he had not means for any of these operations; his large force was immovable, not fit for a campaign. I was astounded at it and know not what he or Gough could have done with such a force!

"An army of observation will turn out costly or my mistake is great; yet I would bet on what I wrote to Hardinge. He seems to think the size of the rivers an impediment for us, whereas, in my opinion, it is an immense advantage. The information sought for by me has not yet been got; but it is almost certain that I could take steamers into the heart of Cashmere, and form magazines at Mazafurabad. We could then, early in the spring, run into Baramula when the job would be done. And when Cashmere was ours, a dozen good officers spread through the valleys, doing justice vigorously and protecting the ryots and manufacturers, would in three months make the grand valley of Cashmere

devoted to us; and in a year or two, a happy people would pay 50 lacs a year in money and kind. All this I think our mismanagement has thrown away.

"Hardinge will not reduce my force below 8000; yet he says my reasoning is 'close and sound;' but that all would be right while I am here. This is not well founded. The people are not quiet because I am here; they were so at first, but now they are quiet because they are getting rich and enjoy the fruits of their labour; because justice makes them happy. Their quietude is not a result of force, and will not be affected by the diminution of our troops: it is not fear of me but love for themselves. A man whom the Ameers drove from Scinde has recently offered to return with fifteen hundred cultivators and their families, and I have given him old Kurrachee, now a ruin, six miles distant. He held it originally and promises to rebuild it. Rathborne who is hot in argument, but a noble-hearted and noble-headed fellow, says I must stay two years more or evil will befall: but another hot season would I think put me alongside my dear boy John; from that however I have no desire to flinch, save that of seeing you all first. Enclosed is a copy of my letter to Hardinge.

"Lord Hardinge.—I feel perfect confidence in the tranquillity of Scinde, for the following reasons which I think sound:—

"1°. There is no leader who has money.

"2°. There are no chiefs who are in possession of property in Scinde that will risk the loss of it by insurrection. They have all they possessed, most of them *more* than under the Ameers; who, having themselves become princes by conquest within recent memory and even the life of some men, were not in possession of the hearts of the people, nor even of their good wishes: their avaricious grasping at money had greatly alienated men's minds.

"3°. The condition of the poor is very much improved; everywhere work is plentiful and wages high: before, wages, beyond a little grain, were not the fashion.

"4°. We have few robberies or murders, and the latter have no political colour. I read over every trial myself once, sometimes twice, thrice, and therefore have not only the crimes but their causes before me daily, and not one has taken place of a political character; most of them are of wives, and a few from blood feuds between families: not a Sepoy or an Englishman has even been insulted since we took the country; we travel where we please without guards and without danger.

"5°. The rich Hindoos, who are more sensible of danger than any other class of people, are perfectly at their ease: they apprehend no danger, and say the Mahometans and Scindees are satisfied, and have no cause of discontent.

"6°. The Talpoor family have all run. One army defeated the Sikhs while another assembled here, in an instant almost, must have made them feel our power was beyond any attack they could make.

"7°. No opposition is anywhere made to our police: on the contrary, our police generally receive assistance from the villagers.

"These things form the ground of my confidence as to holding Scinde with a small garrison, a confidence of two years' growth, and which was complete when I left the province with a great portion of the troops to attack the hill tribes in 1844-5. And again last spring, when the Sikhs made their attack. The only thing which can disturb Scinde is the rumour, so often repeated, that we are to give back the country to the Ameers. This has greatly injured our commerce, and must do so; for the merchants being all Hindoos are determined to abandon the country if the Ameers return." Here follow military details of no interest.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, November 15th.—Lord Lyndhurst's letter would be very flattering if anything could flatter me from men in power; but I am callous to expressions of good opinion. I feel no misanthropy, but am suspicious of all public men; and this has made me begin thus, lest I

should forget it while telling you of little men who are not so bad. What I had heard of Jacob gave me great pain, and it is delightful to tell you now that he was grossly belied; he has proved as true as gold to me. That he is a friend of Outram, and has been so all his life is true, and Outram wrote to him to get information for his book. Jacob's answer was—'I am serving under Sir C. Napier's banner, I am under the deepest obligations to him, and can never think of supplying information to be used to his hurt or dishonour.' This was honourable, and has given me more gratification than I can well express: for to think Jacob a traitor was painful. My resolve was that nothing should make me change my conduct towards him as an officer, or make me the general of a faction, instead of the commander of an army; still my intent was to tell Jacob he must explain, or all respect for him as a man would cease."

Jacob's letter was only a deeper treachery.

"For myself, little is my care about anybody's opinion: the duke's is fame, yet I confess to feeling it less valuable since his praise of the battles on the Sutlege, which was a mere political bolstering up of a bad military job; but I suppose he could not help it. Henry is not satisfied with Lord Ellenborough. I am. He cannot get off the habits of a Tory education, and will not attack the conduct of his party: that is all. My mole has now reached sufficiently deep water, and a steamer is this day lying alongside to take in cargo for Sukkur. I have appropriated two war steamers, the only river steamers we have, to this experiment of trading by the Indus. A grand step towards the commerce of Central Asia has thus been made. The Kurrachee merchants are a little timid, or rather cunning; they want to frighten me into low fares—good men! my calculations were made as low as we can afford, and if you do not like them, buy steamers for yourselves; or, as before, send your goods by camels to Skikarpoor:—no force black pig if you won't eat grains. A camel reaches Shikarpoor in

five weeks, a steamer in sixteen days! A camel must be guarded, and may be robbed; a steamer is safe, and one man attends the whole merchandize, whereas each camel requires a man to lead and another to guard, making some thirty men for a '*kafila*,' to be kept and paid for, perhaps three months! Oh! they will come to my shop.

"The rich Shikarpoor merchants are cleverer, and take larger views; they see that the price of freight must be enough to cover the cost of fuel, and are all ready. I am however making the officers of the army a little sulky, by refusing them a passage in my merchant steamers. I know they would go on board, occupy all the room, treat my rich merchants and supercargoes with insolence, and very probably drink and thrash the people. '*Know thyself*,' said the oracle, and next to that it is good to know our countrymen! I will give passages in the war steamers, but not in my merchant steamers till my experiment can run alone; then I shall turn it over to the merchants, who will not be able to return to slow camel carriage: at present my little child must be nursed.

"The Cape affairs seem badly conducted. Maitland is, say my letters, going to advance across the Key river with 3000 men and a week's provisions. Stockenstrom is head general, with a council of missionaries and traders who sell gunpowder to the Kaffirs. After that as George says, *comes a horse to be shaved.* Thus are soldiers' lives sacrificed, and widows and orphans made to weep and starve! Had George been there these things would not have happened I think; he would never have given an excuse to the savages to attack us; and having a war he would not have *done up* Dragoon Guards in attacking a jungle. Nor, when his cavalry were done up, would he have got into the open plains with his infantry to catch Kaffirs and be without provisions.

"A letter from Hobhouse, who supposes the governor-general will tell me what is done about Outram but he

gives me no idea of what it is. Hobhouse's letter is honest straightforward and manly about Scinde: he invites or rather orders me to communicate with him direct about the country. This is all I want: I had indeed power to do so with Ripon, but writing to a man so ignorant, of what use was it? He submitted all I said to his masters and my enemies, and therefore mischief only could accrue. Goolab Sing, our made King, conquered Cashmere some years back for Runjeet Sing; he took 5000 prisoners, skinned all the chiefs alive, half skinned the others, that is so far as not to kill outright, and sent them to die at their villages! This is Goolab's own account of himself, which is indeed the only doubt to be thrown on the fact: his passion for flaying people alive is well known. It was remarked at the durbar, that when we were introduced to him he scarcely noticed any one until I was introduced, when he made a profound salaam.

"These people have the greatest respect for my good fortune:—*Nusseeb*. They give me no credit for ability, but for my luck, which they say is a cubit longer than any man's on earth, that it is vain to oppose me! This is useful, or rather would be if war were to recommence: an enemy so thinking would be half-beaten beforehand. So much for superstition, if such it be; of which I have my doubts, for assuredly I have found my neglects, and blunders, and ignorance, so constantly turn out advantageous as to feel ashamed of praise: my feeling is that I am a great hammer used by some strong power. Yes, the barbarians are right, my luck is my only merit, which may turn at any moment and I shall sink to ordinary dimensions: that will not chastise pride in me for I have none. This is a large dose of self, but I talk because I am much better; three weeks ago my hour seemed on the point of striking.

"Again I have heard of Jacob: he is not sound after all. The mess of the Scinde Horse is the place to hear me abused. Every officer in it owes his appointment to me, except Sir

Poulteny Malcolm's nephew. He has nothing to thank me for but a wigging, which I gave him once when in fact he had not done wrong, but it was necessary to bring them all up for loose discipline—the fault of Outram and England, and young Malcolm was the first I fell upon. I also refused an application by Jacob for getting Malcolm more pay. Yet this nice lad is the only one who does not run me down at the mess! I will tell you also, that Lieut. Stack, Outram's cousin, to whom I gave a deputy collectorship, keeps perfectly clear of all blackguard work and acts like an honourable man.

"What makes the *Times* down on me?"

Who could answer that question? Self-interest is the moving power of the *Times*, and like the piston of a bad pump brings up all sorts of impurities.

"Hobhouse seems a fair and honourable man: I hope he is so. I am deeply obliged to him for his frank support; if he falls short of what is justice, I shall place it to inability not inclination; he is like one surrounded by enemies, and his evident desire to do me justice is very agreeable. I am anxious to hear from Hardinge, and think, as I appealed home, I am bound to abide by the decision of two honourable and sensible men like Hobhouse and Lord Hardinge. Pray tell the former that my appeal going home was my own fault not Hardinge's: my feeling was that it would be indelicate to appeal against Outram, whose abuse of Lord Ellenborough was outrageous, to the powerful brother-in-law of Lord Ellenborough—that is indelicate towards Lord Hardinge. I made it also to the Queen's government, erroneously thinking it would be decided by the duke, and little imagining it would be referred to Lord Ripon!

"It is a crime to have left the Punjaub and Cashmere in the hands of such murdering villains as Goolab Sing and the other ruffians who torment the poor. Lord Seaton wrote to me that it was a crime, and we may add with Talleyrand, worse, a political fault. We had right and might, all things

on our side except *powder*, and in my conscience I believe that was the real secret of our *moderation*.

"There will soon be a story in the papers about the widow of Noor Mohamed." There were fifty. "This is the true version. Some time ago she, being the mother of Shadad, wrote to me, saying with their usual cant, that she was starving because a delay of one or two days had been made in paying the very large, and unnecessary, allowance granted to her and the wives of the Ameers. I wrote instantly to Hydrabad about the delay, and found it was a mere accident. Soon after this the lady wrote again to me for leave to send small articles of clothing and a letter to her son Shadad, and also four servants, as she wished her people to see him. My answer was that the lieutenant of police would give her passes. Soon it was told to me that there was mischief involved; that treasure was sent: hence, as Shadad is a state prisoner, it was my right to know what was sent to him under my sanction. The police were consequently directed to stop the servants and if treasure was found to seize it; they did so, and nearly 18,000 rupees were found concealed in bags of rice. Six thousand were in gold bars, the rest in different coins, showing that it had come out of the Ameers' treasury and ought never to have been in the lady's possession: this was one of the poor starving ladies! I sent back her letters unopened, and all her *money*; and her servants also, though she and they are one channel of correspondence between the Lion and Shadad; however, having no fear of the Lion I did not open the letters to ascertain.

"The ladies are merely cloaks, except the widow of Meer Kurreem Ali, an intriguing old woman with a clever violent adviser, an old fellow called Mirza Kosroes. He was a slave originally, but for many years a minister, is our deadly foe, and I have a great respect for him because he makes no secret of his enmity: moreover he seized old McPherson by the neck and nearly choked him, when as prize agent he

was taking an inventory. This according to his notions would be followed by instant death, and the Sepoys did want to kill him, but Mac saved him. On this a story was made that I had flogged him! And already the stoppage of the lady's treasure is proclaimed in the papers at Bombay a heinous crime! As to Lord Jocelyn's nonsense, he was, I hear, on the Board of Control with Lord Ripon, and is Outram's great friend, the latter being his toadeater.

"Dec. 25th.—I hear the directors are trying to get me deprived of prize money as commander in chief; that I am to have, not one-eighth as usual, but one-sixteenth. They will probably accomplish their object; but it is said Hobhouse will have a voice and may perhaps prevent this injustice. It will not be fair to let Sir Jasper Nicholls get what I won: that he will claim it if I do not get it will be the natural course, for there must be some commander in chief. I have been told Sir Thomas McMahon had thoughts of claiming it, but that may be a lie. Well, my girls are safe without prize money from my economy, and that is all I care for: so none of your indignations.

"My revenue will fall next April, for grain is so abundant it sells at half price, and taxes are paid in kind; and crime has everywhere ceased with the cheapness of food: all the hoarding rascals are now pouring their stores in also at half price. My canal department is now also fairly at work. A nephew of General Nott is at the head of it, and I am very fond of him. He is extremely clever and very hard working but runs a-head, fancying he can make all his work better, and in fact he does, but thus makes a perfect plan the primary object and cutting canals the secondary, which is putting the cart before the horse. I am fortunate also in having at last got back my favourite Peate, as chief engineer, who is worth twice his own weight in gold. Had I had him from the first Scinde would now have been a year in advance. Mrs. Peate is as good as he is, merry and witty, and with right good sense. Exportation, which has

now begun, will cure our revenue as to overabundant seasons, and so keep all steady. As to this year, had prices kept up we should have filled the treasury, but poor people's bellies would have been empty. I thank God that the bellies are full, the treasury low: every shilling taken beyond the just expence of government in any country is a robbery.

"A sad affair has occurred. The Bhoogtees still in the hills having had a bad crop are starving, and came down in desperation on our frontier. They were about 1000. Our outposts turned out and Lieut. Moore fell in with them but was too weak, having only twenty-five cavalry and some of our settled Jackranees. These last said the Bhoogtees were too many, yet began slanging the latter, and in skirmishing killed the Bhoogtee chief:—not Islam Khan but a secondary man. Moore thus drew the Bhoogtees out of the jungle and saw their numbers. The Jackranees said—they will beat us, but if the sahib chooses to fight we will cut our horses' throats and die with the sahib. Moore, not wishing to die, retreated till he joined Lieut.-Colonel Stack at Meerpoor—not the Lion's capital—and there found Lieut. Greaves who had likewise fallen in with the same body and retired. He also had twenty-five sabres, but instead of sending expresses to Shapoor for a move by Ooch to cut off the robbers' retreat, he only sent to Shikarpoor for help; nor did he turn out the ryots, who were ready and willing.

"Well, Colonel Forbes despatched Colonel Stack with his cavalry and a large body of rifles from Shikarpoor to Meerpoor, where, though knowing the enemy were not above 1000 strong, Stack lost four hours, left his infantry behind and advanced at midnight with 250 sabres, neither man nor beast having been cared for as to food. Sighting the enemy at eight next morning, all infantry and on a large desert plain, he saw beyond them the dust of the plundered cattle going to the hills slowly, for cattle go less than two miles an hour. The robbers drew up, clash their shields and defy him,

and Colonel Stack wheels about and goes off! His horses were knocked up, they and the men also having been without food or water: so he says.

I have sent to have the ground surveyed; for Stack reports that the Bhoogtees were in a nullah, and my knowledge of the place leads me to doubt a nullah being there; but if so he could have got round them and attacked the cattle, when they must have quitted what he calls *their position*. Neither Moore nor Younghusband seem to think there was any obstacle to charging. If there was Stack could have remained there and sent for his riflemen; but the Bhoogtees could have but little ammunition, and he had 50 or 60 carbines, besides 250 pistols whose range is above 400 yards to first graze. The Bhoogtees are now said to be having a feast at Deyrah in the hills over the body of their slain chief, who was celebrated as the most daring robber amongst the tribe: they vow vengeance on the Jackranees.

"You see whatever Hobhouse was doing has failed. Tell him however, that I am quite aware he is not an autocrat, and am grateful for his exertions whatever they may have been. Young William, Rathborne and Brown, who have read Outram's book carefully, pronounce it a mass of gross falsehoods. How, by the way, could I have asked you to answer it! Oh, my head must have been confused with overwork, for my earnest desire was that you should not. Pray tell Mr. Savage Landor, how obliged to him I am for all his kindness about me." He had publicly defended Sir C. Napier, and sternly rebuked slanderers with all the power of language for which he is so celebrated.

"I have had a cringing letter from Lord Ripon, full of gratitude to me for having been civil to his cousin, a young officer here; but not taking any notice of my letter to himself: my thought is not to answer. What indeed am I to say? Hardinge is dreadful about answers. After two years one has come about Ali Moorad's treaty: and such an answer! It disturbs long-settled questions, and makes

difficulties where none exist. Thus nine important letters, unnoticed from 1844 to 1846, are answered by one which does no good: on the contrary. I am vexed at this, for he is a good fellow; but he is in the hands of the civil servants. One objection is, that the treaty is not worded as usual with Indian treaties! Well! I can easily put in the eternal tenderness of the sun and moon; and that our friendship is to last until the sun takes physic and darkens the moon: that will last long enough for the endurance of our friendship. Mr. Clerk is to be governor of Bombay: he will probably do well, as he is said to be a clever man. Lord Ellenborough I believe likes him. Hardinge told me, Clerk made a proposal to cross the Sutlege in the campaign with 12,000 men; that does not speak much for his warlike genius, for he would have been beaten."

After Sir Charles Napier left Scinde, Sir G. Clerk was called upon for a report on that country, which he had no means of making from personal knowledge, and it was concocted by two civil servants under him. It is shallow as to the judicial part, and so venomously false and ignorant as to the financial state of Scinde as to be a disgrace to the real author, Mr. Goldsmit: in fine, it is a report which a judicious man would not have put his name to without verifying the facts; for he has adopted other men's prejudices and passions when perhaps he did not sympathise with them: if he did it was worse than injudicious. He may be a clever man nevertheless, but his actions have not been such as to warrant his sitting in judgment upon the government of Sir C. Napier, which was above his calibre.

"Have you received the Scinde views, taken by my extra aide-de-camp Edwards? They are expensive and I think you would have mentioned them if they had reached you. They were taken by Lieut. Edwards on our march to the hills and are well got up, but the man who did the prints has added the most blackguard letter-press. Edwards says he had nothing to say to this."

Here was a proof of the venomous watchfulness of Sir C. Napier's enemies to spread slanders. This set of engravings, got up with the greatest care and expence and published by Graves's house in London, was sent forth, without Edwards's knowledge, accompanied by a letter-press embodying Outram's falsehoods. Sir C. Napier's own aide-de-camp was thus, when grievously ill, unwittingly made to appear as the slanderer of his general and the repeater of libels! Who was powerful, malignant, and rich enough to effect this?

"Henry Napier, Dec. 25.—Hardinge tells me he will positively remove the troops from Lahore: such at least was his purpose a month ago. He will then find what half measures and moderation come to. Perhaps he is right, the world says he is so: I see danger. His expences exceed the revenue by a million sterling annually; and neither Madras nor Bombay pay their expences! I do not know anything about Madras, but would make Bombay pay within a year; it is both nonsense and robbery not to do so: they do not know how to govern here in the East, they are too fond of money to know how.

"I am quite for St. Paul's for my dear boy's cenotaph. If not there, at Chichester; or at Paddington where his mother and our mother are laid. We saw your beautiful notice of his death in the Times: it is all true of him. I ride by his grave almost every day. His death has broken my nerves to pieces and they cannot ever recover, but these things must happen, it is man's fate. Why did the Horse Guards not make my poor boy a major for the hill campaign? I scarcely got thanks from them, and my staff got nothing but hard work! I care not for myself, but I do for these boys who worked so hard at their duty, giving up all the pleasures of youth. To a tottering old man on the brink of the grave this is nothing, but they are deserving of acknowledgments and that they have not had. For a bad wound, two battles, two campaigns, and several single combats,

McMurdo has got a company! While men who only commanded companies when he was at the head of a most important department have been made C.B. You say you are getting very blind: my eyes are strong in the light; but to read, especially bad hands, puts my face in nervous convulsions, affecting my brain from the wound.

"Miss Napier, Dec. 25th.—A merry Christmas to you my dear sister, if Christmas is merry to old animals like us. We here are all merry for we have got our letters, which to my wife and me, both being ancient, is better than Christmas gambols, whose merriment is confined to the young. Your letter is however dated on, to us, the terrible 13th of October, when we lost one of God's noblest works: strong and beautiful in body, powerful in mind. And if goodness, virtue, tenderness, ever were possessed by mortal man our dear father had them all. Well, you and I must soon know the great mystery, and so I will no more than quote Burns' lines:—*And with him wheresoever he be, &c. &c.* You will soon see my dear little Charlie. He is a broad-shouldered beautiful boy. Whether he means to grow up so I cannot say: but he is a very stout chap now, and I wish him out of India. I am quite well for sixty-five, the last five in India, and four in the hottest part; but I don't suppose you expect me to jump over a five-barred gate! Not to be done my dear, unless on horseback, that I still could and would do. Now good night."

END OF VOL. III.

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